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Per. 133 f. $\frac{185}{1851-52}$



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THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD
FOR
M.DCCC.LI.



A Buddhist Priest.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR AND PUBLISHED BY
THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
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1851.



P R E F A C E.

ANOTHER year has rolled away; some of our young readers, who began the year with us, are gone,—we hope, to be with Christ; while others remain to read the pages we are glad to write for their instruction.

Many myriads, too, of heathen have died since the year 1851 began its course. They have died without the knowledge of salvation, guilty of idolatry and sin. Often have our little readers read the accounts of those wicked things they do, and wicked gods they worship, and we trust have felt sad at their history. Some of you have, in pity, helped to send the gospel to them, and there have been many turned from their idols unto God.

Do you, dear children, continue to pity them, and to help God's servants to communicate to them the gospel.

With the new year, our little Magazine will begin a new series, that is, a new number one will commence the year. We have made fresh plans, by which we hope it will be

more interesting than ever. So all of you again resolve to take it in, and try to persuade your companions to do so too.

Your affectionate Friend,

THE EDITOR

*Mission House,
33, Moorgate Street.*



THE CYPRESS.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



HINDOO DEVOTEES.

ONE of the three chief gods worshipped by Hindoos, is called Shiva. He has a thousand names. Here are some of them :—" Three-eyed"—" Blue-throat"—" Lord of Yogis"—" Terrible"—" Death." The men who are especially

devoted to his worship are called Bairágees, Yogis, San-yasis, and Dandis.

The man in the picture, hanging by his heels, and picking up with his hands a log of wood to put on the fire, over which he swings to and fro, is a Bairágee. This he does to destroy all his feelings, passions, and desires. He therefore exposes himself to every hardship, to cold and heat, to hunger and thirst. "I have seen," says a Missionary, "some of them pinch their flesh with iron pincers, and cut themselves with knives, till the blood streamed over their whole bodies. I have seen them suspend themselves from the branches of trees, with their heads downwards, while some of their companions have swung them backwards and forwards over a slow fire." For this the people think them very holy men; while for the most part they live very wicked lives.

The name Dandi means a rod-bearer. They are called so because they carry a long straight rod, on which is fixed a small yellow or saffron-coloured flag. The Dandis live together in small colleges or monasteries, and go out on certain days to beg money or food. On these occasions they are generally accompanied by a Guru, or teacher. They place great confidence in his word. On one occasion, a party of Dandis, who lived in Benares, near the river, when their Guru who was an old man died, set down his body, as he had told them to do, on the river side, and watched it for many days, till it was decayed and corrupt. They did this because he had said to them, that if he should ever die, his soul would soon return to his body, and he should rise again.

You will see, from the picture, that they go about almost

naked. They smear themselves over with mud and paint, and disfigure their bodies with austerities. Such is their notion of religion. Another month we will tell you something more about these strange men.



NAINSOOKH, THE NATIVE PREACHER.

No. III.

To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I dare say the circumstances I told you in my last letter will have led you to think of Nainsookh as a young man of an ingenious disposition, sincere, and intelligent.

and independent in his judgment of things. No wonder that the fraud and wickedness he saw in the conduct of those who, according to the Hindoo religion, are to be worshipped as gods, should convince such a person that the whole system was a lie.

Rugoonaut Das, the fakeer, whom I mentioned in my last, unintentionally deepened this impression on the mind of Nainsookh by his conduct in many instances, besides the one I told you of. You know, no doubt, that these fakeers get their livelihood by begging. One day, on their way to Juggernaut, Rugoonaut Das brought back from a village, where he had been begging, an unusual amount of money. He was asked how it was he had been so particularly successful. "Oh," said he, "I have won a fine game to-day." The young people were eager to know what this might be. Rugoonaut informed them: "I was begging in the village, and a shop-keeper spoke abusively to me. On this I replied, 'Mark my words, a dead man will be carried out from this village to-morrow morning.' My words were reported through the village, and surely enough a corpse was carried out in the morning. Hereupon all the people regarded me as a person of extraordinary sanctity and power; and forthwith rich presents, accompanied with prayers for my blessing, which the people thought would be of great service to them, began to be poured into my lap in great abundance."—"But, Rugoonaut Das," said they, "how did you know a corpse would be carried out?" "Oh," replied he "I did not know that such would certainly be the case, but I saw the village was large, and I thought it would be no wonder if some one of the inhabitants were to die during the night. If my prophecy had failed, the people would not have injured me; but, as it has happened to come true, this is the fruit I have reaped." Here Nainsookh saw at once that all the boasted prophecies of the Hindoo saints are but games of chance.

Arrived at Juggernaut, Nainsookh did not forget what he had heard from Gopaul about the real nature of the worship there; and

when he saw the wooden idols hauled up to the cars by a rope about their necks, the indecency of the figures on the cars, the cruelty and avarice of the pundahs, or priests, and the immoralities which prevailed among the pilgrims, he often remarked to his brother Kasee, "All this is just as Gopaul said." One very noted custom at Juggernaut is, that of all castes eating together without distinction. This would make them all outcasts, if done at any other time or place, but is considered a religious rite at Juggernaut. Nainsookh, however, had determined he would keep his caste, and, therefore, though his mother often asked him, would not eat of the rice cooked and sold for all castes by the priests; for though to eat it is considered honourable, yet those who do so have, on their return home, to perform certain ceremonies before they can mingle with their own tribe as before. Once only Nainsookh yielded, but usually, according to the general custom of Hindoos, he cleared a little spot of ground, and sprinkled it with water, and there cooked and ate his own provisions. Such a little spot is called a chowka, and the general rule among the Hindoos is, that if a person step within the chowka, all the food that is being cooked or eaten on it becomes unclean, and must be thrown away. One day, as Nainsookh was eating, a Brahman came within his chowka, and sat beside him. He was very angry, but did not throw away his provisions. On returning from Juggernaut, just outside what are considered as the bounds of the holy ground, Nainsookh spied the same Brahman cooking his food on his chowka. To retaliate, Nainsookh went inside his chowka, when the Brahman immediately cast away his food, and showed great anger. Nainsookh said quickly, "How is this? When you came on my chowka, I did not throw away my provisions; why do you throw away yours?" The Brahman replied, "If you intend to do everywhere as in Juggernaut, you might as well cast off your brahmanical thread at once." Nainsookh did so, and it was three days before he yielded to the urgent advice of

his father to resume it. I have told you this anecdote to show you how keenly Nainsookh even then felt the absurdities of Hindooism. Was it not singular that a Brahman's words should have first induced him to throw off his sacred thread, though he afterwards resumed it for a time?

Nainsookh's family soon became sharers in the miseries which so generally attend on the pilgrimage to Juggernaut. At Dinapore his dear father fell ill of bowel complaint. This caused them all the greatest sufferings. The poor invalid must be carried along in a jolting hackery, the violent shaking of which would aggravate his disease, and cause his weak frame the sharpest pain, and the family must dispose of their property at a great loss to pay expenses. Thus afflicted, they dragged on their sorrowful way to Hazareebang, where Nainsookh's mild and respected father died, one of the thousands who fall year by year victims to the fatal pilgrimage to Juggernaut. Some of his last words were an earnest injunction to his devoted wife to hasten home to Jyepore with her two sons as soon as possible. After his death, his poor wife, zealous Hindoo as she was, purchased large quantities of wood and ghee for her husband's funeral pile. When his body was reduced to ashes, she gathered out his charred bones, and bare them in a bag on her own shoulders to Gya, where, after ceremonies, in which she spent about 40 rupees, (*i. e.* £4,) she buried them in the sands of the Fulgoe river. Thus she thought she secured his happiness in another world, while Brahmans were congratulating Nainsookh that his father had died on pilgrimage, as he was thus sure of heaven. O sad delusions! These rites being completed, Nainsookh's mother said to him and his brother, "Now, let us comply with your father's dying request, and proceed, without delay, direct to our native country." Nainsookh's heart, however, was towards Dinapore. "No," said he, "we will go by way of Patna to Dinapore. Our companions, during the delay caused by father's illness, have all left us behind, and at

Dinapore is Gopaul, who has promised to accompany us to Jyepore. Let us go and take him with us. He will be a guide and protector to us." Nainsookh prevailed, and to Dinapore they came. There Gopaul quickly provided them with lodgings, for them to stay, at least, a few days before proceeding on their way. During these days, Nainsookh was a constant hearer of the Word, and the Old Testament having been put into his hands, as he read Kureem explained it, using every fitting passage as an illustration of what Christ had done to save sinners from hell. Thus Nainsookh's mind was enlightened, and his heart attached to Christ and his people. When, after ten or twelve days, his mother urged him to proceed, he as urgently entreated her to remain. And the longer he remained, the firmer was his resolution not to return to Jyepore, while his mother grew exceedingly impatient to depart. Several times did she pack up her few goods, and set out with Kasee on her way, and as often would Kasee, after proceeding a little distance, relent, and return to his brother, and his distressed mother, though angry, could not but return to her dearly-loved sons. Many were the days and nights she consumed in weeping; many and loud were her complaints against the Christians, who detained her son. Still deeper were her woes, when Nainsookh first broke caste, by smoking with Christians. She was weeping over what caused angels to rejoice, over what proved to be, after all, the means of leading her into the way of endless life. Nainsookh was, all this time, growing in knowledge and in grace. He paid two or three visits to Monghir, and, in one of them, was baptized by the devoted Missionary, Mr. Chamberlain.

It was long, long before Nainsookh's poor mother became reconciled to the change in her son. How bitter were the mis-spent tears she wept over his relinquishing the sin and folly of idolatry! She wept until the light of her eyes was dimmed by her weeping. But at length she found mercy, and trusted in Christ as her Saviour; and while she enjoyed the comforts of the

gospel in her own soul, her declining years were soothed by the kind attentions Christian principle led her dear son to bestow upon her. I have rarely seen a lovelier sight than good Nainsookh gently and tenderly leading his blind and aged mother to and from the house of God: and tears have filled my eyes, when I have seen her embrace her son on his return from a tour, drawing her hands over his head and face, which she could not see, and imploring the blessings of her Saviour God upon him. Nainsookh rarely mentions her but his eyes are moistened with affection. She was a bright example of piety, Christian love, and attachment to the means of grace. Nainsookh often tells how grieved she was if he, supposing her too weak to go to chapel, left her behind; and how, when caught in a shower on returning, she would tell him, with a mother's forgetfulness of self, to run home out of the rain, and return again to her when it should cease. She now sleeps in Jesus, and fragrant is her memory.

Nainsookh's brother was also converted to the faith of Christ, and after many changes and removals, is now living in, I trust, the faith and practice of the gospel, in the very compound in Dinapore where he first heard the sound of the glorious gospel.

Hoping, hereafter, if the Lord permit, to tell you some incidents of Nainsookh's early labours in preaching the gospel,

I remain, your affectionate friend,

J. PARSONS.

Monghir.

NEWS FROM AFAR.—CEYLON.

MANY of our youthful readers know that the Rev. J. Russell, of Greenwich, and the Rev. J. Leechman, of Hammersmith, have left England to visit the Missionary stations of the Society in India and Ceylon. Mr. Leechman has written the following nice letter to one of his own little boys. He has sent it to us to print, as he thought

it would give as much pleasure to our little friends as it has done to him. It was written from Colombo, October 12th, 1850:—

“My dear W.,—I am very glad to have an opportunity of sending you a few lines. Will you take the map and find out the island of Ceylon? Point out to mamma the place where I landed—Point-de-Galle; then trace my journey along the coast to Colombo; there I am sitting in a large house, with a large verandah, my windows and door open, on Saturday afternoon, at five o'clock, writing away to you. I wonder what you are doing? It is only half-past twelve o'clock with you, though it is five in the afternoon here. How is that? Ask John or George to explain it to you, if you do not know. This is a most beautiful island: splendid trees, and the richest verdure, abound on every side. The rivers too are on a grand scale. The cinnamon gardens are very numerous. I dined in the midst of one last evening. The climate here is very good, not at all so hot as on the continent of India. We are kept very busy, but are enjoying ourselves and our work much. I have seen coffee, sugar, maize, nutmegs, pepper, and cloves, &c., &c., all growing. There was once a valuable pearl-fishery here; but it is now exhausted. Precious stones are found here, a specimen of which I hope to obtain. Many huge elephants are here, both wild and tame. The other day I passed some feeding on the roadside where I was travelling. Snakes abound; we have killed several. But in some parts of the island leeches are the greatest annoyance; they are the curse of the island, innumerable and insatiable. The other day, when dining at Kandy,—find out that place on the map, and show it to mamma,—I felt something uncomfortable in my boot; I looked, but could not find anything; by and bye, the servant found a leech, quite gorged, on the floor where I took off my boot: my sock was saturated with blood, and a large bite on my leg. The worst of all is the state of the people—worshipping idols that cannot save. How I pity the dear boys and girls around growing up in ignorance and sin! Great are your advantages compared with theirs. Oh! then,

my dear boy, see that you improve them, and God give you his best blessing!"

SCHOOL AT BARISAUL, INDIA.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I have never before written to you, but a kind friend tells me you will like to hear something about a native school at Barisaul, in India, more particularly as some of you who take this little Magazine will remember the kind lady who left her home and country to go to teach the children there. I mean Mrs. Sale, who loved and taught the children in the Blandford-street Sunday-school before she went away.

In November, 1848, she and her husband sailed from Liverpool; and when our dear friends reached India, they lived with the Missionary, Mr. Page, (of whom, perhaps, you have heard,) until a house was built for them.

But these kind friends did not think of themselves only, but began to build a school-house for the heathen children; and Mrs. Sale has sent word home that it is now finished, and the children are taught there every day. Some of them sleep there, but others go home at night. Amongst the girls, Mrs. Sale has one little orphan, who lives with her entirely, and for whom some kind friends here send out money to keep her. As soon as the girls rise in the morning, they have a little cold rice, then about seven o'clock they go into school for needlework until ten, when they have another meal, after which they bathe in the pond, or river, and at twelve o'clock they have worship in the school-house. The children remain in the school-house for reading and writing until five, when the day-scholars go home, and those who stay have worship again at eight.

All the children seem very happy with Mrs. Sale. The father of little "Chithere" (the last new pupil) came to see her, and asked her if she did not wish to go home; she said, "No." He then said, "Your mother has not eaten any rice since you left;" but Chithere

said, "My mother must eat rice, I cannot leave Merw Sahib" (meaning Mrs. Sale). The Rajah (or governor) who lives a little distance from Barisaul, called on Mrs. Sale to hear the girls read, and said, he was surprised to find they had such "clear heads," and hoped that Mr. Sale and Mr. Page would come into his villages to see his people. This has made our dear friends very glad, for some little time back the governors did not like the Missionaries to teach their people what was good.

Perhaps you will like to know how the girls in Mrs. Sale's school dress, and how they eat. Well, they only wear one garment, called a "sarey," which is a piece of white cloth, about four yards and a half long. The first part is put round the waist and hangs down like a petticoat, the rest comes round the shoulders and over the head, nearly covering the face. Mrs. Sale says it reminds her of the veil in which Ruth carried her corn.

Their daily food consists of 2 lbs. of rice mixed with about a *farthing's worth* of curried fish or vegetable; they sit on the floor, take up the rice in their fingers and jerk it into their mouths with their thumbs, not dropping a single grain. Besides the girls I have told you about, there is a class of boys, between the ages of nine and sixteen, whom Mrs. Sale ~~hopes to make~~ good ladies' tailors. Mr. Sale generally teaches ~~these boys, but~~, when he is preaching in the villages, Mrs. Sale attends to them.

And now, dear children, I think I have told you enough about Barisaul for the present; but I have one question to ask the children at Blandford-street,—Do you ever think of Mrs. Sale? Do you pray for her? ~~She thinks of you. She prays for you.~~ Ask God to bless her, that ~~she may teach many little heathen children to love the blessed Jesus, and to serve him instead of bowing down to stocks and stones.~~ When I hear anything more that is interesting, I will write again. God bless you all, dear children.

Your affectionate friend,

J. A. D.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

2 Kings ix. 30.—“*And when Jehu was come to Jezreel, Jezebel heard of it; and she painted her face.*”

Leviticus xix. 28.—“*Ye shall not . . . print any marks upon you.*”

THE practice here forbidden is a very common one in the East. Among the Bedouin Arabs the females have their legs and arms, their bosoms, chins, noses, lips, and foreheads, marked with blue stains, in the form of flowers, circles, bands, stars, and other fanciful figures. The Hindoos also print on their bodies representations of birds and trees. They all have some mark on their forehead, which is the sign of the god they serve. The eyes, too, in the East, are often surrounded by a broad circle of black, in order to make them seem larger.



JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Islington, High-street, October 6.—The Quarterly Meeting was held in Baker's Rooms. Addresses were given by Mr. Templeton and Mr. T. J. Cole. The same afternoon the usual Quarterly Missionary Addresses were delivered at *Cotton-street, Poplar; Keppel-street*, and *Lion-street*, to the children of the schools.

Battersea, October 13.—A Juvenile Meeting was held in the Chapel, when Mr. Cole delivered an Address on the "Effects of Idolatry upon the Mind;—the only cure for it to be found in the Gospel;—and the way in which Children can help to send that glorious Gospel to the Heathen."

Bloomsbury, October 17.—The Quarterly Meeting was held in the school-room. There was a good attendance. Mr. Frederick Benham, the Superintendent, presided, and Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Jas. Benham, and Messrs. T. J. Cole. The meeting was of a highly-interesting character, and the children seemed delighted at the result of their efforts.

Liverpool, Pembroke Chapel, October 20.—Mr. C. E. Ogden delivered an Address to the children on Missions, which we trust will not soon be forgotten.

New Park-street, October 22.—The Quarterly Meeting was held; Mr. W. Olney, the Superintendent, presided. The school-room was well filled. Addresses were delivered by the following teachers of the school:—Messrs. Cutler, Hearn, Horwood, and Underwood; and by Mr. T. J. Cole. We are glad to see that this school is thoroughly carrying out the "*farthing system*." About twelve months ago the teachers and children agreed that each child should give one farthing per week to the Mission, and each teacher one penny. The result is, that from the class-boxes alone upwards of £30 have been collected during the year, besides the amounts contributed by those not in the school. Are there not many of our schools can do the same if they TRY?

Vernon Chapel, October 28.—The Annual Meeting was held, presided over by the esteemed pastor, the Rev. Owen Clarke. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Very and Bartlett, and by Messrs. Henry Keen, and T. J. Cole. The girls of the select class have forwarded a large box of clothes, &c., to Africa, entirely the fruit of their own exertions, and are now preparing another.

Devonshire-square, October 29.—The Quarterly Meeting was held in the school-room; Mr. Heriot (one of the deacons) presided, and Mr. J. Templeton and Mr. Cole enforced the importance of Missionary labour.

Prescot-street Juvenile Auxiliary.—The *Thirty-third Annual Meeting* was held in the Chapel, on Monday, November 4, 1850, at which the Rev. C. Stovel presided. After tea, Addresses were delivered by several friends, and Mr. Boniface, (of the London Missionary Society,) in a long and interesting speech, gave an account of the South Sea Islanders, and exhibited some of their articles of clothing, weapons of war, musical instruments, &c., &c. From the Treasurer's Report it appears, that £12 15s. 4d. had been collected during the year, in addition to £1 10s. for the *Dove*, making, together, £14 5s. 4d., being an increase of £2 17s. 4d. over that of the previous year.

Eagle-street, Sunday, November 24.—The Quarterly Missionary Address was delivered by Mr. Cole. The young friends here have formed a Juvenile Auxiliary, and hope to be able to support a school in India before long.

Trinity-street, Borough, Sunday, November 3.—Mr. Cole addressed the school in this place, and urged upon the children the importance of devoting themselves to Jesus, and working for his cause. Missionary-boxes are distributed through the school.

THOMAS J. COLE.

MISSIONARY LECTURES.

THE Committee of the Young Men's Association having completed their arrangements for delivering Lectures upon India, illustrated with dissolving views, to the Sunday-school children and young friends in London, commenced doing so on the 11th of November, since which time Lectures have been delivered as follows:—

Monday, November 11, in Battersea Chapel.—*Tuesday*, November 12, in New Park-street School.—*Wednesday*, November 13, in Trinity Chapel, Borough.—*Thursday*, November 21, in Eagle-street School. The room was crowded to excess.—*Tuesday*, November 26, at the school-room, West-street, Cambridge Heath.—*Friday*, November 29, in Lewisham-road Chapel. An account of the overland route was given, following Mr. Russell, the pastor of the church, in his visit to Ceylon and Hindostan.

H Y M N.**JOHN X.**

CHRIST is my Shepherd, can I doubt
His tender, watchful care,—
He'll guide me through life's pilgrimage
To pastures fresh and fair.
Though roaring lions rage around,
They never can molest;
The path through which my Saviour guides,
Will lead me home to rest.
The persecuting fires may wreath
Around my feeble frame,
Still in the tempest, or the storm,
I'll praise my Jesu's name.

The stormy billows ne'er shall quench
 My love, O Lord, for thee;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 Hast set the captive free.

Joyful I follow on the road,
 My Saviour, thou hast trod;
 The way though thorny, dark, and drear,
 Leads upwards to my God.

Thy smile shall light, thy voice shall cheer,
 Thy presence gild my way;
 Thy Spirit animate my steps
 To bright and perfect day!

E. C. S.

 JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

November, 1850.

Accrington	7	0	8	Draycott, Sunday-school ...	0	10	0
Blaenconin, Sunday-school	1	9	10	Lymington, ditto	5	19	1
Blockley, ditto	5	3	3	Norwood, Upper, ditto	0	15	6
Bloomsbury, for <i>Haiti</i>				Poplar	6	0	0
<i>School</i>	2	10	0	Whitchurch, Salop, Sunday-			
Broadstairs, for <i>Dove</i>	0	15	0	school	0	5	2

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



HINDOO PENANCES.

Among the means of salvation used by the Hindoos, penances hold a chief place. The penance most in favour with the people, is pilgrimage to the temples of some of their idol gods; and on these occasions they will go many

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hundred miles to visit what they consider the most holy places.

But solitude in the deserts or forests, with bodily torture, is regarded as the highest degree of piety. Home is left; families are deserted. The penitent is stripped naked, and covered with cow-dung and mud. He bears, without complaint, sun and rain, heat and cold, light and darkness, hunger and nakedness. He gives up every pleasure, every comfort, and feeds on the most disgusting and filthy food. Yet this is not all.

One wears round his neck, for years, a broad iron plate, with a hole in the middle, through which his head protrudes, so that it is impossible he should ever rest it on a pillow, or sleep in a lying-down posture. Another forces spikes through his lips and cheeks. Another stands upright in the forest till his legs swell, become diseased, and refuse to sustain the weight of his body; then, to keep himself from falling, he will have a rope attached to a branch of a tree, and fastening to it a pillow, will lean upon the pillow, and thus keep his position. One holds up his hand above his head till the arm stiffens, and he cannot put it down again. Another looks backward over his shoulder, till his head, becoming fixed, cannot be turned or moved. One walks on sandals in which are placed iron spikes, with the points upwards; another buries himself in the ground up to his neck; another carries on his head a fire. One, more holy than the rest, will seat himself on an elevated stage. After several hours' devotion, he will rise, stand on one leg, and gaze stedfastly on the scorching sun. Meanwhile, his companions will kindle fires around him large enough to roast an ox—the penitent counting

his beads, and, from his incense-pot, throwing such things on the fires as will increase the burning flames. Still keeping his eyes on the sun, he will next for three hours stand on his head, and at last will seat himself, with his legs crossed, and sustain till sunset the raging heat of the sun and the fires.

Such are the follies and crimes of which idolaters are guilty. They know not the precepts of the pure and gentle Saviour, nor the way of salvation through faith in his precious blood. May God bless greatly the labours of his missionary servants to their everlasting blessedness!

NAINSOOKH, THE NATIVE PREACHER.

No. IV.

To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Those of you who know the value of prayer, and are accustomed to return thanks to God for his gifts, will, no doubt, have seen great reason for gratitude to the Lord in what he did for Nainsookh. How kindly did he order things, so that Nainsookh should be brought to hear the word! How graciously did he impress that word on his mind! How did he detain him in the cords of love, that he should not return to his own land, and the sinful practices of idolatry! Every such instance should encourage us to pray to the Lord of the harvest to raise up more such faithful labourers to toil in his great field—the world. How many clever men there are among the Hindoos! but they use all their skill to deceive their fellow-men for their own gain. Our prayer should be, that they may be renewed by Divine grace, then they will turn their talents to a good use, and strive to bring their poor ignorant countrymen to the fountain of the water of life.

I expressed my intention to tell you something of Nainsookh's

early labours. It would not be well to write about his later ones because he is still living ; and may he, if it be the Lord's will, long spared to exert himself for the good of souls ! As it is of long memory that Nainsookh has told me of his engagements near thirty years ago, I have only been able to gather a few incidents.

A short time after Nainsookh's baptism, when he was living at Monghir, under the care of the Rev. J. Chamberlain, a Christian lady who was going to Agra, requested leave to take Nainsookh with her. Mr. Chamberlain cheerfully consented, for he was glad to send a preacher of the gospel to that great city. Mr. Chamberlain himself, and some other good people, had preached Christ there, but still the gospel was but very little known in Agra ; and in the villages around, people had not even heard the name of Christ. The city was given to idolatry, and great and small either worshipped idols, or obeyed and trusted in Mahomet. This was, therefore, a place to try the faith and courage of a young convert. But the Lord supported Nainsookh ; and though the only preacher among such crowds of idolaters, he was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. Every day did he go out into the streets and bazaars ; and sometimes with a few betel-nuts to chew, that the aromatic taste might allay his feeling of hunger, he would be engaged from morning till night, in exhorting poor idolaters, and arguing with them against their false and fatal opinions. Thus he went over all parts and districts of the great city of Agra, and then he began to extend his visits to the villages around. Let us hope some seed thus sown has sprung up, and brought forth fruit, though so many other labourers besides Nainsookh may have reaped it ; or perhaps many lie hidden till that great day in which every secret shall be known.

Among those to whom Nainsookh used to preach, were some soldiers of a sepoy regiment. Many of them had joined among the Hindoos, who, in their hearts, despise caste, though, to escape persecution, they outwardly keep all its rules. Many of

hometans, as well as Hindoos, belong to this sect; and these all assemble privately at night, and eat and drink together—the highest castes with the lowest, and Mahometans with Hindoos; and besides, when they can, get the broken meat from Europeans' tables to eat; any one of which things, if done openly, would be enough to separate them for the rest of their lives from their families and connexions. Thus, though these people trample on the rules of caste, yet they habitually practise deceit, and they indulge in many very immoral customs. When some sepoys of this sect became interested in Nainsookh's preaching, they invited him to see their secret meetings. Nainsookh consented, that he might know what their practices really were, so as to be able to do them more good. After some time, they called Nainsookh to their great annual festival, and there nineteen of the sect, among whom one was their chief man, or Muhunt, before all the rest, renounced their connexion with the sect. These persons used afterwards to read the Scriptures very attentively, and Nainsookh would spend almost whole nights in explaining them to them. But soon after, their regiment was ordered to another part of the country. They entreated Nainsookh to accompany them, but he could not. He dismissed them with much advice and prayer, but never had the opportunity of hearing whether they continued to seek the truth as it is in Jesus.

It is a great mercy to us in India, that the Government protects all its subjects in the exercise of their religion, so that no one is allowed to injure the Christian in preaching, any more than the Hindoo in his pooja. On this account, we can go to all parts of the country without hindrance or fear. Sometimes, however, poor idolaters will get very angry at hearing their idols spoken against, and try to injure those who seek their good. Nainsookh was once preaching at a ghaut, on the bank of the Jumna river, when a number of people came, with music sounding, carrying about some idols in a palanquin, to be worshipped, that they might receive the offerings of the people. Nainsookh went to the palanquin, pushing

through the crowd, and began to reason with the worshippers on the folly of adoring gods that had to be carried about on men's shoulders. Upon this, a fakeer who was sitting near, with his fire burning before him and his tongs in his hand, according to their custom, became greatly enraged. Coming suddenly behind Nainsookh, he gave him such a blow with his tongs, on the back of his head, as to stun him; and then, taking him up in his arms, he ran towards the Jumna to throw him into the stream. The life of God's dear servant was in imminent peril; but the Lord interposed, and the fakeer was prevented from accomplishing his cruel design. Some days after, Nainsookh saw the fakeer again, and, like a Christian, went to him, and saluted him in a friendly manner. The fakeer immediately fell at his feet, and said, "Surely your Jesus is true, who kept you from death, and me from the gallows;" and he went with Nainsookh, and stayed with him some days, but afterwards left his tongs, and other things belonging to him, and ran away, and Nainsookh did not see him again. Like Simon Magus, he wondered at what he beheld; but I am afraid that, like him, he remained in the "bond of iniquity."

With best wishes, I remain, dear young friends,

Yours affectionately,

JOHN PARSONS.

Monghir.

MISSION SCHOOLS AND HEATHEN CHILDREN.

It is pleasant to know that those to whose instruction we contribute, are grateful for it; and we feel assured that, not only the ladies who have provided this instruction, and added to the comfort of the children, but all our readers, will be gratified by reading the following letter from a lady at Burhampore, in the East Indies:—

"I mentioned to our Khund children, that I was writing to the

ladies who so kindly sent out some presents for them, and asked if they would not like to say something. The following hastily written note they have just brought on a slate. Ehedi, their teacher, wrote verbatim what they dictated, as follows:—

“ ‘ My very dear Madam,—Through our teacher we are anxious to make known to you our loving salutations, and the great pleasure we feel in thanking you for the nice new *rikas* we all received through your kindness. When we have on these *rikas* we think of you, and we will now tell you a little of our former condition. We were among the Khunds, who intended to take away our lives, but from this trouble the Lord hath delivered us. Through his goodness we are now in Stubbins’ Sahib’s school, where we receive much excellent instruction; we have been taught to know our Creator-Saviour; of this dear Saviour we formerly had never heard, but he has brought us here that our bodies and souls may live; for this we do praise his name. In living in this place of light we are very happy. Stubbins’ papa and mamma love us much. Again we make known to you our loving salutations.—To Mrs. Taylor, from the Khund children in the Berhampore Asylum.’

“ You will be interested to hear that, for many months the first class of Khunds have read and understood the word of God, and several of them appear deeply affected with its truths. They often beg, as a favour, that they may talk with me about their souls: they weep over their own sinfulness; their minds are tender and open to conviction. The conduct of by far the greater part is most exemplary; they are gentle and teachable, and have to a great extent left off quarrelling, to which they were much addicted on their arrival.”



CHINESE IDOL.

THE very curious idol pictured above, is said to be worshipped by the people of China, as the god of immortality. He presides over the fortunes of men, and finally rewards them with an immortal, undying life. The Chinese have not many gods, for they are mostly followers of Boodha or

Confucius. Their chief religious ceremonies are practised at the tombs of their ancestors, especially at those of parents. They offer, however, adoration to the sun, moon, and stars; and think there are three ministering spirits who are occupied in giving rain to the earth, in watching over the sea, in presiding at the birth of men, in directing all rural affairs, or in giving them the victory in war. The idol before us is especially worshipped by soldiers.

THE HAND OF THE AVENGER STAYED.

THE following incident is taken from the diary of Hans Egede Saabye, a grandson of the celebrated Hans Egede, first missionary to Greenland :—

It has ever been a fixed law in Greenland, that murder, and particularly the murder of a father, must be avenged. About twenty years before the arrival of Saabye, a father had been murdered in the presence of his son, a lad of thirteen, in a most atrocious manner. The boy was not able then to avenge the crime, but the murderer was not forgotten. He left that part of the country, and kept the flame burning in his bosom. No suitable opportunity was afforded for revenge, as the man was high in influence, and many near to defend him. At length his plan was laid, and, with some of his relations to assist him, he returned to the province of the murderer, who lived near the house of Saabye: there being no house unoccupied where they might remain but one owned by Saabye, they requested it, and it was granted without any remark, although he knew the object of their coming.

The son soon became interested in the kind missionary, and often visited his cabin, giving as his reason, "You are so amiable I cannot keep away from you." Two or three weeks after, he

requested to know more of "the great Lord of heaven," of whom Saabye had spoken. His request was cheerfully granted. Soon it appeared that himself and all his relatives were desirous of instruction, and ere long the son requested baptism. To this request the missionary answered: "Kunnuk,"—for that was his name,—“you know God, you know that he is good, that he loves you, and desires to make you happy; but he desires also that you should obey him.”

Kunnuk answered—"I love him, I will obey him."

"His command is, 'Thou shalt not murder.'" The poor Greenlander was much affected, and silent. "I know," said the missionary, "why you have come here with your relations; but this you must not do, if you wish to become a believer."

Agitated, he answered, "But he murdered my father!"

For a long time the missionary pressed this point, the poor awakened heathen promising to "kill *only* one." But this was not enough. "Thou shalt do no murder," Saabye insisted was the command of the great Lord of heaven. He exhorted him to leave the murderer in the hand of God, to be punished in another world; but this was waiting too long for revenge. The missionary refused him baptism, without obedience to the command. He retired to consult his friends. They urged him to revenge.

Saabye visited him; and, without referring to the subject, read those portions of Scripture and hymns teaching a quiet and forgiving temper. Some days after, Kunnuk came again to the cabin of Saabye. "I will," said he, "and I will not; I hear and I do not hear. I never felt so before; I will forgive him, and I ~~will~~ not forgive him." The missionary told him, "When he *would* forgive, then his better spirit spoke; when he *would not* forgive, then his unconverted heart spoke." He then repeated to him the latter part of the life of Jesus, and his prayer for his murderers. A tear stood in his eye. "But he was better than I," said Kunnuk. "But God will give us strength," Saabye answered.

He then read the martyrdom of Stephen, and his dying prayer for his enemies. Kunnuk dried his eyes, and said, "The wicked men!—He is happy; he is certainly with God in heaven. My heart is so moved: but give me a little time; when I have brought the other heart to silence, I will come again." He soon returned, with a smiling countenance, saying, "Now I am happy; I hate no more; I have forgiven; my wicked heart shall be silent." He and his wife, having made a clear profession of faith in Christ, were baptized and received into the church. Soon after he sent the following note to the murderer of his father: "I am now a believer, and you have nothing to fear," and invited him to his house. The man came, and invited Kunnuk in his turn to visit him. Contrary to the advice of friends, Kunnuk went, and as he was returning home, he found a hole had been cut in his kajaak (or boat) in order that he might be drowned. Kunnuk stepped out of the water, saying, "He is still afraid; though I will not harm him."

What a noble example of self-conquest! What an illustrious exhibition of the power of the gospel!

BRAHM, THE SUPREME GOD OF INDIA.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The Hindoos say that Brahm is the supreme God. Generally, he is asleep. Occasionally, however, he awakes, and utters the words, "Brahm is," or "I am." In one of those seasons when he awoke, Brahm, Vishnoo, and Siva, with the rest of the three hundred and thirty millions of gods, were somehow drawn from his essence; as were all the atoms which make up the earth, the sun, the moon, and stars. At first all these atoms were in confusion. To reduce them to order, Brahm created what is called "the great mundane egg." Into this egg he himself entered, under the form of Brahma; and he took with him all the atoms of which I just made mention. After remaining in this egg for

four thousand three hundred millions of years, for the purpose of putting all these atoms into a good shape, he burst the shell, and came out with a thousand heads, a thousand eyes, and a thousand arms. With him he brought out all these harmonised atoms, which, when separated, produced this beautiful universe that we see when we cast our eyes above us, and below us, and abroad before us.

The universe, as it came from the mundane egg, is generally divided into fourteen worlds, seven inferior or lower worlds, and seven superior or upper worlds. The seven lower worlds are filled with all kinds of wicked and loathsome creatures. Our earth, which is the first of the upper worlds, it is said, is flat. That part of it which is inhabited, consists of seven circular islands or continents, each of which is surrounded by a different ocean. The island in the centre, where we dwell, is surrounded by a sea of salt water; the second is surrounded by a sea of sugar-cane juice; the third, by a sea of spirituous liquors; the fourth, by a sea of clarified butter; the fifth, by a sea of sour curds; the sixth, by a sea of milk; the seventh, by a sea of sweet water.

In all the worlds above ours, are mansions where the gods reside. The third contains the heaven of Indra. This is the heaven to which, it is said, the widow goes after she has burnt herself to death on the funeral pile of her husband. Its palaces are of the purest gold. And such are the quantities of diamonds and jasper and sapphire and emerald, and all manner of precious stones, there, that it shines with a brightness superior to that of twelve thousand suns. Its streets are of the clearest crystal, fringed with gold. In the seventh, or the highest of the upper worlds, is the heaven where Brahma chiefly resides. This far exceeds all the other heavens in point of beauty.

And what is the character of the gods who inhabit those heavenly worlds? It is as vile as it can be. There they are, gods of all *colours*; some white, some black, some blue, some red; gods of a l

forms and sizes, some in the shape of beasts, some in the shape of men ; gods who ride on elephants, and peacocks, and rats, and snakes ; gods who hold all kinds of weapons in their hands, as spears, clubs, bows, and arrows ; gods who fight and quarrel with one another ; gods who lie, steal, and commit all dreadful crimes ; gods who pour out their curses when they cannot succeed in their wicked plots, and who invent all kinds of lying tales to hide their wickedness.

How different is the character of Him who inhabits the heaven of the Bible ! And how different is that heaven from the heaven of the Hindoos ! Nothing that is defiling can enter it. My dear children, have you qualifications for that holy place ?

Yours affectionately,
J. SCUDDER.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING, BATTERSEA.

ON Thursday, the 24th of October, as I was journeying through the streets of a long and scattered parish, within a few miles of the great metropolis, my attention was arrested by the congregating of many young and happy faces, all verging towards one spot. After considering for some time what this little assemblage could mean, I directed my steps thither, and soon found myself in the interior of a school-room, surrounded by upwards of forty children, with several teachers and friends. Being very anxious to learn all I could on this matter, I seated myself beside two little girls, and soon ascertained that it was the First Anniversary Meeting of a Juvenile Working Association, formed at the Girls' School in Battersea. After each child had partaken of tea, which had been kindly provided by their teachers, the meeting was opened with prayer and singing ; the Report of the operations of the Juvenile Association was read ; also a letter to the children from their beloved pastor, who was unable through illness to attend. Addresses were delivered by

several friends; prayers and praises were offered on behalf of Missions; and the happy party separated.

Having given you a short description of the meeting, I must now furnish you with a few particulars of this interesting association. I find that on the 21st of August, 1849, the girls of the British School in Battersea, being so deeply interested on behalf of the heathen children, and having determined to do something for their good, however small, assembled, and, with the assistance of their teachers, formed themselves into an association: they hold their working meetings regularly (monthly), and each child is provided with materials, which they make up into clothes. Although at present on a small scale, this society is regularly organised, with its president, treasurer, and secretary, the minutes and accounts are registered at each meeting, and the good work is carried on in the most orderly and spirited manner. The amounts collected by the children alone, to the date of the meeting, was 14s. 6d.; the amounts given by the teachers and friends amounted to nearly £2 in cash, besides numerous articles in prints, clothes, and other useful articles. So that this little association, although formed at first by a few children, has been so abundantly blessed by God, that it has now had the privilege and honour to make, collect, and send out to the Mission Station at Hayti a box of articles to the worth, in England, of £6 6s. 9d.; and this good work is carried on besides that collected and paid into the society for the general objects of Missions. The boys, although not able to work, are not behind in this matter, and assist the girls in their contributions. The Religious Tract Society have been kind enough to send three pounds' worth of tracts, to be enclosed in their box.

A. C.

WATT'S CATECHISM IN ORISSA.

THE Baptist missionaries in Orissa write:—"It is a peculiarly interesting circumstance, that the first light which shone on

Oriassa was from a translation of Watts's Catechism. Oriassa, we may readily believe, was a name that Watts never heard; nor can we suppose that it ever entered the mind of this man of God, that his effort to simplify Divine truth to the capacities of children, would be translated, so many years after his spirit had entered eternity, into a language spoken 15,000 miles from his native land, and be the means of conveying the first rays of heavenly light to a country over which, for many a gloomy century, the night of idolatry had brooded."

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETING.

ON New Year's Day, the Annual Meeting of the Sunday-school Missionary Society, in connexion with Union Chapel, Manchester, was held in the School-room. After tea, the Secretary reported that £12 6s. 9½d. had been raised during the year, and it was resolved that £10 be given to the Intally School, and the remaining £2 6s. 9½d. to the support of native pastors. After a number of excellent speeches by the teachers, on Missionary subjects, the meeting was closed by singing and prayer. It was an evening well spent; and it is hoped that the School will raise £20 during the present year.

REFUGE.

REFUGE! refuge! reach the plain;
 If you wait, you must be slain:
 Refuge! refuge! onward fly;
 If you tarry, 't is to die!

See him flying like the wind,
 Leaving e'en his foe behind;
 Now he seems to reach the gate—
 Sure they will not let him wait.

Nol the gates wide open stand,
Open'd by a friendly hand;
Perhaps a priest, who ever waits,
Kindly watchful, at the gates.

Jesus, Saviour! may I flee
With my little heart to thee;
Wash me in thy precious blood,
Let me be a child of God!
May the gates of Heaven be
Open'd wide for little me!

Then, when holy children stand
In that happy, happy land,
Where the sky is ever bright;
Never darkness, never night:
Where the trees are ever green,
Where the living waters stream;
Golden harps and garments fair—
Oh! may little Fred be there!

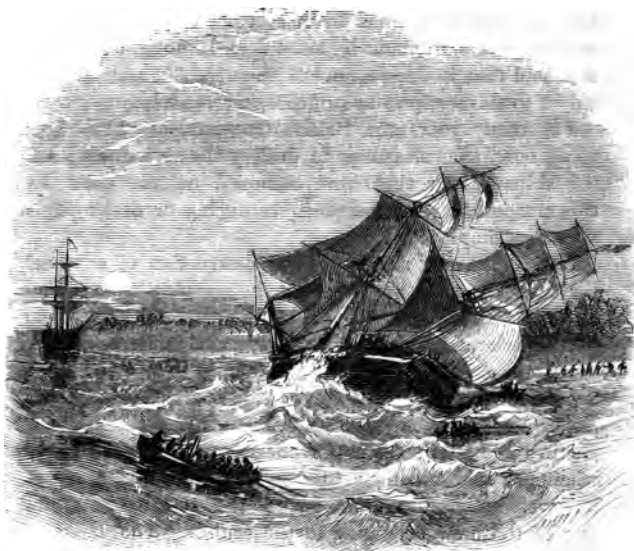
MARY.

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

December, 1850.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Battersea	2	0	0	Lincoln, Sunday-school ...	1	2	0
Brighton, Bond-street Sun-				Middleton Cheney, Sunday-			
day-school	0	8	0	school.....	1	5	0
Bury St. Edmund's (moiety)	10	7	5	Rochdale, Sunday-school,			
Ditto, Sunday and Day-				for <i>Intally</i>	9	4	0
schools	4	0	9	St. Ives, for <i>Schools</i>	2	7	7
Camberwell, by Mr. Dickes	0	14	1	Salisbury, Brown-st., Sun-			
Downton	4	7	6	day-school	2	12	0
Ditto, Infant-school	0	18	6	Ditto, Stratford	0	4	6
Eye, Sunday-school	0	17	6	Ditto, Bible-class	0	12	0
Ditto, Bible-class	0	7	6	Stradbroke, Sunday-school	0	12	0
Horncastle, Sunday-school	0	16	10	Sudbury	0	2	6
Ipswich, Stoke Chapel	5	6	0	Sutton, Sunday-school	0	15	1
Ditto, Ditto, Sunday-school	1	0	0	Watford, proceeds of Lec-			
Lincoln, for <i>Dove</i>	2	2	11	ture	5	9	0

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



THE SLAVE-SHIP.

Our young friends are aware that the Negroes now in the western world, or their ancestors, were originally stolen from Africa, sold into slavery, and sent across the Atlantic Ocean in vessels employed for the purpose.

The vessels engaged in this sinful and inhuman traffic chiefly frequent the Bights of Biafra and Benin. These bights, or large bays, are very near the equator, and receive

the waters of the great river Niger, which empties itself into the gulf of Guinea by more than twenty mouths, or smaller rivers, in about N. lat. 4 deg., E. long. 6 deg.; and it is said that in one year more than 100,000 natives were led off to slavery from two of those rivers alone.

For many years the British Government have been using energetic measures to destroy the slave-trade; and the ships of war they have stationed on the coast for this purpose, often succeed in capturing or destroying a vessel so employed.

The Engraving represents the destruction of a vessel, the *Tres Amigos*, long notorious in carrying slaves from Africa to Brazil. She had often escaped our cruisers by her superior sailing; and had made many successful trips—on one occasion landing at Bahia, in Brazil, no fewer than 1350 victims. At length she was seen by H.M. steamer *Devastation*, before she had cleared the Bight of Benin; and after some hours' chase, was driven on shore, where she soon became a total wreck. This work was not, however, accomplished without the loss of three boats and one of the crew belonging to the cruiser. The boats attempting to board the slaver were upset in the surf, and the officers and men had to swim for their lives. One of the number failed in the attempt to reach the shore, and met with a watery grave. The slaver was found to be armed with six guns, besides musketry; and but for the superior force of the Government vessel, would doubtless have resisted as long as possible.

The strong arm of power thus sometimes arrests the evils of the slave-trade. But alas! many a slaver escapes the vigilance of the cruisers, and, with her freight of men,

1 women, and children, stolen from their country, pursues her
2 way unimpeded to the shores of Cuba or Brazil. What
3 cruelties must have been committed in enslaving the number
4 contained even in one slave-ship!—each individual torn
5 from familiar scenes, from kindred, and from home! Who
6 amongst our readers does not ardently desire, that the
7 gospel of the grace of God may so widely diffuse its influ-
8 ence, that such cruelties may cease for ever, and be suc-
9 ceeded by the peaceful and beneficent exercise of every
10 Christian grace and virtue?

NAINSOOKH, THE NATIVE PREACHER.

No. V.

(To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.)

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Mr. Chamberlain had directed Nainsookh not to go to any distance from Agra, but to continue preaching in that city and its neighbourhood. For a long time Nainsookh complied with these directions, but afterwards some circumstances induced him to deviate a little from them. Near Agra is a large city named Bhurtpore, which was at that time under the government of its own rajah, or king, who was a strict Hindoo. For Nainsookh to go there to preach the Christian religion, where he would have no protection from the British Government, was to expose himself to great danger. Notwithstanding, Nainsookh had reasons which he thought proved it to be his duty to go; and so, taking a great number of books, and a single companion, he ventured. When he preached outside the gate of the fort and city, great crowds assembled to hear the “setter forth of new gods,” and the Brahmans had long discussions with him. After two or three days, he attempted to enter the fort, but the commander of the guard forbade him. When Nainsookh began to

reason the case with him, he only answered sternly, "If you advance another step, I shall give orders to shoot you through." So Nainsookh could only retreat, and go to another gate, where he found the commander less opposed, and he entered, and preached Christ in the streets of proud Bhurtpore. In four or five days, he noticed a great alteration in the conduct of the Brahmans towards him. They became very friendly, sent him little presents of sweetmeats, and such like, and one day said, "To-morrow we will take you before the rajah, and see what he thinks of your doctrine. If he approves of it, there will be no objection to our all adopting it." Nainsookh went to his lodgings that evening full of the thoughts of to-morrow; but, in the middle of the night, he had a very frightful dream about the Brahmans getting him punished or put to death, and awoke terrified and trembling. Then he began to think that no one could hinder the rajah, if he wished to kill him; and he remembered that at first the Brahmans had accused him of being a spy sent from the English, and was afraid that their pretended friendship was only a deceitful plan to get him into their power. He therefore determined to set off that very hour into the British dominions, the boundary of which on the Agra side was not far distant. So he awakened his companion, and with great difficulty prevailed upon him to start off at once, and, before daylight, they were out of the territory of Bhurtpore. It was a great pleasure to him to have preached the gospel in that large Hindoo city, and left many Scriptures there, and he thought that perhaps God, by the dream, had intentionally warned him to escape from a violent death.

In the third year of his stay at Agra, he was led also to pay a visit to Gwalior, another large city near Agra. The majority of the inhabitants are Hindoos, but there are also a great many Roman Catholics there. The Maharajah, or Great King, as the chief is called, was a Mahratta Hindoo, but a man of very liberal opinions who liked to hear what every one had to say, of whatever sect he

might be. Besides a host of fakeers constantly about his palace, to whom he used to give large sums of money, he had four or five gooroos of as many sects of Hindoos, and also a Mahometan Moulvee, to whom he had given fine houses to dwell in, and princely allowances to live upon; and he used to go sometimes to one, and sometimes to another, and sit and hear them discourse about religion, or repeat their books and poetry. A pundit from Gwalior, who heard Nainsookh preach in Agra, and was pleased with what he said, contrived, by writing to some one of high rank about the Maharajah, to get Nainsookh invited thither. He also accompanied him, and introduced him in the court. A place was provided for Nainsookh to stay in, and all his wants were supplied out of the Maharajah's stores. He was also told that he must discuss matters with the various gooroos and doctors about the palace, till the Maharajah, who was absent from home, should return, and then he should have an opportunity of stating his opinions to the Maharajah himself. So Nainsookh went to the Mahometan Moulvee; but he found him a man of a very trifling disposition, and immoral character, who was only inclined to revile Christians, instead of calmly arguing about the truth. Another day, he went to one of the gooroos, of the sect of Kubeer, who began to recite some of his books, and went on for a long time. When he stopped, Nainsookh said, "You have spoken a great deal, but I am not convinced by what you have said." This made the haughty gooroo very angry; but Nainsookh repeated a couplet to him out of one of his own books, the meaning of which is, That meekness and forbearance are marks of a holy man. This stilled the gooroo's rage, and he began to talk with Nainsookh in a friendly manner, said his doctrine was very good, and directed his disciples, who were sitting round, to take his books. He then went on to say, that the Maharajah was very foolish to keep that Turkish Moulvee, and Nainsookh must join with him in trying to induce the Maharajah to send him away. Thus Nainsookh found nothing but wickedness and envy

among these pretended holy people. Still, as he was waiting for the Maharajah's return, he continued for several days to visit and converse with them, and also to preach among the Roman Catholics, and in the bazaars, where vast crowds assembled to hear him. Before the Maharajah arrived, however, the Christian lady with whom Nainsookh had gone to Agra, sent for him, and he was obliged, reluctantly, to forego the expected interview.

Shortly after he returned with the lady to Monghir, and here, "having obtained help of God, he continues unto this day witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

With this I must close my short notices of Nainsookh's conversion and some of his labours, and I hope they may lead some to feel an interest in our native brethren, to pray for more to be raised up, and to beseech God to make them zealous and faithful, and to bless their efforts. May all my dear young readers also seek an interest in the dear Saviour, whom Nainsookh preaches, that converted idolaters may not put them to shame in the great day! This is the cordial prayer of,

Dear young friends,

Your affectionate well-wisher,

Monghir.

JOHN PARSONS.

THE WHITE ANTS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Probably you remember an account of the Drivers, or White Ants, given in one of our little *Magazines*. I think we may learn some very useful lessons from their history. They unite together—form a large army—travel in a straight course: nothing impedes their progress—no difficulties obstruct

their way—onward is their motto; they enter the houses, search every corner, destroy all destructive and obnoxious vermin, and when their work is done, noiselessly and quickly disappear. If the pioneers be destroyed, the ranks are immediately filled up, and they march to conquest over the dead bodies of their fallen brethren. In the *Brazils* they are called *Cupim*: on one of their travels they entered the bedroom of a gentleman, came to a chest of drawers; they neither climbed over, nor went round, but **ate** their way quite through the drawers, which were filled with linen, so that not a sound garment remained. Can you guess the lesson we should learn from these persevering little creatures? We must form our plans well. Where shall we do this? At *His* footstool who ruleth over all, and who has promised to direct all who seek his guidance, and love to follow his commands. We must test our plans by *His* rule, his written word; they must be persevered in, not taken up hastily to-day, and relinquished when obstacles present themselves: the labour must be continuous till the work be done. If permitted to see the gospel shine brightly on a spot once only a barren and dreary wilderness, other spheres will yet remain enveloped in worse than Egyptian darkness. God has said He will give his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and this shall be accomplished by his blessing on the continuous, persevering, unobtrusive labour of his own redeemed and ransomed children. Will you be Drivers, "Ants," in the missionary field? Count the cost first: it involves the surrender of many cherished hopes, calls for the sacrifice of much which you have prized greatly; but it bestows the blessed privilege of knowing that all who work for Jesus with a single eye to his glory, and the welfare of immortal souls, shall rejoice in his heavenly kingdom with "all those who, from the north and the south, the east and the west, have been brought to sit down at the marriage supper of the Lamb."

Affectionately yours,

E. C. S.





MOURING WOMEN.

THE customs of the people of the East at the funerals of their friends, are very different to those in use in England. They are often referred to in the Bible, as in the following passage from Jeremiah—"Consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women, that they may come: and let them **make** haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes **may run** down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with **waters**."

This refers to the usage of hiring women for the purpose of mourning and lamenting over the dead. Among the ancient Jews it was so common, that the poorest Israelite,

when his wife died, never hired less than two pipes and one mourning-woman.

In Egypt, at the present day, when a person dies, the friends of the dead send for two or more *neddábehs*, or public wailing-women. Each woman brings with her a *tár*, or tambourine. It is without the tinkling little plates of metal commonly inserted in the rim. In the house, and in the street on the way to the grave, the *neddábehs* beat their tambourines, their hair dishevelled, their clothes torn, and tears flowing down their faces, and cry, "Oh! my brother!" "Oh! my master!" "Oh! lord of the house!" With these cries and outward marks of grief, interrupted sometimes by a plaintive song, they carry the dead body on a bier to the grave.

The burying-places of the East are very beautifully adorned with flowers, trees, and magnificent tombs. The tombs are often enclosed in small houses; and the female relatives and friends of those who lie buried within them often visit these tombs, and bewail their loss. To some of them they send a little furniture, and will remain for days. The tombs are generally eight feet long and four high. On the top is a long slab, about a foot thick; and on the upright slab at the head of the tomb is a carved and painted representation of the turban of the dead person.

It is to these customs that another passage in the prophecies of Amos refers (ch. v. ver. 16):—"Wailing shall be in all streets; and they shall say in all the highways, Alas! alas! and they shall call the husbandman to mourning, and such as are skilful of lamentation to wailing."

A HINDOO STORY.

THE Hindoos, and especially the Hindoo children—like children everywhere—are very fond of stories. Their sacred books are full of legends and tales about their gods, some of which are very foolish, while others are very wicked. To give our young readers some idea of the tales which the people of India are fond of, we give the following story about one of their most famous kings:—

In the days of Vikramāditya, a very odd-looking Sanyasi, or Fakir, made his appearance at the court. The king showed him some



little attention, in return for which he gave the king some fine specimens of the *bél* fruit. One of these was one day accidentally opened, when a beautiful ruby was found inside. Of course the rest were soon opened, and precious rubies were found in them all. The king now became very fond of the Sanyasi, and he, in return, offered to make known to the king many mysteries and curious things,

especially if he would accompany him, in the darkest hour of night, to a *smasán* near the river Godavery. A *smasán* is a place where the dead are burnt, and their funeral rites performed. The king consented to go. So, the sun having set, and night come on, the king went alone to the *smasán*, sword in hand. The Sanyasi met him there. After many profound bows, the king inquired, "What have I to do? Tell me quickly." The Sanyasi replied, "Behold, O king, this place of the dead is two *kos* in length. In the middle of it stands a sissu-tree, on which hangs a corpse: go quickly, and fetch that corpse."

Though he was frightened, the king hastened to obey. It was the time of the new moon. The night was pitch dark. The rain was falling fast: a fierce wind blew; the thunder resounded fearfully in the sky; and only now and then a flash of lightning enabled the king to pick his way. He was attended by crowds of goblins; some crying, "Kill him! kill him!" some dancing on one leg, and some trying to block up his path. All the witches in creation were howling and dancing about the cemetery. The ground shook. Now and then a funeral pile would shoot forth its flames, that were consuming the bodies of the dead. The ghosts were playing with the empty skulls, and dogs and jackals uttered their howl and piercing cry.

At last the poor king reached the tree. It was very high, and full of fruit and flowers. Though he trembled with fear, he climbed up the trunk, and saw the body. Its face was impressed with horror; its long hair was black; its flesh was all gone; nothing but skin and bone were left. The king laid hold of it, cut the rope, and the body fell to the ground. When the king went down and tried to lay hold of the dead man, it ran away, and in a moment was up in the tree again. A second time the king ascended; but this time he brought down the dead man on his shoulders, and marched off with him; but, as he went away, a ghost entered the body, and began to scold the king. But

the king gave no heed; after a while, the ghost became very talkative, and became a story-teller to the king.

Will not our little readers be happy to put better stories than this into the houses of the children of Bengal—even the beautiful stories of the Bible, about the great and good men whom God raised up to teach and to govern his people; and especially about the Saviour, all whose words were kindness and grace? So, then, let everyone do all they can to keep open the Schools in India, where the word of God is daily read and learnt, and from which all these foolish tales are shut out.

NEWS FROM AFAR.—CEYLON.

To the dear Children—Boys and Girls—attending the Sabbath-school connected with the Baptist Chapel, Hammersmith.

MY BELOVED CHILDREN,—I am now far, far away from you, on a very beautiful island at the mouth of the Bay of Bengal. It is called Ceylon. You had better look for it on the map of India, and show it to your parents, as the place from which you receive this letter from your absent pastor. You will see it mentioned in that beautiful hymn,—“From Greenland’s icy mountains,” &c. Perhaps you will sing this hymn after this letter is read; and your dear Superintendent will pray for me, and the inhabitants of “*Ceylon’s* isle.” I could tell you much about this island. Orange-trees, and tamarind-trees, and cocoanut-trees, and breadfruit-trees, and many others, both useful and beautiful, everywhere abound. The rivers are magnificent—the banks on each side covered with the richest verdure down into the water. Such mountains as I saw, and had to ascend last week, in going to visit our mission stations at Kandy! There is one called “*Adam’s Peak*.” I saw it the other day. The peak is 7420 feet above the level of the sea. There is a foot-print on the top, which the Mahometans say is the mark made by Adam’s foot. Here stands a temple; and many deluded pil-

grims go there to worship, and to give offerings to the priests. Read what Christ said to the woman of Samaria, John iv. 19—24.

Since I have been here, I have visited and examined a good many very interesting schools, in which little black boys and girls are taught to read and write, and learn to know and love the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent. These are the mission-schools, supported by the dear friends of missions in England. How interested would you be did you see these children, and hear them read God's blessed Book in their strange language, and answer questions about God and Christ Jesus—about sin and salvation—about the world of woe, and the way to heaven!

Mrs. Allen, the dear missionary lady with whom I am now residing, has an interesting school of little Singhalese girls. There are twenty in the school: they live in her house—are neatly dressed in their native costume—and read and sew very nicely. I hope to show you, my little girls, some of their pretty work, if God spares me to come home to you again. £5 a year keeps a little girl at this school. Can you do anything to help in this good work?

The boys' schools, too, are very interesting. They do not write in copy-books, or on paper, as you do; but chiefly on the leaves of a tree that grows abundantly here. As Mr. Russell and I were examining a school the other day, when we had finished, some of the dear little black boys brought us *letters*, written on a leaf, for us to take home to the dear children in England, who collect their pence in missionary-boxes, to send teachers and Bibles to these dear children. We have several of these letters with us to bring home. In the mean time, here is a translation of one of them; they are written in their own language, which is Singhalese. It is thus:—

“The purport of this writing, which is sent to the little gentlemen in England who favour us, and who have great kindness towards us.

“LITTLE GENTLEMEN,—Before we learned in this school, we worshipped the Buddhist religion, and performed its ceremonies.

We put flowers before images, and bowed to them, with the hope of entering into heaven. We worshipped many gods: now, by reading the Bible, by getting it explained by our teacher, and by hearing sermons, we have learned the will of God. We know the folly of the things which we did before: we are sorry for it. We have now learned that, without loving God, and believing on his Son Jesus Christ, we cannot go to heaven. We learned all these things through your favour; therefore, thanks be to you.

"To this purport, I, *David Fonseca*.

"The year 1850, on the 3rd day of October,

"In the school of *Demetagodde*."

What a nice letter this is! You see what good is being done. Be encouraged, then, to go on in helping missions and missionaries; and learn, from this letter, to seek God yourselves, and meet the dear converted heathen boys and girls at God's right hand.

I must now close. Love your teachers—your Bible—your Saviour; and may God bless and keep you all!

Your far away, but still affectionate Pastor,

JOHN LEECHMAN.

JUVENILE MEETINGS, &c.

DECEMBER 2nd, Hoxton Chapel Juvenile Auxiliary held its first Annual Meeting: the Rev. H. P. Simonds presided; and after the Secretary, Mr. Herbert Hill, had read the Report, Messrs. R. B. Smith and T. J. Cole, of the Young Men's Association, addressed the meeting. The young friends at Hoxton Chapel have pledged themselves to support Gonawalla School, in Ceylon, at a cost of £7 4s. per annum.—December 15th, Waltham Abbey Juvenile Auxiliary held its Public Meeting in the chapel: the Rev. J. D. East presided; and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. T. Hill, of

Cheshunt, Mr. Pugh, the Superintendent of the school, and Mr. T. J. Cole. This auxiliary has collected £6 1s. 7d. during the year.—Dec. 25th, a meeting of young people was held at the Baptist Chapel, Great Attleboro', Norfolk: the pastor, the Rev. J. Cragg, presided. At this meeting, it was resolved to form a Juvenile Auxiliary to the Baptist Missionary Society, and to adopt the suggestions forwarded to them by the Secretary of the Young Men's Association. A working class has since been formed; and the Auxiliary is now actively at work.—December 26th, at Gravesend Baptist Chapel, a meeting of the parents and children was held, at which Mr. H. Keen delivered an effective address, illustrated by various idols, &c.—January 1st, the Annual Meeting of the New Park Street Juvenile Auxiliary was held. The children and teachers took tea together, after which a variety of excellent addresses were delivered by Messrs. H. Twelvetees and R. B. Smith.—January 5th, being the first Sunday in the new year, Children's Missionary Prayer Meetings were held in many of the London schools. These were very interesting meetings; and we hope much good was done. Could not such meetings be held once a quarter in all our schools?—January 19th, the quarterly meeting of the Lewisham Road Auxiliary was held in the chapel: the Rev. Dr. Hoby presided; and the meeting was addressed by E. B. Underhill, Esq., Mr. Sands, a gentleman just returned from India, and Mr. T. J. Cole. The young friends here have agreed to raise £20 per year for a school in India.—January 19th, at Wallingford, Berkshire, Mr. J. J. Heriot delivered an effective address to a large assembly of young people; and they have resolved at once to form a Juvenile Association.

ONWARD TO HEAVEN!

BY KANGALI, A CONVERTED HINDOO.

Translated by the Rev. W. H. Pearce.

PRESS on! press on! beloved friends, we march to Zion's gate;
Here death at last our souls will seize—there life doth us await.
Destruction's gloomy, dangerous land let us at once forsake,
And speed our flight to that blest shore where we may bliss
partake.

That state of endless life and peace, death can no more invade;
And happy thousands, reaching there, have been immortal made.

Chorus.

The land where Christ in glory reigns if we but once attain,
There we shall sin and death escape, and life eternal gain.

Let not the world our hearts beguile—its dangers we must shun;
Through looking back, Lot's wife, we know, for ever was undone;
But righteous Lot, through grace, escaped from Sodom's burning
plain,

And, flying with his daughters, did a place of safety gain.
Brethren beloved, the warning take—your Sovereign's voice obey,
Forsaking this vain, dying world, to heaven direct your way.

Chorus.

The King who reigns in yon bright land of happiness untold,
In His blest register our names, as subjects, has enroll'd;
We 'll care not, then, for all the toils or dangers we may meet,
But still with patient courage urge our course to His dear feet.
With joy and triumph we 'll proceed throughout the heavenly way:
The crown of gold, for us reserved, will countless toils repay.

Chorus.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



THE FIRST AVATAR OF VISHNU.

THE chief gods of the Hindoos bear the names of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. The first is regarded as the creator, the second the preserver, the third as the destroyer, of all things. As the preserver, Vishnu had several avatars, or incarna-

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tions; that is, he appeared on earth at various times, for the purpose of doing some good to men. Already he has nine times visited the earth; and the Hindoos are looking for one more visit before the final destruction of the world. We propose, in a few Numbers of the **HERALD**, to give our young readers an account of these incarnations.

In his first avatar, Vishnu is said to have assumed the form of a fish. And the Hindoo *Shasters*, or sacred books, give the following foolish account of it:—The great god Brahma one day fell asleep. A demon named Hayagriva came and stole away the Veda, or holy volume of instructions and prayers about the gods. The real meaning of the silly story seems to be, to give some sort of account of the great deluge. For Vishnu came to a pious king, named Satyawata, who seems to represent Noah. First he appeared as a very little fish. Gradually his size increased; and when he reached his largest size, he announced the coming of the flood. He promised a large sailing-vessel for the good king.

At last the flood came. The ark was fastened to the horn of the fish, which was like blazing gold, and his length was millions of miles.

When all men were destroyed, except the king and his companions, and the deluge had passed away, Vishnu slew the demon that stole the Veda, and recovered the lost sacred volume.

This story is usually represented as in our Engraving. Vishnu, in the form of a man, is seen issuing from the body of a fish. On his head is a crown, and in his four hands he holds the lost Veda, the chukra, the shell, and a sword.

So foolish are the imaginations of the heathen ! They put from them the word of God, and are thus left to follow the absurd and wicked fancies of their own minds. May God enlighten their darkness, and give them the true word of God !

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

[Our young friends will be pleased to read the following extracts from the journal of our Missionary, Mr. Phillips, of Muttra. It gives an interesting description of the road, and of the various travellers to be met with on such journeys.]

Distance from Muttra to Saugor, 300 miles; Agra, 35 miles from Muttra.

December 5th, Wednesday. Commenced journey. Before leaving cantonments, breakfasted at Mr. B.'s, who, with his kind-hearted wife, are my old friends and attached hearers, also members of brother W.'s church.

At Etoura, three coss on my road—took an early dinner with Mrs. Wright, our first acquaintance in Agra, and Chamberlain's first convert in that place. We talked with pleasure and pain of the events of the ten years of my residence in these parts.

Towards evening, passed Siy-an without seeing my cart, though it was really in the native chapel compound. I therefore pressed on to Jhajhow, only to return by dark, weary and disappointed. After tea, I made my bed in the cart, and slept under thick coverings, which kept off the dew. At moon-rise on the 6th, the cart, and its recumbent but not sleeping master, rolled along its journey, and across the Utangan river, before I alighted for a long walk.

By night we all safely reached the Dholpore bungalow, tired out. I may here mention that I travelled such long marches every day, that I was too tired to preach at the close of it. All the missionary

work done in the journey was little more than conversations with travellers going my way, or found in the inns.

7th, Friday. I obtained a pair of fresh bullocks, for leaders, to pull through the deep sands between Dholpore and the Chumbul. On passing the hills beyond Dholpore, I ascended one, to examine its structure. It appeared, with all its neighbours, to be composed of old red sandstone, but of every degree of fineness, from coarse grains of quartz, loosely compacted, to the finest slate-like building stone, some of which came off in thin flakes like pie-crust. There were large blocks, about the size of an ordinary dining-table, lying loose on the surface, which had evidently become detached from the mountain by the washing away of surrounding and underlying loose earth and stones. These small mountain-ranges all pointed to the south. With great difficulty we dragged the mare into the boat, in crossing the Chumbul, there being no bank or quay in Indian rivers from which an animal may jump. Often a refractory beast must be swum across. The precipices and ravines beyond the Chumbul are as wild as can be conceived—perfect Alpine scenery in miniature. On the top of one of them I obtained a draught of deliciously cool water from some weavers. On reaching the level high land, my mare, which had been very shy all through the terrific ravines, started at a pony, and threw me. I was much hurt in my hip, and caught my mare with much difficulty, being alone; not one of the farmers near at hand helping me, though I besought them. Very weary and stiff, I arrived at the Serai, where, by shampooing and walking about, I became easier. My cart arrived by evening, all safe. In the Serai, I was much struck by two kinds of Mussulmans. The first was a party of faquires, or religious mendicants—the most impudent, accomplished beggars I ever saw. Their leader was a young man, with a fine voice. Having settled which room they would occupy, they sallied forth to earn their supper and rent. Some horse soldiers, in the employ of the Indore Rajah, were the first objects of attack, being Mussulmans.

Going right before them, as they were seated under a tree, straddling his legs, and flinging up his head to the sky, the leader, in a sonorous, clear voice, began to sing aloud the praises of the charitable. One or two verses brought forth a pice from the foremost hearer. They then departed to another person, a Hindu shopkeeper, who was as hard as a rock to all his songs, flatteries, and sarcasms. These last he wound up by saying, "it was not lawful to speak to a fool or a miser." Thus they went on, till, by impudence and perseverance, they obtained enough for their purpose. The other Mussulman was a wandering saint, but no beggar. He was wending his way back from Gwalior to the Punjab. He sat down on his cloth near my door, and with his Koran open before him, quietly went through his evening devotions. This, of course, includes many bowings to the earth, &c. After this he sat meditating till asked by the innkeeper whether he did not mean to prepare any food. "No," he said, "if any, from their ready-cooked food, give me a little, I am thankful; but I never ask for any." This simple statement procured him a dinner at once from the bystanders. Even the above-mentioned rioting beggars in the next room handed him out two cakes. Now here was simple but misguided confidence in God. Oh that Christians would imitate this Mussulman more than the impudent beggars! I was much amused by the woman who kept the inn, who would not trust these religious beggars, though they freely used the name of God. She insisted on being paid over night, lest they might slip off in the early morning. A woman's tongue gained the victory.

8th, Saturday. Rose with the morn, and rode away with the Rajah's soldiers. The morning, at four o'clock, was very cold. The heavenly scenery was so magnificent that I felt little disposed for conversation. As I cannot soliloquise and then write my thoughts, like Cheever, I will not attempt it. In crossing, however, at such an hour, the fearful battle-field of Maharajpore, I was much interested in the simple details of my attendant, of what he saw when

a servant in the horse-artillery at the time. All know that the army were carelessly marching on, unaware of the presence of the enemy, on that fatal day. The Maharattas saw the howdah of Lady Gough's elephant in the grey morning, and plunged their first shot so close to it as to carry away the ear of the elephant! It then bounded among the camp-followers, killed a woman on the spot, and, by its unexpected advent, awfully alarmed the motley group of camp-followers. My servant then described, as well as he was able, the rush of men, women, and children backwards for several fields' distance, regardless of carts, bullocks, or clothes. Confusion prevailed amongst the camp-followers, and excitement among the military. All my informant can then tell me was of bullets and balls flying like hail, a sharp fight of three hours, and of driving back the enemy over that extensive plain. He obtained no plunder, as the horsemen, who came up first, enriched themselves, leaving nothing for others.

The hills of Gwalior soon after emerged from the gloom, but it was only after a weary ride that I reached the house of Mr. Da Costa. There I obtained breakfast and a buggy to take me to cantonments some miles further.

9th, Sabbath. Heard an officer read prayers and a sermon, the chaplain being absent. The sermon coldly correct, wanting energy in the writer and reader.

10th. Made a double very wearying march to Dhubra.

11th. By noon reached Dutteah. Brigadier Parsona, with his camp, were there. They received me kindly. Soon after the Rajah came for an interview. His appearance and that of his ministers far from prepossessing. He has become a religious man (Bhagut). This people were chiefly clothed in green quilted cotton dresses, the common dress of Bundelkund people. Two with great black beards, the corners of which were pulled out as far as possible, had a Jewish, sly appearance. One stout, jolly fellow alone was clothed in brocade. Their conversation was most insipid. After dinner,

during which I abstained from wine, I went to sleep in a little tent on the ground, wrapped in a quilt.

12th. Reached Jhansi.

13th. Found the first of the relays of horses hired for me by my Saugor friends. Here commenced a rapid ride, on all sorts of brutes, one miserable, bad-tempered pony throwing me, and almost breaking my back. During the day, some villagers made me some hot cakes, and brought me milk, which served me for dinner. Before evening I came up to the first travelling-cart—something like a covered market-cart on springs—drawn by trotting bullocks. This was a great relief. My bundles, too, had arrived before me. By night I reached Tehree. I slept in a shop, after obtaining some provisions.

14th. Left by torchlight the next morning. Travelled on till night, when I reached Dhumoni, a place full of tigers. Was almost shaken to pieces by the stony road. It was a purgatory on a gentle scale. Slept under a hut made of leaves.

15th. By nine o'clock I arrived in Saugor. Visited with Mr. Rae, after breakfast, many of my *old* friends of two years ago, who had become *young* Baptists. This journey was considered very rapid by everybody; but when railroads supersede primitive cart-tracks, the 300 miles may be done in one day. Blessed be God for journeying mercies!

CULTIVATION OF COFFEE.

I TOLD you, some time ago, all about the cultivation of sugar, and now I will tell you a little about Coffee, as very large quantities are grown in Jamaica.

Coffee was originally brought to Jamaica from the East, and it was not more than seventy or eighty years ago, that it began to be cultivated so as to be brought to the English markets. It was found that it was of very superior quality, and equal, if not better, than

that which came from the Mediterranean. You have, most of you, seen coffee before it has been ground; you may see it daily in the grocers' windows, both raw and roasted; but it is very different in its appearance on the tree from what it is when you see it.



You will remember I told you how land was cleared of the trees before the sugar could be grown; the same thing is done for coffee. All the trees are cleared away, and the walk, as it is called, is cut over into holes, like when they are preparing for the cane sugar only that they are about a foot square larger in dimensions, perhaps a little deeper. A small plant is then pulled from the root of an upgrown coffee-tree, like the sucker growing at the root of an apple or pear-tree in England; the leaves and top are cut off, and

twig is then put into the ground. A seed of the same plant is put in with it, as on some soils the seed will grow where the sucker does not thrive so well. Very often two trees are seen growing together—but this is not general—in the same hole.

In a few weeks this little twig begins to branch out with leaves, and if the season be favourable, soon puts on a healthy, vigorous look.

Coffee is several years arriving at maturity, and advantage is taken of this to make the land produce other things;—so that we see yams, cocoa, and plantains in such abundance on new coffee-plantations, as soil which has never been cultivated before is generally used, as being by far most productive.

For two or three years they overtop the young plant; but care is always taken that it receives sufficient air to keep it healthy. As it shoots up higher, the earth on the ridge of the hole is gradually drawn in around the stem, to strengthen it and to give room for the roots to spread. In about four years it stands about as high as a common gooseberry-bush, but is far more beautiful in appearance.

It puts out delicate branches, which are very graceful, having dark green shining leaves, somewhat of a lancet shape. The trees all stand in straight parallel rows: between each row a person can walk with the greatest ease.

After the third year provisions are not grown, as their room is wanted; the plantain, being a sort of tree, is suffered still to be another year, after which nothing but the coffee-tree remains.

When it reaches about four feet in height, in about the middle of the fifth year, the top is cut off, that it may not grow too speedily, as it will not then produce so well.

In some parts of the island it is never suffered to grow higher than this, but every year pruned down: it suits in some soils, while in others it is injurious. Where I lived, it was suffered to grow to its full height, which is almost ten feet.

At the end of the fifth year it puts out a blossom, the first of any consequence, from which the fruit may be expected.

In February a blossom is put out, but it is not of much value, being very scanty, and the nights too cool for it to be of any benefit.

In April, or the beginning of May, it puts out another, which is very abundant, and from which the bulk of the crop is looked forward to.

(To be continued.)

BARISAUL.

(Extract from a Letter received from Mrs. Sale, Barisaul.)

"I **AM** indeed grateful for the kind feeling evinced by the friends I have left behind, and am truly thankful for the three dozen garments which are on their way; for although I suppose they are not exactly what my girls wear, I expect I shall find them very useful, as very often from twenty to thirty of our poor villagers come in to beg for clothing; and with my boys and girls, I shall be able to have them altered.

"My school has been closed during the last month, as it is the time when the natives gather in their crops, so that the service of the children is more valuable now than at any other time.

"I am expecting them back, with many new scholars, on New-year's day. We had a charming meeting on the breaking-up day. The parents and guardians of the children came in for them. We had an examination and worship, and all were delighted. In the evening, I had the school-house lighted, and all met for prayer. I sent to the Bazaar for ten rupees' worth of sweetmeats, and distributed them. This was a most pleasing treat to them. All went away declaring that *school* was the best place in the world. May our hearts be gladdened by seeing them made the children of God! I have obtained from Calcutta several brass drinking-cups and

plates. All natives (who can afford it) use brass. I mean them as rewards for reading, &c. The natives require much encouragement, as they cannot see that *any good can come from learning*. The women, however, are generally most anxious to learn. One who had been here a few months learned to read very nicely; and when she went back to her village, her female friends were so astonished to hear her, that they all said, 'We must learn to read too.' This is all very encouraging. I think I told you in my last, that we had been called to mourn the loss of our dear friend Mrs. Reilly, and that I had taken her infant, only eighteen days old. She is thriving nicely, and we have one of our native Christians for her nurse. I have also a Christian native woman-servant; and we hope in time to have none but Christian servants. We are trying to get up a *carpenter's shop*, to teach and give employment to more of our boys than we could otherwise. We have also sent to purchase *bullocks*, to set up a couple of native Christians in *oil-making*. We hope by these means to get more of our people round us, and take them from under the tyranny of the heathen zemindar, or landlord.

"Still, we need your prayers: there are many things to discourage.

"Our stations are far apart, and we cannot boast of more than three men whom we can really trust as leaders in our villages. One, at Ashgor, whom we thought well of, we find has been countenancing the people in hanging a new-born infant on a tree, because they said some evil spirit had possession of it. Being the cold season, of course the poor little creature soon died. The leader says, 'They said *it was so*; and I thought *they could try whether it were so or not*.' Oh for the spirit of the living God to be poured out upon the people; that they may be more like Him whom they profess to serve!"

JULIA, THE HEATHEN GIRL.

PERHAPS there are none of my dear little readers who have not heard the gospel from their earliest infancy. They have heard so many times of the love of a Saviour, that it ceases to affect their hearts, and for that reason they go away and forget the instructions they have received. Not so with little Julia. She had lived to the age of ten years without ever having heard of a Saviour, with no kind parents or teachers to tell her about Jesus, and what she must do to be saved. In this sad condition a missionary found her, and placed her in a mission school, where she would be taught the way of salvation. She had been in school only a few months, when she gave her heart to the dear Redeemer, and became one of his precious lambs. She loved Jesus very much, and used often to go away, by herself, to pray to him. One day, after she had been praying, she went to her teacher and said, "My heart is so wicked, I can't pray; I have to cry all the time." But when she was told that God would forgive her all her sins, if she was truly sorry for them, she wiped away her tears, and said, "Yes, I *know* the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. I *know* he will forgive me!" and then went away and prayed again. She did this, dear children, because she loved her Saviour so much; and now she is dwelling with him in heaven. Soon after, she was taken very sick, and her teacher feared she could not live. She was then asked if she thought she should recover: to which she replied, "If it is God's will; if not, I don't want to." On being asked if she was willing to die, she replied, "O yes, for then I shall be with Jesus!" She was then asked if the Saviour seemed near to her; to which she promptly said, "Yes; he is with me *all the time*." When asked if she would like to get well again, she very sweetly answered, "If it is God's will; if not, I want to die, and be with Jesus, where I shan't sin against him any more. I am a great sinner, but Jesus has pardoned all my sins." Her teacher then asked her if she

should pray for her, and what she should ask God to do for her; to which she replied, "Pray that God will forgive me all the time, and then take me to live with him in heaven." In a few hours she grew worse, and inquired for her playmates. They were called, and stood around her bedside weeping. She then told them not to weep, but to love the Saviour, and not wound him any more by not giving their hearts to him. Many other words like these she said, which I have not space to tell you. She continued to fail very fast, and soon was thought to be dying. After a few words of parting counsel to her young associates, she asked to be raised up, and soon expired in the arms of her teacher. Her last words were, "I am happy! happy! I am going to be with Jesus!" Thus did that dear little girl fall sweetly asleep in the arms of her Saviour. Will not all my dear little readers give *their* hearts to this precious Saviour that Julia loved? Then, when they die, they too will dwell with her in heaven. If she, with only a few months' instruction, received him to her heart and loved him so ardently, how much more, dear children, should *you* love him! Oh! may not this little heathen girl rise up in judgment to condemn you who all your lives long have known of a Saviour! Give your hearts now to the Saviour, then shall "he gather you with his arms, and carry you in his bosom."—*Youth's Dayspring*. ❁

THE TWO SNAKES.

A HINDOO TALE.

AMONG the books much read by Bengal children, and which, it is said, are able to make them very wise, is one called *Kabitarnakar*; or, *Mine of Jewels*. In it is the following story:—

Whilst the prince royal of a certain country was asleep, a small snake, as thin as a string, entered his nostrils, and went down into his belly. The prince became very ill, as it were, with a disease in his stomach. In the hope of saving his life, he determined to go on a pilgrimage. As he was thus journeying along, he one day

came to the foot of a large sissu-tree, and, lying down, he fell asleep. Beneath that tree there lived a huge serpent, which was the guardian of very great riches. This serpent, peeping out of his hole, soon found out by his smell the snake in the prince's stomach; and began to scold him for being so wicked as to torment a royal person. On this, the little snake began to reply, and to tell the great snake how wicked he was to rob and to keep the treasures of kings. The squabble went on; till at last the great snake said: "If the juice of one of the leaves of this tree touch any part of your body, you must die." The little snake said in reply: "And if the prince drops a little of the juice of its root into your hole, you must die." Now the prince overheard, in his sleep, what the snakes said; and when he awoke, he took a drop of the juice of the leaf, and another drop of the root, and soon killed both the snakes. Having thus recovered his health, and taken possession of the treasure, he returned home.

MISSIONARY LECTURES.

DURING December and January, the members of the Young Men's Missionary Association have delivered Lectures on India, &c., illustrated by the dissolving views, as follows:—

Mr. J. Benham, January 23rd, Fox and Knot Court, Snow Hill; Mr. R. B. Smith, January 14th, at the Good Samaritan School, Saffron Hill; Mr. J. S. Cumming, December 13th, at Islington Green Chapel—December 16th and 17th, at Circle Chapel, Birmingham—and December 18th and 19th, at Cannon Street Chapel, Birmingham; Mr. Henry Keen, December 12th and 13th, at Mount Zion Chapel, Birmingham—January 15th, at Highgate Chapel—and January 29th, at Bloomsbury Chapel school-rooms; Mr. T. J. Cole, December 5th, at Bow Chapel—December 10th, at Lion Street School-room—December 11th, at Queen Street Chapel, Woolwich—December 26th, at Church Street Ch-

lackfriars—January 20th, at Hoxton Chapel—January 28th, at
alem Chapel, Brixton Hill—and January 30th, at the Baptist
hapel, Kingston-upon-Thames.

HASTE THEE TO CHRIST.

1 PETER i. 24, 25.

BOAST not, fair blossom, of to-day,
Though cloudless and serene;
The lightning spares the forest oak,
Yet blasts the evergreen.

Thy sun, which rose so clear and bright,
May set in clouds ere noon;
And all thou lovest so fondly now,
Must fade and perish soon.

He who directs the sparrow's course,
And checks the whirlwind's rage,
Offers thee *now* superior joys—
A nobler heritage.

The robe of Jesus' righteousness,
The regal diadem :
What earthly pleasure or delight
Can be compared with them ?

Jesus invites ! O sinner, come !
And fix thy treasures high,
Where moth and rust can ne'er invade
His immortality.

Whate'er thy crime, how great thy guilt,
His love free pardon gives;
Seal'd by the Saviour's gracious hand,
The ransom'd sinner lives.

E. C. S.

**JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SUPPORT OF NATIVE
PREACHERS.**

January and February, 1851.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Aldwinkle	0	14	6	London—			
Anstruther	1	7	0	Devonshire-square	2	12	10
Bowmore	1	0	0	Henrietta-street, by Mas-			
Broughton, Hants	0	10	0	ter Welton	1	6	0
Buckingham	1	10	0	Hope Chapel	0	10	9
Cardiff, Tabernacle	1	18	0	Manchester—			
Do., Bethany and Bethel				York-street	2	2	7
Sunday-schools	5	6	2	Markyate-street	1	4	0
Chesham	1	8	0	Middleton Cheney	1	0	0
Chudleigh	1	7	6	Newton Abbot	1	0	0
Cwmbraes	1	0	0	Newtown	1	13	0
Drayton, West	1	3	6	Oxford	4	1	10
Eastington, Sunday-school	0	16	0	Pontheer	2	10	0
Eye	2	5	0	Ripon	0	4	0
Faversham	0	17	6	Saltash	1	0	0
Hampstead, Hollybush-hill	0	19	11	Sheepshead	1	8	0
Haslingden	1	0	0	Smethwick	1	0	0
Highgate	1	1	11	Southwell	0	8	0
Inskip	0	15	0	Spaldwick	1	0	2
Islington, South	0	10	0	Sutton Ashfield	0	6	6
Keynsham	0	17	0	Talyvern	1	10	0
Kidderminster	1	13	0	Tottlebank	0	15	0
Lambeth, Regent-street,				Tubbermore	3	13	6
Sunday-school	2	17	6	Wellow, I. W.	1	2	6
Leicester, Charles-street ...	2	10	0	Winchester	0	8	0
Lochgilthead	0	12	0				

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS.

January and February, 1851.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Andover, Working Society.	4	5	6	London—			
Ditto, Infant Class	0	1	1	John-street, Senior Bible			
Avening, Sunday-school, for				Class, for <i>Colombo</i>	4	10	0
<i>Hasti</i>	0	11	9	Shouldham-street	1	5	0
Bethabara, Pembroke-shire,				Neath, English Sunday-			
Sunday-school	2	9	3	school	0	13	0
Boxmoor, Sunday-school ...	1	4	3	Netherton, Sunday-school			
Brockelsby	0	10	0	Teachers	1	10	0
Coseley, Darkhouse, for				Rochdale	3	0	0
<i>Dose</i>	1	1	0	Sevenoaks, Sunday-school.	0	11	0
Crayford, Sunday-school ...	2	9	0	Sutton-at-Hone, Sunday-			
Dartmouth, for <i>African</i>				school	0	9	6
<i>Schools</i>	0	12	2	Tottenham	0	7	0
Edinburgh, additional, for				Ditto, Sunday-schools	0	14	4
<i>Dose</i>	0	2	6	Trowbridge, Sunday-school	2	4	3
Highgate, Sunday-school ...	0	16	0	Wallingford, Sunday-school	2	13	0
<i>Logyn, Sunday-school</i>	1	7	2				

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



THE THIRD AVATAR OF VISHNU.

We pass over the second *avatar* of Vishnu, in which he became a tortoise, and give this month to our little readers the strange picture and story of Vishnu's third change. It
NEW SERIES, VOL. IV.] F [MAY.

seems there was once a very powerful being who fancied he would like a little play. So he took the world up in his hands one day, and played with it for a ball. He now thought he would keep it for a plaything, and ran away with it, and hid himself in a deep place called Patalam.

All this while Vishnu was asleep, and the giant flew off without his knowing it. When he awoke, he was very much amazed to find the earth was gone; and he began to think how he should find the stolen world, and bring it back to its place again among the starry worlds. And so he resolved to become a hog, and by the help of his snout dig his way to the deep cavern where the giant had hid his spoil. With tusk and snout Vishnu at last found the place. He attacked the giant and killed him.

And now in triumph he raised the earth upon his tusks, returned from the deep abyss, and set the earth again among the stars.

All the Hindoos do not agree in this story; some of them think it happened in another way, and they tell the story thus:—After the world had been made many years, men became very wicked. They lost all fear of God, broke all his laws; till at last their sins became so heavy, that the serpent, on whose back they say the world is sustained, could no longer carry his burden: so the world fell to the bottom of the sea, and all its inhabitants were drowned. At the desire of Brahma, Vishnu undertook to recover it. So he came down from heaven in the shape of a hog, as represented in the picture, and his body swelled to such a prodigious size that his head reached the stars. He then went down to the bottom of the sea, and fought and overcame a monstrous devil, by whom the world was watched,

and bearing it on his tusks, he returned it to its place on the serpent's back. Then Brahma peopled it again with men and women.

Let our little readers now turn to the book of God, the Bible, and read there the story of the deluge, and they will see the difference between these absurd and wicked fables which the heathen believe, and the true history of the world. Oh! that God may bless His word, and enlighten the dark places of the earth!

HARREE'S CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MR. MOORE, of the Arracan Mission, gives the following interesting account of the experience of one who heard the gospel from the lamented missionary, Comstock :—

“ Harree is a learned man from Kondeim. He is sixty-one years old. Heard the gospel from teacher Comstock, six years ago, prior to which he worshipped Gaudama. He says, teacher Comstock visited his village three or four times, collected the people, and preached in a wonderful manner, that Jesus Christ died on a cross for sinners, and is now visible in the heavens, where he lives to intercede; says his mind was filled with joy when he found the living God. Has not worshipped idols since teacher Comstock visited his house; teacher Comstock gave him a New Testament, which he read, and immediately commenced preaching its doctrines. His relatives and associates, and all the people of the village, told him he must burn his books, and cease preaching the new religion. He told them he loved the books, had a very high esteem for their doctrines, and could not comply with their demands, upon which they all excommunicated him. (Excommunication shuts him out from all the houses of the village, and forbids any one to give him food, fire, or water.) He continued praying to God to keep him from

the power of their persecution. Teacher Comstock convinced him of sin; he has since then forsaken sin, and prayed to God to forgive his sins, which he can do only in the name, and for the sake of Christ, who died on the cross, and rose after three days. By praying to Christ he obtained wonderful consolation, such as he had never known before; has been in the habit of praying in his house since that time, whoever might be present. For this the head men of the village came upon him, ridiculed him for praying to a foreigner's God, and told him he should not remain in the place.

"To the question, 'How did you arrive at the conclusion that there is a God?' he says, 'By obtaining and reading a Bible, and by observing the heavens, earth, and seas; these were created by an almighty Being.' To the inquiry, 'Have you obtained a new heart?' he says, 'Yes; in every respect.' 'Who gave you this new heart?' 'Jesus Christ.' 'How did you obtain it?' 'I prayed to Him for it.' 'How do you view sin?' 'I hate sin with all my heart, and love God with all my heart.' Feels compassion for his countrymen; wishes to enter the new religion with all his heart, and devote his life, and all his powers, to preaching the gospel to them, and then wishes to reach the feet of Jesus, and with the saints, in whose company is his happiness here, to reign in glory with the Redeemer and the redeemed.

"Further, he says, 'Though I should not myself reach the feet of Jesus, I wish to spend my life in preaching to my countrymen, that they may do so. As to meeting persecution,' he says, 'I have not the smallest fraction of strength in myself, but God must do all for me.'

"Such is a brief outline of the simple examination of a man advanced in life, and who, from an honourable place among the learned men of his nation, now sits (rejected, indeed, by them) at the feet of Jesus. For six years he has laboured and toiled with *none* to instruct him. He has persuaded twenty families of the

village to embrace the new religion with him; and he, with several others, has come to get further instruction, and be baptized. They have come a journey of five days, and will probably be baptized next Sabbath, and return, to be separated at once—perhaps, for ever—from all instruction in the religion of the gospel, except what they obtain from the teachings of the Spirit. There are now eight or ten men here from Ramree, and vicinity, who have come to gain more light and instruction, that they may be able to meet and answer the calumnies of those who inquire, who ridicule, and who oppose.”

MISS CHU AND MISS HAN.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Having been much interested in the papers of the “Society for Promoting Female Education in the East,” I have extracted a brief account of two of the Chinese girls educated in Miss Grant’s school at Singapore, which I think will interest you also. They are of high caste; their names are Chunio and Hanio; “nio” signifying “miss.” Their father dying when they were young, they were left to the care of their mother. They inherited a small plantation at Singapore. Shortly after entering Miss Grant’s school, they became interested in the gospel, and their general conduct has been very consistent and lovely. On one occasion Hanio (who was spending the day at the plantation) took the idols, which had been stuck up in various parts of the garden, and dashed them suddenly on the ground, directing the astonished labourers to the fact, that idols utterly unable to save themselves from destruction must be quite incompetent to protect others. One Sabbath, when Miss Grant returned from the evening service, she found that Hanio had been talking to the whole school about religion. It was eight o’clock; the children had all retired to their bed-room, and were sitting each at the foot of her own little cot. Other persons were in the room; amongst them her own mother. Hanio was in their midst, speaking of the love of Jesus; his suffer-

ings, his exceeding tenderness, and his willingness to receive all sinners; asking them, with great earnestness, how they could expect to escape God's anger, if, whilst in the midst of kind friends who could teach them the way of salvation, they neglected to learn? She called on the most careless by name; warned them of their danger, and concluded by intreating her own mother not to refuse the Saviour's call now, whilst she could hear it. The little congregation were deeply affected; several of the very little girls being awakened by the sound of her voice, had risen on their elbows in bed to listen to her, and were looking on in great wonder. Hanio was then about fifteen; Chunio, seventeen. They expected shortly to be removed from the school. Are there many of my young readers who would prove such faithful, devoted disciples to the Lord Jesus Christ? I fear not! And yet Hanio had no early advantages. She had been brought up in extreme ignorance; for the female children—"until within the last ten years, when Christian benevolence was directed to them"—have never been taught anything, being reckoned no better than beasts of burden—to perform all the drudgery, and feed on the crumbs, without daring to express a desire for a happier lot. Value your privileges highly, my dear young friends; improve them; and try by all means within your reach to extend them to your suffering, degraded sisters.

(To be continued.)

CULTIVATION OF COFFEE.

(Continued from page 58.)

A COFFEE-WALK in full blossom is a most beautiful sight. The long, slender branches are all covered with white bloom. I know not what to compare it to, except to strings of daisies which I have sometimes, in my youthful days, seen in children's hands, while taking my walks in my holidays.

The whole of the coffee-walk is covered with these delicate white

blossoms, which, compared with the universal green on the surrounding hills, is very grand. They last about three days, and then wither. At their best they are all beset with bees and pretty little humming-birds; so that if the air is still, the buzzing of the different living creatures is surprising.

As soon as the bloom fades away, the fruit begins to grow in clusters all along the twigs, and in four or five months they are ripe; they are then a bright red colour, somewhat like a common white-heart cherry, and about the size of a large horsebean.

The people are now sent out to gather them. The ripe berries are carefully selected, because when dried the unripe are very inferior; and by allowing them to remain a few weeks longer they will become fit.



When gathered, they are carried by the people in baskets on their heads, to a house always built upon the property, and surrounded

by large paved floors, called barbicues, on which it is afterwards dried. These are all built, as artisans would say, on an inclined plane, that the rain may run off, and so not damage them. One plantation, near my residence, had a set 120 feet in length and about fifty in width. Near to these barbicues is a machine called a pulper, for removing the skin and pulp of the fruit. It is worked by one or two mules. The principle is very simple; but without a picture I fear you will not understand it.



A large roller of hard wood, about twelve inches in diameter, is made to revolve very fast. Around this roller is nailed a sheet of copper, punched full of holes, with a diamond-shaped punch, so that on the outside these holes are very sharp. In front of this roller is placed a board at a sufficient distance to allow the berries, when separated from the pulp, to pass through. While the roller is revolving, the coffee is let down from a chamber above, and the machine is plentifully supplied with water, that it may not be

clogged; and as fast as it passes the roller, it tears away the skin and pulp by which the berry is surrounded. They fall through a sieve placed on an inclined plane, kept shaking by the same machinery. The sieve is made just large enough for the berries to pass through it; while the pulp, which remains in one piece, passes down the sieve, and falls in another heap, and is carried away. The coffee falls into a leaden tank of water, is well washed, and then carried to the barbicues to be dried by exposure to the sun, which often takes some weeks to be completed. A considerable portion of inferior coffee often goes away with the pulp, which is carefully gathered and dried on the barbicues: no waste is at all permitted. When all is sufficiently dried, it is prepared for the mill.

Now, a coffee-mill is altogether different from a cane-mill: it consists of a deep circular furrow, either stone or wood—generally the latter—and a large solid drum or wheel round a post in this furrow; from the centre post is a shaft, running through the wheel, to which a horse or mule is attached by harness; and so he works round and round.

When the coffee is fit for this mill, it is surrounded by a thick dry skin, called parchment-skin, from its likeness to parchment; and this mill is for the removal of it. It is soaked for about thirty-six or forty-eight hours, and dried, and then a sufficient quantity is put into the furrow, and the wheel worked over it. By this means the skin is all removed, and the berry is nearly clean; it is kept in the mill some time after the parchment-skin is removed, that another, called the silver skin, may be also removed. It adheres much closer, and therefore requires a longer time to separate it. When carried away from the mill, it is put into a fanner or winnower. The same machine is used for the clearing of chaff from wheat by English farmers. It requires to be fanned more than once: the husks are thus all removed; it is then taken to the store, where it remains till most of the crop has undergone the same process.

(To be continued.)

THE TWIN DAUGHTERS.

HERE is a very pretty story of a little girl. Perhaps you have read it before, but it will do you good to read it again :—

“A mother who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done during the day to *make others happy*, found a young twin-daughter silent. The elder one spoke modestly of deeds and dispositions, founded on the golden rule, ‘Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.’ Still the little bright face was bowed down in silence. The question was repeated, and the dear little child said, timidly :—‘A little girl who sat by me on the bench at school had lost a baby-brother. All the time she studied her lesson she hid her face in her book, and cried. I felt so sorry that I laid my face on the same book, and cried with her. Then she looked up and put her arms around my neck ; but I do not know why she said I had done her so much good.’

“But the little girl who was weeping because her brother was dead, knew very well why it did her good. It is better to weep with those that weep, than to laugh with those that are glad. You are young now, and do not feel the sorrows of others, and have none of your own ; but you may find pleasure in trying to do good in a thousand ways, and you will never be so happy as when you are striving to lighten the sorrows of others, or to increase their joys.

“Not far from my house is the low dwelling in which an old couple of coloured people live. They have long been unable to take care of themselves, and the neighbours are in the habit of seeing to their wants. The other day I saw a little boy carrying a pail of water in, and when I called, I asked the old woman if Johnny Jameson was willing to wait on her in that way. ‘O yes,’ said she, ‘he is a dear, good boy ; he comes every morning, and brings in the water, and makes a little fire, and puts on the

tea-kettle; and is such a nice handy little creature, that I do love him most to death.'

"This was very good in Johnny, and when I met him on going out I gave him a sixpence, and he thanked me for it with a smile, and then said he would give it to Nancy; it would get her something nice for dinner. A right good boy Johnny is; and if he grows up with a love to do good to others, he will become a noble and useful man. He is now only ten years old, but he is known in all the houses of the poor around here as the best friend they have.

"His sister goes every afternoon and reads the Bible and good books to these old people, and they think that she is a young angel. They never could read, and now they are made happy by hearing her sweet voice as she reads the Psalms, and those parts of the Bible that are so well suited to give comfort to the afflicted.

Her name is Mary. Who does not love the name? It comes from a word in the old Hebrew tongue that means a *tear-drop*; and if her name has such a meaning as this to it, how much it should be like her to feel for those who are not blessed with the comforts which she enjoys. Mary ought to be gentle, and kind, and tender-hearted; she ought to be like Mary in the Bible, who loved to sit at the feet of Jesus, and hear the words of salvation as they fell from his holy lips."—*Presbyterian*.

A MISSIONARY'S COUNSEL.

[Many of our little readers have, we doubt not, heard of the Rev. Joshua Tinson. He was for many years a missionary in Jamaica, and of late had been occupied in the education of several young black men for the work of the ministry, at Calabar, in that island. A few months ago the Saviour called him to his reward. We have received copies of some letters he wrote a little while past to a young person in this country, and our youthful readers will, we are sure, be grateful to her for the permission she has given to us to print

them for their benefit. The first of them is below, and we shall give the rest as soon as we can find room for them in our pages.]

Calabar, 1849.

MY DEAR EMMA,—A joyous, buoyant spirit, under proper control, is a blessing, and youth is the spring-time of life—a season for mirthfulness. One does not wish to see a head of sixty on shoulders of fourteen, nor to deprive youth of all its hilarity—such a desire would be cruel. Cares will come, and all will get them soon enough, without hastening to meet them. But then young persons should be very careful not to allow the light-heartedness of youth to rob them of time and opportunity for cultivating their minds, and obtaining knowledge; because much of future happiness must depend on the manner in which childhood and youth are spent. If the spring of life be lost, if there be no cultivation of the mind, then the seed-time will present no harvest of precious fruits, and age will be barren and cheerless. As plants and trees take their form while young, and rarely acquire size, strength, or beauty, unless they thrive then, so it is with the mind and character. If these are to acquire strength and beauty, if “sons are to grow up as plants in their youth, and daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace,” there must be training, discipline, labour. Your own mind must work, dear Emma. I do not say that you are not labouring to become wise—I hope you are; but I would put you in mind of your advantages, and what dear mamma and papa will expect, as the result of these advantages, and thus urge you to improve them, that you may receive instruction and be wise. But my dear young friend will remember that, however excellent the instruction given may be, it can effect but little, unless the mind of the pupil be open to receive it. Knowledge and wisdom cannot be poured into the mind as water is poured from one vessel to another; there must be exertion on the part of the scholar as well as the teacher, or little would be done. To have ripe and rich fruit, much depends on the healthiness of the tree, as well as on the dressing

and manuring. So with the mind; if there be not a healthy action seconding and aiding the work of instruction, the result will be meagre, the fruit will be blighted and unsavoury. Seize, then, dear Emma, your present privileges, and improve them to the utmost. Knowledge is profitable. Solomon is profuse in its praises, and urgent in recommending its pursuit. The possession of it is not only a source of usefulness, but of comfort, when many other comforts fail. But, above all, dear Emma, seek the wisdom that cometh from above, the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of all true wisdom. But why should I say, seek it? Has not Emma already sought the Lord? Has she not determined that the God of her parents shall be her God? Has she not said to the Saviour, "Thou shalt be the guide of my youth?" Give up your whole heart to him, dear Emma; you will find that religion's ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths paths of peace. That our great and good Saviour may abundantly bless you, and make you a sincere, humble, and affectionate disciple, is the fervent desire of your sincere friend,

JOSHUA TINSON.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

SHACKLEWELL.—The Second Annual Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary at Shacklewell was held on Wednesday, February 12th. The Rev. J. Green presided, and the meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. Cox, and Messrs. P. H. Hadrill, B. L. Green, F. Baron, T. Coomber, and G. Cox. The amount collected during the year was £8 7s. 6d.

ISLINGTON SOUTH CHURCH.—On Sunday, March 23, the Second Annual Meeting of this Juvenile Auxiliary was held in Denmark-terrace Schools. The children here, beside supporting a school in Ceylon, have made up a box of articles for Africa.

NEW PARK STREET.—The Quarterly Juvenile Meeting was held on Tuesday, March 25th. Mr. J. J. Heriot addressed the

Meeting. Mr. Harvey, of Bloomsbury, having offered to give £35 a year towards the support of Mrs. Allen's School, at Matalle, if any Juvenile Society would raise the other half, the young friends at New Park-street have resolved that their contributions shall be devoted, in future, to this school; and their superintendent, Mr. Wm. Olney, has paid into the mission the £35 from them, and £35 from Mr. Harvey. Hitherto, New Park-street has supported three small schools in Ceylon; two of these are allotted to other Auxiliaries, but one still needs support. This is a most interesting school, near Kandy, the cost of which is £16 per annum. Cannot some of our Auxiliaries undertake to support this school at once?

EAGLE STREET.—The Quarterly address was given to the children of this school on Sunday, March 30th, by Mr. Cole, who urged upon them the importance of giving regularly, every week, something to the Missionary cause. The children have contributed £3 for schools in India. During the months of February and March, Messrs. Keen and Cole have delivered sixteen lectures on India, to the Sunday-schools of the Metropolis, all of which were well attended, and we believe much good has been done.

In the third week of February, Mr. W. E. Beal delivered similar lectures at Bluntisham, Swavesey, Peterborough, and Huntingdon;—and one of the good results of this visit has been the establishment of Children's Missionary Prayer Meetings, which the teachers have promised to hold regularly once every quarter.

JOHN STREET.—On Sunday, March 9th, the Young Men's Bible Class connected with this place, held the Annual Meeting of their Auxiliary; about one hundred sat down to tea, and Mr. Cole addressed them upon the character of the Ceylon Schools, and the importance of still more extensively supporting them. The Report stated, that they had collected £13 during the year, £9 of which would be devoted to Jubilee School, Dematagoda, Ceylon. We are glad to hear that they are thinking of taking up another school in this interesting island.

The same afternoon, Mr. Stoneman and Mrs. Evans, the superintendents, distributed papers to the whole of the school, announcing the formation of the John-street Sabbath School Missionary Association, and recommending each teacher to subscribe one penny, and each child a halfpenny, or a farthing, per week, to the Missionary cause. On the cover of our Magazine will be found the Rules of this Association, which we cordially recommend to the adoption of all other Sabbath-schools.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A MISSIONARY.

BROTHER! God has long been calling
Reapers to the Eastern field,
Where the whitened grain is falling,
And but few the sickle wield:
Thou hast heard the mandate holy,
"O'er the earth my gospel spread,"
And before Him, bending lowly,
"I will go," in faith, hast said.
Brother! God be ever with thee,
And with her, who, at thy side,
Long we hope will cheer and aid thee,
As thy missionary bride!
God protect ye on the ocean,
As to that far land ye go,
And, with sanctified emotion,
Haste to snatch some souls from woe!
As the stars above the billow
Beam in gladness, may there shine
Spirit-stars upon your pillow,
Cheering rays of love divine.

As the sun, his beams bestowing,
Makes your ocean pathway bright,
On the land to which ye're going
May ye shed a flood of light.

And when finished all your labours,
All your blessed service here,
With your ransomed heathen neighbours
May you both in joy appear
Where the anthems, ever sounding,
Praise our God upon the throne,
And praise Him whose love abounding,
Gave, for our lives, once, His own.

Fare ye well! we hope to meet you
Where Christ's servants all may rest,
And with rapture there to greet you
'Mid the holy and the blest.
Noble is your earthly mission;
Onward! in the strength of God:
You shall know a glad fruition
In the presence of your Lord!

Newton, U. F., Mass., 1850.

P. A. H.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



A PARSEE WEDDING.

IN the October JUVENILE HERALD of last year, we gave some account of the Parsees of India, or worshippers of fire. They do not worship idols like the Hindoos around them; but every morning you may see them going to the seashore, at Bombay, where a great many of them reside, and, as the sun rises above the rolling ocean, they fall down and pay their morning devotion to his glorious beams. At other times, they pray before a lamp or fire kept continually burning in their temples.

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G

[JUNE.

They have many other curious customs and ideas. They believe that every day and month of the year has a guardian angel, and to each one there are particular prayers to be daily offered. Once a month they hold a festival in honour of their dead friends, at which they provide an elegant entertainment. The first night after the death of a friend they present bread to his mouth, and some nice morsels of food, to satisfy the dead man's appetite, and afterwards place them on the tomb.

The Parsees are very particular not to be defiled in intercourse with persons of other religions. They will not drink with a Hindoo, or Mohammedan, or Jew, lest, as they say, their iniquities fall upon them.

The Parsees generally marry while they are very young, and the ceremony is performed in the following manner:—The bridegroom and the bride seat themselves together side by side on a bed or sofa, a little raised from the floor. Over against them two priests are seated, called *Hyrbads*, one for each; while all around stand the friends and relatives of the parties about to be married, with their hands full of rice. The bridegroom's priest then looks at the bride, and laying his forefinger on her forehead, says, "Wilt thou have this man for thine husband?" to which she answers, "Yes." The question is then put to the bridegroom by the bride's priest, whether he will take her for his wife, to which he gives a similar reply. After this, they join hands, and the bridegroom gives to his spouse a few pieces of gold as a pledge, and to declare that he will provide for her while he lives. Rice is next strewed plentifully over their heads; sometimes grass. The priests then pray for their health and happiness, and give them their

benediction. The ceremony is generally closed by a procession round the sacred fire, which stands burning in the apartment, and before which it has been performed.

A MISSIONARY'S COUNSEL. No. 2.

Calabar, July 24, 1850.

DEAR EMMA,—More than a fortnight ago I received a request from your beloved mamma, that I would write to Emma. A wish from your mamma, you must know, is pretty much like a command. I at once purposed to comply; but purpose and performance are not one and the same. Many a good purpose has not been executed; sometimes, perhaps, from an idea that it can be done at any time; frequently, from a foolish putting off till a more convenient season, which too often never comes, but leaves the mind long afterwards a prey to remorse and unavailing regret. And this often happens in matters of the highest moment, even the salvation of the soul. May this never be the case with dear Emma! May she so improve her mental and religious advantages as to be an ornament to her sex, a comfort to her parents, and a blessing to the church and the world! and then she cannot fail to be happy herself.

But I was going to tell you why I did not *perform* what I *purposed*, instead of which I ran off into a long digression. Well, your esteemed governess, while she guards her pupil against such error, must not be too severe against the writer of this, because he is growing old and very ill. Yes, dear Emma, I am suffering from a disease that confines me to my bed and my chair, and sometimes prevents my writing at all; to this I was going to attribute my delay, and which alone was the cause of it. So now we will have done with apologies, and may be with digressions, and attend to mamma's request—write to Emma. And what am I to write about? To tell Emma of the vast importance of religion; our absolute need of

it; its advantages in this life, as well as in the life to come; that youth is the best time to seek it, the mind being unencumbered with worldly cares, the affections warm, the desires lively, the memory strong, the animal spirits buoyant and vigorous; that to seek the kingdom of heaven as the first and chief good, is to obey God's commands, is well-pleasing in his sight, and will secure to us every needful good; that God has given a special promise to the young seeker—to tell Emma these, and many other such-like things, would only be telling her what her papa, mamma, her governesses, and the ministers of the gospel, have often told her; and what, perhaps, her own conscience has told her. If so, and you still continue, my dear young friend, undecided for God, Oh! let me entreat you, as a dying friend, as your father's friend, as one who can tell you from long and happy experience, that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. I shall never write you another letter; my days are few, and will soon be counted off. Standing, therefore, on the margin of another world, let me urge you, dear Emma, to give yourself to God; delay no longer. And I would urge you to this prompt and decisive surrender, by the long-suffering and tender mercy of your Saviour, your own present and eternal blessedness, the joy of your parents and friends, the good you *may* do, yea, *must* do, in the world and the church; for "no one liveth to himself." We must all be either curses or blessings. See Zech. viii. 13.

Did I hear you say that you have tried to serve God, that you have more than once made some resolve that you would be his; but that you have felt little pleasure in the exercises of religion, and that you cannot perceive those enjoyments in religion of which Christians so often and warmly speak? Well, dear Emma, that has been the experience of many, and it is but faithful to tell you that you cannot perceive the joys of religion until God reveals them. It is in his light only we can see light. The sun makes himself manifest by his own light, without which we could not see

him. Just so it is with God and the things of God; we can see neither till God himself enlightens us. But then you know from his own word, that he commands us to seek, and assures us that we *shall* find; to ask, and it *shall* be given. See James i. 5, and Matt. vii. 7, 11.

Now, when God speaks, he means *all* that he says, and never makes a promise he is not prepared to fulfil. Go to him, then, dear young friend, ask him to bless you with the teaching of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten your understanding, show you the evil of sin, give you repentance unto life, and a knowledge of himself in the face of Jesus Christ. And do not leave off praying, because you have to wait; few things can be obtained without patient labour. In your studies it is only by long continued toil that you obtain various branches of education; but the very labour, though it may be irksome at first, becomes pleasant by continuance; and when you have accomplished your object, the result is delightful. I do not place the conversion of your soul on the same footing as the acquisition of human knowledge; the one is as far above the other in importance, as the soul is to the body, or time to eternity. But I mean to say, that, usually in both cases, your own efforts are not to be disregarded. God requires us to do what we can, and nothing more, and what we cannot do he will do for us. You can scatter the seed, or place the bulb in the earth, but you can make neither grow. God must do that. You can read, hear, pray, meditate. Do your part, dear Emma, and look to God for his blessing. But beware of one thing—never claim the fulfilment of God's promise because *you* have prayed; but because *he* has *promised*. You must rely on *his promises*, not on *your doings*. And now farewell, Emma. We meet at the bar of God; that each of us may be clothed in the righteousness of Christ is the ardent desire of

Your affectionate friend,

JOSHUA TINSON.

ANNUAL MEETING OF JUVENILE AUXILIARIES IN LONDON.

THE Committee of the Young Men's Missionary Association have the pleasure of announcing, that *three* meetings for *the young* will be held on Wednesday evening, June 25th, at the following places:—Bishopsgate Chapel, Bloomsbury Chapel, and Surrey Chapel.

The meetings will commence at half-past six, and close at half-past eight o'clock precisely. Each meeting will be addressed by a minister, a missionary, and a Sunday-school teacher.

To enable our young friends to learn the hymns with the tunes that will be sung at these meetings, we give below the order of proceedings:—

Opening Hymn. Tune, "Suffolk."

" Joy to the world! the Lord is come,

Let earth receive her King;

Let every heart prepare him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

" Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

" No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow,

Far as the curse is found.

" He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love."

Prayer.—Address by Chairman. (Read Report.)

First Address, by a Minister.

Sentiment.—"We desire to recognise more fully the important promises contained in the Scriptures, in reference to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom."

Second Hymn. Tune, "Lancaster."

"Great God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

"But, Lord, thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind,
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

"Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound?"

Second Address, by a Sunday-school Teacher.

Sentiment.—"We would earnestly pray that our own hearts may be filled with love to the Saviour, that so we may be better able to make known the gospel to others."

Third Hymn. Tune, "Mariners."

"Yes, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are now at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word in every land;
When he chooses,
Darkness flies at his command.

" How rejoicing, how reviving,
To our hearts, to hear each day
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way!
Those enlightening
Who in sin and darkness lay!

" Gracious Saviour! high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let thy gospel be victorious,
Through the world, in every land;
And all idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command."

Third Address, by a Missionary.

Sentiment.—" We are glad to hear that so many children are receiving instruction in the Mission Schools, and pray that they may soon become Christians, and be made very useful among the heathen."

Chairman's concluding Address.

Closing Hymn. Tune, " Old Hundredth."

" From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

" Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

PRAYER.

A Collection will be made at the close in aid of Mission Schools
THOMAS J. COLE, Secretary.

[We hope that these meetings will be numerous attended. The kind assistance of the teachers of the various Sunday-schools of the Metropolis, will, we are sure, be heartily rendered, and the very numerous bands of scholars will rejoice in the cheering addresses that will be given to them.]

CULTIVATION OF COFFEE.

(Continued from page 73.)

You will think, I suppose, that it is time now to ship it off to England; but it is not ready yet: another long and tedious process has to be performed. It is what they call hand-picking; and to do this every grain has to be separately noticed, and approved, before it can be considered ready. A long room is used in the coffee-store for this purpose, and, in large plantations, a great many people are at work at tables and on the floor. They may be all seen, as busy as bees, sorting out the different grains from the heap. Taking a handful, they scatter them loosely before them, and pick out any that may be broken, or discoloured, or unripe.

When a plantation makes about 150 or 200 tierces, and each tierce contains about seven or eight hundred weight, you will form some notion of the magnitude of the work in preparing so much coffee for home consumption. When all has been carefully picked over, it is put into tierces smaller than sugar hogsheads, and sent down to the nearest harbour, and from thence to England.

The black people of Jamaica make a great deal of coffee in some parts of the island, being now possessors of considerable portions of land of their own, and coffee to them often becomes something considerable in a year. They go a much shorter way to work than I have been describing to you. As soon as they have gathered the fruit, they dry it at once on a barbiecue, and when dry, take it to the nearest mill, and grind it, as I have told you, in the coffee-mill; or when they cannot do that, in a mortar and pestle, and hand-

pick it from the husk when ground. I dare say some of you would scarcely believe that the preparation of coffee is so tedious; it pays, on the whole, as well as sugar, and in some parts much better.

And, now I have informed you, as well as I could, do not close this little book without a little reflection on the bounties of God, in sending so many comforts to this country. Here we have all we can desire—every luxury is to be easily obtained; while in many of the countries where these productions come from, they have misery and trouble of which we can form but little idea. Coffee grows wild in many parts of Africa, and no one cares to cultivate it, or even gather it. Why? Because they think selling one another is easier and more profitable. The Baptist Missionary Society send out people as missionaries to Africa, to show them the true God and how He wishes us to love one another. They show them that slavery and man-stealing are abominable in His eyes; and if they turn to Him, he will pardon their sins, and make them happy. What a pleasant thing it will be for you to hear, from time to time, that the missionary's labour is not in vain!—that, instead of fighting one another year after year, the people are meeting to praise God—instead of burning their towns and villages, they are cultivating the soil with industry—instead of going about naked, they are clothed and in their right minds. What a happy thing it will be for you to know that you have had a share in this labour, and that God smiles upon you for it! Pray for success to His cause with earnestness and, though a child, you will not pray in vain. “Instead of the thorn, shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the briar, shall come up the myrtle-tree; which shall be unto the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, which shall not be cut off.”

[This very interesting account of the mode of cultivating coffee in Jamaica, was written by that excellent missionary to Africa, the late Rev. W. Newbegin. He died on board the *Dove*, after spending several years in preaching the Gospel to perishing negroes, in the month of April, 1850.]

MISS CHU AND MISS HAN.

II.

THE time at length came when Chunio and her sister were to leave their beloved teacher, their schoolfellows, and all their highly prized Christian privileges, to return to their heathen relatives. This was a season of great trial, of fervent pleadings with God on their behalf. They had for many months expressed an earnest desire to make a public profession of attachment to Jesus; their mother's consent alone was wanting. For this they had pleaded long and importunately, but in vain. Finding their intreaties only served to make her more violent in her opposition, they resolved to ask no more; but calmly counting the cost, and prayerfully committing their way to the good Shepherd of the sheep, they desired to be publicly baptized in the name of Jesus. Their mother was not told of their decision till the period arrived; when God so controlled her spirit that she yielded a reluctant consent; and at last was prevailed on to be present at the service, which was deeply interesting. Immediately after their baptism they left the school, but Miss Grant kindly drove into the town for them every Sabbath morning at four o'clock, returning with them again at nine at night. Of this cherished privilege their mother constantly threatened to deprive them, but Miss Grant's presence restrained her.

Their principal trials now arose, not so much from actual persecution, as from taunts, derision, and false accusations, which were extremely painful to Chunio's tender and sensitive disposition. Malice is a most prominent and awful feature in the character of the natives; and as the girls had been very badly treated by their uncle, Miss Grant was anxious to know their feelings towards him when they were admitted at the Lord's table. She asked Hanto if she was sure she had entirely forgiven her uncle. She replied, "Missey, as I went to God's house to-day, I thought of Moses when God spake to him out of the bush. I said to myself, This is God's

house : put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for this place is holy. Whilst there, I prayed for my uncle by name, that God would render blessing for all the ill treatment he has shown us."

The following are extracts from their letters to a young Christian friend :—

"My dear Friend, — Your nice letters made my heart very happy. We returned to town, our former residence, on the 8th of August, 1845. Oh ! how sorrowful we were when we left our beloved teacher and schoolfellows ! They were all very sad, and some of them cried very much ; but we read together every Sunday. How God in his mercy has opened our mother's heart, to allow us to go to school on every Sunday ! We are now surrounded by our idolatrous countrymen, far from our Christian friends ; but we are solaced when our Almighty God is with us. He will never forsake his people who put their sure confidence in him. How he was with Joseph in the land of Egypt ! and so he will be with us, as our Defender and Protector, if we only cast all our trust on him. Many of our nation here know that we were baptized. Some of them say we are English, and others say we were converted into Roman Catholics, and we are now gazingstocks to them ; but as it is written in the First Epistle of Peter, chapter iii. verse 14, ' But as if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye : and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled.' Oh ! how sweet consolation obtain in God's holy word, which encourages me to follow and love the Saviour ! Pray much for us ; because we are in the midst of temptations, &c., &c.

"I am your affectionate sister in Jesus Christ,

"Y. CHUNIO."

(*Han'io's Letter.*)

"Thanks be to Him in whom we live and move and have our being ! from Him all blessings, temporal or spiritual, do flow unto us perishing sinners, through his dear Son, in whom I hope you trust, even to the saving of our souls. We are now in town, and

have left the school. How sad we and our schoolfellows were ! I know that it is the will of God that I should reside here in the midst of our own nations, and that we may glorify his name by our good deeds. I desire to do the will of God my Heavenly Father, and therefore must not murmur ; but may we express our prayer to God, and say, Father, not my will, but thine be done ! Our relations and friends are very angry with us, and some of them instead of being so kind to us as before, they now begin to speak slanderously against us. But let us pray to God that he may pardon them, for they do not know what they are doing.

" I don't think that all those who left the school love the Lord Jesus Christ, except two girls, who endure trouble and persecution for Jesus' sake ; and I heard they were flogged for refusing to bow down to idols. Pray for them that God may increase their faith, and enable them to continue to fight, as God's faithful soldiers, under the banner of Christ.

" Your affectionate sister in Jesus Christ,

" Y. HANIO."

(To be continued.)

PRAYER MILLS IN TARTARY.

Do my little readers know what it is to pray ? See little Mary as she kneels by her dear mamma, her hands clasped, her eyes shut, and calls upon God who made heaven and earth ; and God hears her soft, gentle voice, and will answer the prayer which she utters from the heart.

But suppose we go to Thibet. Do you ask where Thibet is ? Look on a map of Asia. There it lies, to the north of India, and not far on this side of the great empire of China. The people of Thibet worship the Grand Lama. He was described in your little Magazine last November. But how do they pray to him ? Why, in a very strange way indeed. Not with the lips, not with the voice,

not with the heart. How then? Why, with a machine. I will try to describe one to you.

Do you know the shape of a garden roller? That is called cylinder. Now the people of Thibet use machines or cylinders like that, only hollow. The outside is painted with red stripes. Handsome gilt letters, all in the Sanscrit language, are written upon it. The cylinder is then mounted in a square frame, so that it can be turned by a handle. Round the axis—ask your dear mamma or teacher what that means—they roll a great many written papers some hundred feet long, till the inside of the hollow cylinder is quite full. These written papers are prayers. And now, when they pray, they do not kneel down and utter the thoughts and wishes of their hearts, which only is true prayer, but turn the handle of the machine, and so many turns are so many prayers, which they think will draw the attention of their god, and obtain his favour. And thus they fancy they make thousands of prayers. Sometimes, to save the time and trouble of turning the machine, they frame arms and fix sails to them, something like a windmill. As the wind blows upon the sails, the cylinder turns, and their prayers are made.

How very, very foolish! you all say. And so it is. But what are little boys and girls better than praying machines, when they pray only with the lips, without their heart going along with their prayers? Dear children, let me entreat you to pray with the heart and while you pity the poor heathen and pray for them, do not forget that God looketh on the heart, and will grant only such blessings as are asked of Him in sincerity.

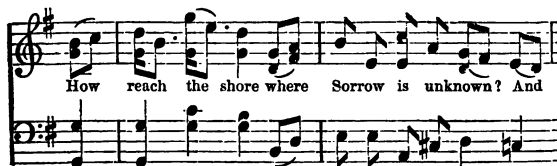
E.

KANGALI'S HYMN.*(Translated from the Bengali by the Rev. W. H. PEARCE.)**S. Lillycross.*


How can we safe - ly cross this stor - my main, And



at the port ar - - rive we long to gain.



How reach the shore where Sorrow is unknown? And



how ob - tain an e - ver - last - ing crown?

Look up, my friend, what vessel dost thou trace,
Inviting voyagers at yon starting-place?

'T is Christ the Saviour's. Yes! 't is His, I see;
Then there is hope for wretched you and me.

Since cross we must (we cannot here remain)—
Since other means we all have tried in vain,
Let us at once His sacred feet embrace:
Well may we trust his overflowing grace.

The sea is rough: its billows may alarm;
But in His bark we shall be safe from harm;
When Christ the Saviour acts the pilot's part,
No anxious fear need e'er distress the heart.

His bark He brings, the friendless to befriend;
His goodness knows no bounds, His grace no end.
Come, let us then His willing aid implore:
If he assist, then we need fear no more.

Behold the beauteous vessel—'Love' her name:
Let us embark—no need of fear or shame;
Christ wants no fee, no present will receive,
When those transporting who on Him believe.

Lo! he has hoisted her expanded sail—
Behold it filling with a prosperous gale!
See Truth and Mercy quickly ply the oar:
Christ steers the vessel; we shall soon be o'er.

Yes! now we cross unhurt this stormy main,
And soon the port shall see we long to gain:
Soon reach the shore where sorrow is unknown
And anchor joyfully before His throne.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



MODES OF DRESS AND SALUTATION IN THE EAST.

EVERY country has its peculiar modes of dress. Their number and character are generally determined by the coldness or heat of the climate. The *hyke* is an outer garment, worn very much among the Arabs, Moors, and inhabitants of the northern part of Africa. It is a kind of blanket, of various colours—sometimes white or brown, for the cold weather: in summer it is made of cotton, and in colour blue or white, and sometimes both colours united. It is first thrown over the left shoulder, and brought behind; it is then passed under the right arm, and so over the

body, and from thence over the left shoulder. Thus the right arm is left quite free. Other modes of wearing it are shown in the picture. It is sometimes thrown over the head, to protect the wearer from the sun and wind. See 1 Kings xix. 13; and Esther vi. 12.

Forms of salutation are very numerous. In Persia, the master of the house goes some distance to meet his guests, and bids them welcome with many compliments. He then hastens back to his house and awaits their arrival, when he greets them with many similar expressions of respect. In China, the salutations of the men differ from those of the women. Acquaintances join their hands on their



breasts, or above their heads, and, bending their head, say, *Tsin, tsin*. At other times they clap their hands, then raise

them, and gradually let them sink down to the ground. Friends who meet after a long separation, fall many times on their knees, and, bending their heads to the ground, say, *Na fo ?* Has all passed happily? or *Yung fo*, Happiness is painted on thy countenance!

In Ceylon, when persons salute, they raise the palm of the hand to the forehead, and make a low bow. If the person they meet is a great man, they fall upon the ground, repeating his titles of honour and dignity, while the great man goes by scarcely taking the least notice. In Egypt, the people extend their hands, place them on their breasts, and bend their heads. The greatest act of politeness is to kiss their own hand, and afterwards place it upon their heads. But it is very common for a man to kiss the hand of his superior instead of his own, and then put it to his forehead. The son kisses the hand of his father, and the wife that of the husband.

The Hindoos are very polite. They prostrate themselves before their spiritual teacher, and touching his feet say, "You are my saviour." To a benefactor they will say, "You are the father and mother of Brahmins, cows, and women." They are very fond of flattery in their compliments. When women meet, they salute each other by raising their joined hands to the head; if of different castes, the inferior bows, and rubs the dust of her feet upon her forehead; but the superior takes no notice of her humility.

Hindoos, in conversation, use very extravagant expressions. In describing a splendid palace, they call it the "heaven of Vishnu:" a heavy rain, "a deluge." If a waterspout fall, they say, "The elephants of the god Indra

are drinking." A whirlwind is "the sporting of infernal spirits." Thunder is "the sound of Indra's thunderbolts, hurled at the giant demons who came to drink water from the clouds." The circle which on hazy nights appears around the moon, is caused, they say, by the splendour of the gods, who are sitting in council with the moon-god. But these, and many other forms of expression, are drawn from their false and idolatrous worship, and must vanish away as they learn to know the true God, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

NARSIGDARCHOKE.

[For this interesting account of one of our village mission stations in India, the readers of the HERALD are indebted to the Rev. C. B. Lewis, of Calcutta.]

NARSIGDARCHOKE (pronounced by the villagers, Noorsigdarchok, or Noorsigda) is situated at a distance of sixteen miles to the south of Calcutta. The whole country of Bengal is singularly low and flat; so much so, that large tracts of it are annually inundated by the rains, and continue under water untill the hot season has set in. Narsigdarchoke is in the midst of one of these low flats, and, during the rainy and cold seasons, or for seven or eight months of the year, as far as the eye can reach all around it, no spot of earth is visible, except that which has been thrown up by the labour of man. Englishmen may find it difficult to understand how human beings can exist in such a spot, without any natural elevations upon which to erect houses. The plan adopted is as follows:—When the ground is dry, a spot is selected for a house, and close to this another is marked out for a tank. The tank is then dug, and the earth is cast up upon the area chosen for the site of the building, and this excavation is continued until this area has been raised above the height

which the water has been accustomed to reach. Upon the flat mound thus formed the house is built, its walls generally constructed of earth, tempered by mixing it with water and treading it; and the floor, of the same material, is raised one or two feet above the external surface. A small door forms the only entrance, and an aperture in the wall, guarded by one or two wooden bars, serves for a window. The houses of our people usually consist of a single apartment; occasionally there is a small three-walled shed adjoining, in which the food of the family is prepared. The frame-work of the roof is constructed of the bamboo, and is overlaid with a thick thatch of rice straw. Those who have cows or ploughing bullocks build a shed for them close to the house. The gola, or granary, also stands upon the same mound, raised upon logs of wood, and plastered within and without with tempered mud. In a few cases an additional shed may be seen, having no walls, but a roof supported by wooden posts: this is intended for the reception of friends, and for the discussion of matters of business. The small surface of elevated ground is the only spot available for garden produce, which is consequently very meagre. The Nim-tree is very commonly found upon it, the bitter leaves of which are used for the native curry. Occasionally, also, a cocoa-nut or tál palm-tree is planted on the boundary bank; while the pumpkin and native spinach trail their long shoots over the thatch, and a species of bean envelopes whatever shrubs or trees may be there with its luxuriant growth.

From what has been already said, it will appear that each family-dwelling is thus isolated during the inundation from the others; nor are causeways from house to house common. When the inhabitants have occasion to go abroad during this period, they are generally obliged to use canoes. Of these, two kinds are common in the district. One, which is called a dúnga, is constructed in a very simple manner from the tál palm-tree. A piece of the trunk of this tree, about twelve feet long, is taken. The roots are carefully cut off round the bottom of it, and a longitudinal slice, about a third of the

thickness of the tree, being taken off, the remainder is scooped out, and this forms a not very safe-looking canoe. The native stands in the thick end of it, so that the small open end is somewhat raised above the water, and, balancing himself with great skill, pushes himself along rapidly by a bamboo pole. The other canoe is called a *sáltee*, because it is made out of the "sál" tree; it is much larger than the *dúnga*, but, like it, is made from a single tree. It is flat-bottomed, and very heavy and strong. This kind of canoe is used for transporting grain, &c.; and I have often been surprised to see what numbers of persons, and what quantities of rice, they will safely convey over the water. In these canoes the villagers of the south travel from place to place, forcing them over the green tops of the rice plant, which thickly cover the whole country round, hiding the water, and refreshing the eye with various shades of verdure. In these also, when the crops are ripe, they gather the harvest, and convey it to their homes.

Our visits to the villages are made in "*sáltees*," which may be made tolerably comfortable by fixing roofs of thin plank over them, and screening the open sides with coarse curtains.

In the general inundation of the flat lands, the brooks are of course overflowed, and the fish with which they abound are speedily dispersed over the fields. The people of the villages are all of them skilled in various methods of catching fish, and they chiefly depend upon the success of their angling and netting for the means of rendering their rice palatable. The quantity of small fish taken in the fields is indeed immense. Many kinds which are eaten are much smaller than the minnows which are caught in sport by English children; some, on the other hand, are of considerable size. When the water has dried up, the fish retreat into the tanks, and, as they grow rapidly, they afford some profit to the owners of these, who cast out the water a short time before the rains are expected, and sell the fish to dealers, who supply the native bazaars in Calcutta and adjacent places.

The temporal condition of the great majority of the inhabitants of this district is exceedingly indigent. The land is not freehold, but belongs to the East India Company. Under the Company it is held in perpetuity by the Zemindars, who pay a yearly rent for their estates, and by these it is sub-let in small portions to the Ryots or cultivators. These are of two classes. Some, as the heirs of those who cleared the jungle from the land and rendered it fit for cultivation, pay for their holdings a smaller rent, of about two shillings per beegah of some 1600 square yards. Others, who have no such hereditary interest in the soil, take any vacant land from the Zemindar, at a rent of about four shillings per beegah. The former class, if provident and industrious, can generally obtain a sufficiency. The latter are in a most wretched situation—the rent and expenses of seed and cultivation frequently amount to a sum equal to, if not greater than, all the proceeds of their ground. Those who have no ground themselves, but work for others, earn about twopence a-day—a miserable pittance for the maintenance of a family! The poor people appear to be shut up to this poverty. In the small villages there is little room for enterprise and trade, and the soil is adapted for little besides rice. A few gain a trifle by basket-making, weaving, and netting; and the women eke out their scanty existence by catching small fish in the fields, and by breeding ducks, which, as you may suppose, are quite at home in this district. I am sorry to say that the habits of the people are very dirty. They do indeed bathe their persons very frequently; but their skins being rubbed over with oil, and soap never used for personal ablution, the results of these washings are by no means satisfactory. Their clothes, though often thoroughly wetted, are frequently not washed from the day they are first worn to the time when they are finally cast off. The children are often left unclothed until they are four or five years old. The ignorance of the people is extreme. But few schools exist amongst them, and these few communicate only the bare rudiments of knowledge.

In religion the natives of this district resemble the rest of the population of India. They are generally Hindoos, with a few Muslims scattered amongst them. The Hindoos are wedded to the idolatry which has been so often described to the readers of Missionary publications. They celebrate the various pūjas, and are under the spiritual power and instruction of the Brahmans. But there is one form of idolatry prevailing amongst them which, as far as I am aware, is peculiar to the southern country in the vicinity of the Sunderbunds. I allude to the worship of a figure called Dakhin Ray, or Lord of the South. This personage is, according to the almost universal testimony of those I have questioned on the subject, perfectly unconnected with all the gods of the Hindoo pantheon. He is no incarnation of Vishnu, nor any descendant or relation of any one of the multitude of debtas whose names are recorded in the Shastras. The people who dwell near the Sunderbunds are exposed to the attacks of tigers, especially when they go to cut wood in the jungles, or when the famished beasts abandon their lairs in quest of food in the neighbouring villages. The terror thus inspired, working upon the minds of these poor Hindoos, has given rise to this superstition. Dakhin Ray was called into existence to be the tutelary deity of the southern villagers, and their defender from savage animals. The images which are worshipped in honour of this god are remarkably ugly. A rude representation of a human head, surmounted by a peaked cap (not unlike an episcopal mitre), is made of common clay, and baked just as the earthen pots used for cooking and water utensils, hollow throughout, and painted on the front part of the external surface. These images are fixed up upon mounds of earth three or four feet high. They are invariably set with the face towards the south, and are often secured by planting in the earth a stout slip of a tree of ready growth, which soon takes root and grows up through the hollow head, casting out branches over it, thus at once affording the image a grateful memorial of its supposed native forests, and keeping it in its place by the outspread



roots beneath, and the branches above. Offerings of rice, and sacrifices of kids and ducks, are made in honour of this idol, and a certain day of the year is devoted to its worship. An image, such as I have described (and with the aid of a camera lucida, accurately drawn) above, may be seen close to every heathen's habitation in the villages round about Narsigdarchoke.

THE PEARL.

A HINDOO youth, connected with a Mission-school in Ceylon, was recently hopefully converted, and, though very much opposed by his parents and friends, publicly professed Christ. His parents told him they did not send him to the school to become a Christian, but only to acquire useful knowledge. He wrote them a letter, and replied to their remark as follows:—

“ Six years ago you sent me down to the sea-shore to gather oysters. Other parents also sent their sons. After gathering them for a long time, and thinking them only oysters, one named Jeeva

opened my eyes, and made me see that those oysters contained pearls. I said to myself, 'My parents did not send me here to seek for pearls, and perhaps they will be displeased if I take them; but what shall I do? I see that they are of priceless value; and shall I cast them away because they did not send me for them? or because they will be angry if I take them?'

The young man meant by this illustration to show his parents, that though they did not send him to school to obtain religion, yet when he saw its value, he could not do otherwise than to embrace it.

This beautiful illustration shows us how the converted heathen youth regard that religion with which we are trying to make them acquainted. Though once so dark and ignorant, when Christ and his blessed truths are discovered to them, they see and understand all their priceless value, and embrace them with all their hearts. How beautiful the thought of the young man! *A pearl* he had found, and so beautiful it was, that he would gather it for his own, though father and mother and friends should upbraid him for it. A father's smile, a mother's love, were dear to him as they are to us; but dearer and more precious to him was that Saviour whom he found when he expected it not.

Will my young friends allow me to ask them if they have gathered these pearls which this Hindoo youth rejoiced to find? You have the Sabbath, the Bible, the Sunday-school, and more privileges than I now could tell you of. You are gathering knowledge from them. But while you obtain knowledge, which may be compared to the shells which the Hindoo youth was gathering, oh! do not reject the pearl which Jesus offers you!—*Macedonian*.

MISS CHU AND MISS HAN.

III.

As the poor girls were not allowed to attend public worship, Miss Grant continued her watchful care over them; but new and more

le trials awaited them. Chunio observed her mother very occupied in preparing wedding-garments, and purchasing all marriage gear; this confirmed her fears that her mother clothed her to a Chinaman. The announcement was made that, before the new year (which begins with February in he was to be married. The poor girl looked like a lamb to the sacrifice, but her constant prayer was, that God would, even by death, from this dreaded event; for she said, her mother manage to avoid the idolatrous ceremonies, she could live in peace and happiness with a heathen.

ye to yourselves the distress and anguish of a Christian girl, read and write, who knows her Bible and loves it, *as well*, much better than some of you do, under these trying circumstances. The Chinese girls are treated like goods and chattels, no voice in their own affairs: very often their own mothers without their cognizance, as wives, to some heathen man they have never seen before, and from whom they have no way of escaping. Shall we not lay their condition seriously to Will you not labour for them, will you not pray for them, their minds may be enlightened, their hearts brought into will-ecution to Christ, so that our poor coloured sisters, being ated from the bondage of sin and ignorance, may enjoy all ings which flow from a reception of the gospel? The more ar girls were abused and buffeted and slandered for the Jesus, the more settled in the faith they became.

ay, their mother mentioned her having promised Chunto in to a heathen; she stood up before her two uncles, and mother that never could she marry any one *but a Chris-* l pointing to an old hundred-rooted Banian-tree on the sea- e said, "Mother, do you see that old tree by the bridge? firm? Well I know that my heart is still more firm in its n never again in any way to connect myself with idolatry." eldest daughter must be married first, Hanio led an easier

life than her sister: though naturally of a stronger and more resolute character, she seemed better fitted to endure hardness than the tender, timid, and sensitive Chunfo; but the Lord knows his own gold, and will purify after his own pleasure. Prayer in this instance was heard and answered, and the much-dreaded match broke off. Some months since she was married to a young Christian Chinaman. The wedding was entirely Chinese, excepting as regard religion. The young couple were dressed in the usual bridal costume. The whole party were Christian; but, in order to avoid offending national custom more than necessary, the bride and bridegroom had had no previous personal acquaintance, each, however, being fully satisfied with the piety and suitability of the other. The service having been performed, the husband turning to Chunfo lifted the veil which covered her face, and for the first time beheld his wife.

Meekly and humbly resting on Jesus their Redeemer, these young Christians are still pursuing their onward journey, using the talents God has given them in making known the way of salvation to those around them, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour by a walk and conversation becoming the gospel.

E. C. S.

NONOHAMY, THE SINGHALESE GIRL.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I had the pleasure, last Sunday, in hearing the Rev. J. Angus preach a Mission sermon to the young, and he related an anecdote of a youth who had spent the greater part of a Sabbath in distributing religious tracts, accompanied by a friend a year or two older than himself. As they were returning home, the elder asked the younger one, "What became of Noah's carpenters when the flood came upon the earth?" The lad was much startled by the question, and was at first unable to answer it; but he was induced to think about it, and then to draw the comparison between those who helped to build the ark, and yet did not enter

so as to be preserved, and those who now exert themselves for the diffusion of the knowledge of Christ, and yet have not trusted in Him as their own Saviour. And, by the grace of God, this simple question of his friend was the means of that lad's conversion. The anecdotes reminded me of the history of a little Singhalese girl, which I will relate to you, though her case was rather the opposite of Noah's carpenters, as you will see.

About two years ago, this child, whose name was Nonohamy, was admitted into the Native Female Boarding School in Colombo, which is connected with the Baptist mission. Her parents were Roman Catholics, for in the district in which they lived there are more Roman Catholics than Buddhists, though I am sorry to say that that awful corruption of Christianity is there still more corrupted, by the grafting on of all kinds of heathen superstition and impurity.

Nonohamy had shown very great anxiety to be received into the school, and her little copper-coloured face beamed with joy when she found that she was one among those selected out of a large number of applicants. She took her place in the school, and for the month or six weeks she was permitted to remain, she improved very rapidly. She always seemed delighted to hear the bell ring for school, and she never showed any weariness before its close. As she now formed a part of the Mission family, she was always present with them at morning and evening prayer, and on the Sabbath she accompanied them to chapel, to join in the worship of the true God. After a few weeks, however, her mother asked leave to take her home, to see some relatives who had come from a distance. The request was granted, and she went. This was on Thursday evening, and her mother promised she should return early on Saturday. Nonohamy, however, did not again make her appearance until Monday, and very much ashamed she seemed at the promise of her return having been broken. Her mother was with her, and pleaded as her excuse that in order to pacify her priest, she had been induced to keep the child to go to worship with her on Sunday, as

had threatened her with the heaviest curses if she allowed her to go to the Baptist chapel. In the course of conversation with her, it was found that the child's visit home was *not* to see her relatives, to accompany her parents in carrying offerings to a new Roman Catholic chapel which was opened on that day. After having known all this, the mother asked if she might take her little girl just once a week to this chapel, as she was so much terrified by the threats of the priest, that she did not dare to leave her but on this condition. Of course, compliance was not granted, though neither entreaty nor subterfuge was spared on the part of the mother. At last she said that she was so anxious for the child to remain, and little Nonohamy was so sorrowful at the idea of having to give up her advantages, that she would brave the displeasure of the priest, if another little girl, whose parents were also Roman Catholics, might be admitted too. The parents of the two children had agreed to resist his authority, though one was afraid to do so alone. But, I regret to say, this request *could* not be complied with. The school was composed of only a limited number (limited, for want of funds, to 20): it was then full, and several others had been already promised admission as vacancies should occur, and so poor Nonohamy was denied re-admission.

I said that her history was brought to my mind by thinking of Noah's carpenters. Can you, my dear young friends, tell *why*? can you tell wherein *you* are like, or wherein you differ, from either of them? Noah's carpenters might have entered the ark, when they had done so much to prepare, but they had no wish to "flee from the wrath to come," at any rate until it was too late. I do not say that Nonohamy wished to enter the Christians' ark, but she did wish to be where she might hear of it, and where, by God's grace, she might have been led to enter it; but she was angry, turned aside and withdrawn from that good path, and placed in a place where she could learn little but delusion.

Reflect on her lot, my dear young friends, and be thankful

your advantages—that no false priest can tyrannically interfere to deprive you of the means of knowledge; and then think of Noah's carpenters, and let their sad fate lead you to use your advantages while you may, lest, after having sent preachers to others, *you* should at the last be a castaway.

Believe me, your sincere Friend,

Camberwell, May, 1851.

E. D.

MISSIONS.

LIGHT for the dreary vales

Of ice-bound Labrador!

Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery sails,

And the mariner wakes no more;

Lift high the lamp that never fails,

To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!

An outcast though he be,

From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,

And the country of the free;

Pour the hope of Heaven o'er his desert wild,

For what home on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!

Light for that trampled clime,

Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease

Ere it wreck'd the boast of time;

If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,

Can you grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!

On the maddening idol-train,

The flame of the Suttee is dire and red,

And the Fakir faints with pain;

And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades;
Hark! hark!—'t is the sainted Martyn's sigh
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its sails
With sighs of agony;
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base:
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

SIGOURNEY.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



A NIGHT ON THE GANGES.

A Letter from the Rev. H. Smylie, of Dinagepore, to the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society.

MY DEAR SIR,—Whatever I may in anywise have been enabled to do or endure for Christ or his cause, it has always been repugnant to me to say anything about it; yet, as you think it necessary, I have the pleasure to send you the following account of a night on the Great Ganges, or Maha-ganga:—

Some years ago, in consequence of long-continued, low, burning,
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hectic fever, arising from enlargement of spleen, we were obliged to leave our station and people for a short time, in hope of finding some degree of relief, but not a cure.

The way most common in leaving Dinagepore is to pass down the Parambaba river. As a boat could not be procured in that, we were obliged to turn to the Atrée. This is a very great round-about, and through a very bad, low-lying, marshy country. In this way the great swamp, or Kulan-gheel must be passed through. It is worse than the Malda-gheel, and that is quite bad enough, seldom allowing either natives or others to pass without injury. The people who inhabit the many little fairy-looking islets which cover it everywhere, are not very honest. Till the Honourable Company got possession of it, they were thieves and dakoits of the most restless and bloody character, and had been so from the day the false prophet first lifted his sword here. They ruled the country far and wide; took and demanded what they pleased. The man who dared to refuse the desire of Kulan-gheel Fakcer was instantly put to death. Even now they are very little above the beast.

Some fifty years ago, five hundred natural-born thieves and dakoits, with all their swords, spears, and long iron things like a fire-poker, and their Korans, too (for be it known once for all, no man is so prayerful as the Moslem thief), were brought out of this enchanted land at one time. Here the Moslem thief and murderer is not like the European thief and murderer, but like the prophet himself,—he is a very prayerful thief. Through this land of death we must pass. On reaching the south side of the lake we found the natives had shut up the river, or outlet of the waters, to preserve it for their rice-fields. A small opening was cut in this band or bank, to allow small boats to pass out; to come in by such a fall of water is impossible. One may tumble out or down at pleasure, but to tumble up is out of the question. The water here was fearful—it roared, gorged, and gargled through the narrow pass, and on the

other side fall two or three feet. Our boatmen left the boat. All around was bustle and confusion. Some were abusing others in the grossest, nastiest language ever heard out of the pit. Some were unlading their boats and pulling them over the mud. Our men would do nothing. At length, a bold-looking youth offered to guide our boat down the fall for one rupee. This was cheerfully given him; the boat was untied, and he the solitary passenger, perched high at the helm, shot down the pass and over the bar swift as the arrow from the Indian's bow, or the kite to the prey. Our boat soon rested in the foam caused by this angry outburst. Ourselves walked with the boat's crew; we again entered our little wooden house, and proceeded, little dreaming of what awaited us.

The boatmen had received 20rs. or 30rs. pay in advance. To delay and work out the time as near home as possible, they ran the boat on every sandbank, and then made a merit in getting it off, spending as much time as conscience would allow them. When sandbanks were not to be had, they would run the boat on this bank, get it off, and run it with a greater bump on the other side. In this way we spent many days where we ought not to have been more than seven or eight. We were now within twelve or sixteen miles of Rampor-Bauleah, and in a very dangerous part of the Great Ganges. Here, at some seasons, the river is two or three miles wide. The north-west bank forms a vast plain of sand, running up and down the river for many miles, far beyond the stretch of the eye; something like an Arabian desert. In some places it is very high above the low waters of the dry season. Here the water cuts under these great sandy islands; during the day and night they are heard by the traveller falling into the waters with a noise like that of cannon—this in calm weather; how much more in the Indian storm! Here our boat was fastened for the night.

While the boatmen talked of the dangers which but too frequently occur in these mighty waters, by the fall of high sandbanks, which strike to the bottom at once, blow whatever may be near or under it

the time, they cooked, in their earthen pots, the rice, dal salt, and mustard oil. This done, all to sleep with their hublehubel. We saw nothin When called in the morning to untie the boat, Still twelve or sixteen miles from Rampor-Ba what to do. Had I been alone, weak as I was, my way to Rampor-Bauleah; but Mrs. Smylie best state, have walked so far. At length it o I might write to the magistrate of Rampor-Ba done immediately: still we must spend a day, answer could be received. If we had been in p money, some few fishermen might have been fou to the station. We had none. The long delay men had worn out both our money and our p we ought to have been at Serampore by this ti not half way.

The second night came, the evening of whi foretold the coming of one of those fearful nor which do so much mischief, and cause so damage on land and water. The darkness see and gathering altogether in one spot. By elev storm was upon us in all its wild fury and f crazy boat thumped on a lee shore as if every last. The waves broke over us, bringing with ance of sand and mud. We were, at last, oblig out of the reeling boat in the dark and rain as waves, and mud, and sand following us. Once bank we felt thankful. Here we sat, crouched : ther under a blanket, the cold water running un The rain fell in large broad drops; driven home b they felt more like hail than rain. Here the lig out like one continued stream; yonder it would ' whole heavens were torn asunder, and flying abro

ry shreds. Here again, it would lash out as if in one con-
 sheet thrown over us in fury by the raging and contending
 nts. In the midst of all the fury of the storm, the noise of
 aves and wind, the falling banks could be heard like the
 of cannons in a distant battle-field. Thus we sat,—God was
 us. The God of the storm and tempest was our God, our

He therefore shielded us from the fiery darts—covered us
 the streaming, flaming flood, and hid us when it was cast
 as a covering. Had we been on the windward shore, no
 power could have saved us. The morning came: our boat
 ll of sand, water, and mud, and had sunk as far as it could. The
 had beaten it upon the low part of the bank where it lay.

wandered to the neighbouring village, in hope that some one
 kindly allow us to sit or recline in the dry verandah of their

No man would know us. At length, a kind individual
 us to enter an old frail shed, without walls. It was too
 damp to allow of our reclining. We left this for a better-
 place, nearer the river; but, on entering, we found it had
 : However, it was better than the open fields or the way-
 It saved us, in some measure, from the rude gaze and the
 zings of those who were pleased to amuse themselves in that
 Here, too, we were in some degree protected from the idler's
 ns—Where have you come from?—Where are you going?
 e you an indigo factory?—What is your occupation?—How
 money do you get monthly?—Are you related to the land
 —I am a poor man, you must get or give me employment;
 endless number of such. We were not allowed to remain
 ong; the rain came on, and we were driven from it. While
 andering, the two men who had followed us from Dinagepore,
 rants, were engaged in throwing out the mud, sand, and
 from the boat. When this was done, we determined, if
 e, to pull it to a place of greater safety. In this we had well
 est it altogether. One of our servants took the tow-line

which is about three hundred yards long, and the other placed himself at the helm. The man with the line moved the boat slowly, and with great difficulty; nor could it be expected that one could do the work of six men. A breeze caught it, and in a twinkling it was whirled away far into the stream, pulling the poor man with it, who was now running, dragged by the boat, on the very brink of a bank sixteen or twenty feet above the water. One yard more and he was plunged into the deep below. Away he scudded with the line, still faithful, holding, roaring all the time for help; while the pitiful cry of the man at the helm could just be heard. Many looked on with all the patience and coolness of the senseless idolater and the unfeeling Moslem; none would move a finger to help. I reached him just in time; laid hold of the line, the wind no longer opposed, and the boat came to the shore with the greatest ease. O how thankful now to enter our dirty little boat, and to have a place to lie down upon!

A note from the magistrate was now received: my boat was brought up to Rampor-Bauleah. The magistrate kindly lent me 20rs., for which I gave him an order on Mr. Marshman, who paid the money. With the exception of a rupee or so, all was expended as an advance to the boatmen. The people at Serampore had become anxious for our safety, and were about sending out in search of us. I told them how the boatmen had used us; but quite forgot to say one word about the storm, and all the dangers, and but for your request it would have remained untold in time. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness to the children of men!" See the whole of this Psalm.

I am, dear Sir, your servant,

H. SMYLER.

*Jamgan River, on my way to Dinagapore,
6th January, 1851.*

THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL.

LET me tell you who was the happiest child I ever saw.

She was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a coach. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which you see every day of your lives—but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her on her journey, and be kind to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the coach, "Tell me how many people there are in the coach: I am quite blind, and can see nothing." A gentleman asked her, "If she was not afraid." "No," she said, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very kind to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy; and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her—she had sought Jesus Christ and she had found him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon found that she knew a great deal about it. She went to a school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and she was attentive, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

You cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wish that every grown up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must try and tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and how it was to be seen everywhere now. "Oh!" she said, "there are no really good

people. The very best people in the world have many sins, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time doing nothing else wrong. Oh! we are all such sinners! Every body who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ. She told of his agony in the garden of Gethsemane—about his sweating blood—about the soldiers nailing him to the cross—at his side being pierced, and blood and water coming out. She said, "how very good of him to die for us—and such a good man! How good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about wicked people. She told of how afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made them unhappy to hear how many of her schoolfellows and friends had gone on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are wicked; it is because they do not try to be good—wish to be good—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She said she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the last three chapters of the Book of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read the chapters to her as we went along.

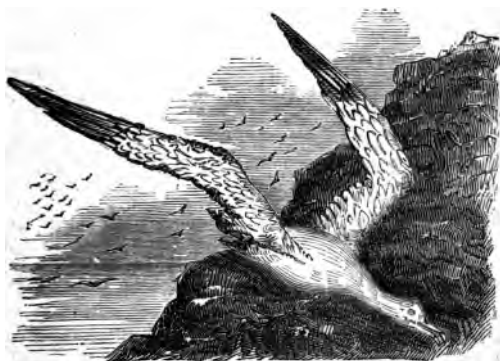
When I had done she began to talk about heaven. She said, "how nice it will be to be there! There will be no sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there for it says, 'The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall be with him; and besides this, 'there shall be no night there, for the Lord God will be with them, and they shall need no candle, neither light of the sun.'"

Just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the hope of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow nor night.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she? You are not blind; you have eyes, and can run about as you like, and go where you like, and read as much as you like.

yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl? Oh, if you wish to be happy in this world, remember my advice to-day—do as the little blind girl did—"Love Jesus Christ, and he will love you; seek him early, and you shall find him."—*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

THE ALBATROSS.



THE Albatross is a kind of sea-bird, observed in great numbers in the South Seas. It is very large and beautiful, measuring from nine to twelve feet across the wings, with white plumage (except on the upper side of its wings, where it is black), with a large head, a long bill, and full bright eyes, with a fine expression. It floats upon the water, sometimes diving under for its prey, or it rises and sails through the air with great speed, flying without difficulty a distance of many hundred miles. Its broad wings are spread, and away it sails, without seeming to move them at all, and with a grace and beauty very admirable. And yet it cannot rise from the water

without much effort, treading water for some way to *get a start*, and then it springs into the air and sails away. Its food consists of small marine animals, and when a whale is caught, the albatrosses come in flocks to feed on the carcass of the huge creature. They are bold and fearless birds, sweeping through the air in the most furious storms, making head against the wind and following the ships day and night. They are easily caught, sometimes for food, sometimes for their wings and feathers, and sometimes the sailors fasten pieces of wood around their necks, with writing on them, and let them go; and afterwards the same birds are caught in distant seas, and these inscriptions are read.

The sailors are fond of the albatross, and tell many stories about it; the more ignorant think it brings "good luck" to the vessel, and that evil will befall them if they kill one. A story is told by Mr. Cheever, in his book on the Pacific, that is worth repeating, because it is true, which cannot be said of many of the sailors' stories about this bird; and yet it is very strange. A soldier on board of a British vessel, a little eastward of Cape Horn, was severely flogged for some offence. He was so enraged at this punishment, that as soon as he was let go he threw himself overboard. They began to let down a boat, but the sea ran high, and it seemed that he would certainly be lost. Suddenly a large albatross sailing along rushed towards him and stooped within his reach. The soldier seized fast hold of the bird, that struggled hard to escape, and thus he was upheld till he could be taken up in the boat. What a wonderful escape! When the man could not save himself, and his friends could not save him, God caused that bird to fly where its wings would bear him up in the midst of the deep! It was almost as wonderful as the ravens being sent to feed the prophet Elijah.

MACEDONIAN. †

A MISSIONARY'S COUNSEL.

No. III.

Calabar, 1849.

I HOPE that you, dear Mary, while increasing in stature, are increasing in wisdom. Indeed, I am happy in knowing that such is the case. Go on, then; give attention to your studies; the time and means you now enjoy for the acquisition of knowledge, are immensely valuable. Seek to appreciate your privileges. Habituate yourself to notice the variety of things that surround you, whether they belong to the works of God, or of man. A charming landscape, an ancient tree, a splendid mansion, a beautiful garden, a choice plant, an elegant flower, these, and a thousand other things, will afford hints for contemplation, and supply the intelligent and thoughtful mind with sources of enjoyment unknown to the illiterate and careless. And in all the productions of nature, forget not that God is there. In every leaf, and every blade of grass, your Creator should be recognized; and as you look on the beauties of creation, how pleasant to feel that the Author is *our* friend, and to say, "My Father made them all." It is then that we can look, as the poet expresses it, "through nature up to nature's God." And what is nature, "but a name for an effect whose cause is God." Write and tell dear Mamma what you see in your rambles; this will beget habits of observation and reflection, and you will be laying up knowledge for future use.

And I would not have you forget the pleasant towns and villages in your native isle. Some of these you remember, doubtless; and the mind perhaps often strays across the great and wide sea, to this sunny land, where your best friends and kindred dwell. Nor should I wonder, if sometimes on a Sabbath morning, when going to chapel, you should say: "Sister, I wonder where dear Papa is preaching to-day—at Brown's Town or Bethany?" And there the question would remain, for Sister could not answer it. But suppose

it should lead the thoughts to another Bethany, more ancient and more memorable than Jamaica's Bethany—once a very pretty village about a Sabbath-day's journey, something less than an hour's ride, from Jerusalem—rendered peculiarly interesting from certain events that happened there more than eighteen hundred years ago—events that may form a very proper subject for meditation on the Sabbath-day; and you may, if you please, think of these events with additional pleasure, from their association with the family, and the dwelling place of your name-sake. How one would like to visit that village! and though the present inhabitants may not be able to point out the house in which your name-sake lived, one would *feel* the fact, that within the precincts of that village, a house once stood, in which dwelt a pious and a happy family, consisting of two sisters and a beloved brother—namely Mary, Martha, and Lazarus. Now, Mary was of a quiet, retiring disposition, and loved religious instruction. Is that the character of my young friend? All three were good, for the Saviour loved them, and he often visited them. Bethany was a favoured village: the Saviour appears to have gone thither frequently, and to have lodged often in the house of Mary. It was on these occasions that she delighted to sit at his feet and hear his words—and that with the greatest attention and affection—ready to do whatever he wished her. I dare say she often longed for him to come, and would go to the window to look for him, or to the door, to see if he were coming down the street. Now my young friend cannot look for him in that way; but she can look for him in his Word, in prayer, and in *his* house; and he will be found of them that seek him, and especially by the young, like Mary and Emma, for he says: “I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me.” Oh, seek him with your whole heart. You have not a house to entertain him in, as Mary had, and he needs not such entertainment now; but you have a heart that could receive him, and in that he wishes to dwell—he waits for admittance. Rev. iii

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20. I will not suppose you unacquainted with your Bible; but that you may turn at once to the passages about Bethany, I will mark them. Matt. xxi. 17; xxvi. 6. Mark xi. 1; xi. 12, xiv. 3. Luke xix. 29; xxiv. 50. John xi. and xii. And now farewell! Accept the best wishes of

Your sincere friend,

JOSHUA TINSON.

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

A MISSIONARY ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.—FOUNDED ON
PSALM LXXIV. 20.

"DARK places" mean ignorant places,—those parts of the world where the people know not God. And there are many such. A great deal has been done to remove this ignorance. Teachers, Bibles, and good books have been sent to enlighten the heathen mind; still there remain "dark places" not a few. I purpose talking to you for a short time about those of your fellow-creatures in distant lands whose minds the "god of this world hath blinded."

I. "Dark places" are desolate places.

If you were to take a lamp and enter a cave into which the sun never shines, would you expect to find flowers and fruit? No, you would search that dreary place in vain for anything that was "pleasant to the eyes," or "good for food." Neither do the fruits of righteousness spring up in those hearts on which the bright, warm, and life-giving sunshine of God's truth never falls. Obedience to parents, brotherly kindness, gentleness, and goodness, are very beautiful things, but they do not grow in the dark. One who knew much of the people in those places to which the text refers, said of them, "There is *none* righteous." They were as the stars of heaven for number, yet there were "none righteous." What a moral wilderness does society in the dark places of the earth present to the eye of the Missionary!

Mr. Ward, the Missionary, in one of his letters to his friends in

England, said, "I have never found a heathen who appeared to fear God and work righteousness." Dark and desolate was that field. The psalmist speaks of God looking down from heaven to see if there were any religion in the world. And what did he see? Truth springing out of the earth? No, wide scenes of spiritual barrenness. "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." It is almost three thousand years since these words were written, and many parts of the world are much in the same state now. "None calleth for justice, none pleadeth for the truth." You know what they need to change this terrible desolation into fruitfulness. They want light,—the glorious gospel of Christ. "Then will he make the wilderness like Eden, and the desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." But there is something more than barrenness. If good fruits are not brought forth, evil ones will be sure to spring up. Weeds grow where flowers do not. This leads me to say—

II. That "dark places" are wicked places.

You all know that there is more sin committed by night than by day. If one of the least among you were to be asked, why men love darkness rather than light, you would say, "Because their deeds are evil." We read that the heart is "desperately wicked;" and when there are no teachers to rebuke bad men, no good examples to make them ashamed, they will run into all kinds of sin. I have several letters that were written by a foreign Missionary a very long time ago, and if you will pay attention, I will read a part of what he says about the wickedness of the people in his time:—"Being filled with all unrighteousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, deceit, backbiters, haters of God, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without natural affection, unmerciful." This wickedness was caused by darkness of mind,—“They did not like to retain God in their knowledge.” I need not tell you that the Missionary who drew this picture was the apostle Paul; and it is

just like the moral condition of the people in heathen countries now. Let me give you some instances of one form of wickedness which prevails in the dark places. The text says, they are "full of the habitations of cruelty." You have often heard and read of the dreadful manner in which heathen parents treat their children. They sell them for slaves, cast them to wild beasts, throw them into the river to be eaten by crocodiles, or leave them to perish in the cold. Try and remember the following fact:—A slave-dealer was one day passing through an African village, when a woman offered to sell him her little daughter. The child clung to the knees of her unfeeling parent, and looking up in her face, said, "O mother, do not sell me! What will become of me? What will become of you in your old age? Who will fetch you corn and milk? Who will pity you when you die? When you are feeble, I will take you in my arms and carry you under the shade of trees; when you are weary, I will fan you to sleep; and when you die, I will weep rivers of tears over your grave!" This pathetic appeal did not melt the stony heart of the mother, and the weeping, distracted child was hurried away and sent to a distant land.

As might be expected, parents fare but badly at the hands of children who are treated so cruelly. The mother becomes old and infirm; she can no longer gather wood, draw water, or carry her grandchildren on her back, and then she is sometimes left to perish. An aged woman thus deserted by her children was found by Mr. Moffat, in one of his missionary journeys in Africa. The poor creature raised her hand to her shrivelled bosom, and said, "My own children, three sons and four daughters, left me here four days ago, and are gone to yonder blue mountains." And there she would have died, if the tender-hearted Moffat had not taken care of her.

The poor Hindoo thinks himself happy if he can die within sight of the Ganges. Some time ago a sick man was carried by his two sons to the banks of the sacred river, and after watching him for

some time, they said, "Why don't you die?" "I cannot die," replied the old man. But they were determined he should; so they removed him nearer and nearer the brink, till at last a wave swept him away, and he was seen no more. I think I hear some children say, "What wicked people they are in those 'dark places of the earth!'" You would think so, if you saw what the children of missionaries have sometimes seen and said of the heathen. "With their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips, and their feet are swift to shed blood." The true light does not shine into their hearts; hence they are filled with all unrighteousness.



INDIAN FAKIRS PREPARING FOOD ON THEIR PILGRIMAGE TO
JUGGERNAUT.

(To be continued.)

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



KRISHNA.

THE most celebrated of the incarnations, or avatars of Vishnu, is that of Krishna. Under this form he is worshipped by millions of Hindoos, although some of them

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do not scruple to call Krishna an impious wretch, a tyrant, and even an incarnate devil.

Krishna's story is as follows :—He was born at **M** His uncle, King **Kansha**, sought to kill him, lest he should take away his throne and kingdom ; but Krishna's father fled with him across the **Jumna**, and so saved his life. The king, like another **Herod**, caused all the children in the neighbourhood to be killed. Another time, the king heard where the child lived, he sent a woman nurse it, with poisoned breasts.

Many wonderful stories are told of the prowess of Krishna. Once, on passing a river, Krishna destroyed a serpent, which had poisoned the water. Hence he is represented as engaged with a monster-serpent coiled round his body, with his right heel, like a conqueror, trampling on its head. It is very likely that this story owes its origin to a tradition of the prophecy you will find in the sixth chapter of Genesis.

As Krishna grew up he became more and more wicked and profligate. He is said once to have gathered together several thousand shepherd girls to celebrate his descent to a god. As there were not enough men to dance with them he divided himself into so many thousand forms and revelled among them for many weeks. In honour of this transaction, the Hindoos celebrate a festival, and show wild, lewd actions of this wretched god in wicked plays and imitate his revelries in plays.

Krishna was also a thief. At one time he found himself wanting clothes. Passing along the road, he saw the women laying out to dry the clothes they had washed.

So Krishna watched till they went away, and then took possession of as much as he required.

What folly, you say, to worship such a god as this! If his example be followed, he will only make the people more wicked. And so it is. The worshippers of Krishna resemble him in the wickedness of their lives. It is only by knowing and loving Christ we can be saved from sin and misery. Let our little readers pray that the worship of Krishna may be abolished for that of Jesus, and the heathen become followers of the pure and holy Lamb of God.

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH.

(Concluded from page 128.)

THERE is one thing more to be told about these "dark places."

III. They are dangerous places.

When people are overtaken by the dark, they easily lose their road, and meet with accidents. Not long since, an individual was crossing the highest part of a mountain, and the night coming on, he missed his way, fell into a pit, and was found the next morning dead. Some who look at the rude stone which was raised near the spot, think of the words of the prophet Jeremiah, "Give glory to God before he cause darkness, and before your feet *stumble upon the dark mountains*," Jer. xiii. 16. Without that blessed Word which is a light unto our feet, we shall be sure to take the wrong turning with respect to religion, and bring our souls into danger. A great traveller in ancient times, who visited many dark places, said, "There is none that understandeth." What was the result? "They are all gone out of the way." And when the soul wanders in the many paths of error, evil will be sure to overtake it. I should like you to get the following text by heart: "If a man walk in the day,

he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him," John xi. 9, 10. That the poor heathens have lost their way, is quite certain, for they "do service unto them which by nature are no gods." And these blind gods are "leading their blind followers in the broad road that leadeth to destruction." On, and on, and on they go, a dense unbroken mass of immortal beings, led captive by the prince of darkness! and as the stream flows along, and the shadows of spiritual night deepen around them, we think what an evil and a bitter thing it is to forsake the living God. Bear in mind, my young friends, that error cannot be harmless. It is a deadly evil—a serpent whose sting is fatal. "My people," said Jehovah, are *destroyed* for lack of knowledge."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

1. Be thankful that you do not live in those "dark places." Children dislike the dark. They had sooner look on the green fields, and the blue sky, and the beautiful flowers, than be shut up in the black and dark night. You have a great deal of religious light, and when you contrast your privileges with those of children in other lands, you must often feel glad that you do not live there. The heart, as well as the lips, should sing that sweet hymn—

"I thank the goodness and the grace,
Which on," &c.

But after all, *our* hearts may be "dark places." We may have the light of truth, and yet not walk in it. "The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." This is the worst kind of darkness. Take heed to the words of our Lord, 'While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.'

2. Some of you, it is to be hoped, love prayer. When you kneel before God, do not forget the "dark places." Pray, "O send out thy light and thy truth." A great city would be very gloomy if

it had only ten or twenty lamps. There are large cities in India with only one Missionary, and many without even one. "The harvest is great, and the labourers are few; pray ye," &c. Pray also that the lives of the teachers may be spared. How long do you think they live in India, taking one with another? Only seven years! In Africa they do not live so long. A captain who had been there told me that seventy men belonging to a vessel that was lying near Fernando Po, died in six weeks. It is the land of death. Precious, honoured dust slumbers there. Some poor people on the high Alps, who had suddenly lost their pastor, said, "It seemed as if the torch which was to light us across the dreary precipice had been suddenly blown out." Christians in India and Africa have often to say the same about their pastors. The Giver of life can prolong it. He can keep his servants from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness;" and if all who love prayer ask him to do this, he may add many years to their existence, as he did to Hezekiah's.

3. There is something else which my youthful hearers can do to send away this darkness, and which I am glad to know is done by most of them. One penny a month will buy three Testaments in the course of the year, and this will be like lighting three torches in some dark place.* How pleasant will be the remembrance by and by, that we have done ever so little to give the heathen the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesu Christ!

4. It is cheering to think that all these "dark places" will be enlightened. The knowledge of the Lord will cover the earth. And when the people know God truly, they will love him, and when they love him they will obey him. He will look down on lovely, peaceful, and happy scenes, and listen to welcome sounds. It will be the world's jubilee. From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Lord's name shall be praised.

* See Lines on the Best Use of a Penny, *Juvenile Missionary Herald* for April, 1845, p. 96.

"Error has no place;
That creeping pestilence is driven away:
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love."

C. KINTLAND.

Sabden, May, 1851.

CHRISTIANS REBUKED BY A HEATHEN.

A MISSIONARY in India, passing near some tank-diggers who were getting ready to repair a road, noticed that one of them looked towards the sun in a posture of worship, and then took up his crow-bar, and touched his forehead with it, by way of religious reverence, before he began to dig. The man being asked why he paid such reverence to the sun and to his crow-bar, replied, that as without the light of the sun he could not work, and without the instrument he could not dig, and as he was dependent on both for his daily bread, he worshipped them.

And on whom are we dependent for the light of the sun, and for a light more precious than that of the sun, the light which alone can guide us to the realms of eternal day? We are left in no doubt as to the Being from whom all our blessings come. The Bible has taught us this from our earliest years. But do we recognize his overruling care, and his goodness from day to day? Do we worship him as the morning dawns, and the shades of evening come in? Do we acknowledge our dependence on him in every new enterprise that we undertake? How suitable that we should do it! How greatly it would honour him! How, if we neglect to do it, the very darkness of heathenism rebukes us, and in the judgment will condemn us!

NEWS FROM AFAR.

*Clarence, Fernando Po, Western Africa,
February 21st, 1850.*

To Hope Chapel Sunday School.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As a ship is about sailing for England, I must try and write you a few lines, so let you see that I remember you all. I would never wish to forget you, and your kind presents for the children here; and the pretty books, and works, which some of you made for me, will always help me to do so, and remind me to pray for you all, as well as for your dear teachers.

You will be glad to hear that I have, through God's preserving mercy, arrived here in safety and quite well. This is a beautiful island. The people were all very glad to see me; but I am sorry to say, many of them have been very ill, and some still are. I have been once to the Sunday-school, and was pleased to see so many there, and so many grown people too, all willing to be taught. The chapel was quite full. When I have seen more of the children and people, I hope I shall be able to tell you something about them in another letter. Now I will tell you a little of my voyage: I missed very much not being with you in the school and chapel on the Sunday, especially at first. The weather being very rough, we could not have any service on board, the first three weeks; but we had every Sunday morning after. Perhaps you will see an engraving in the Magazine, showing you how we had the service. It was a small vessel, and so they were obliged to have the seats on one side, and put planks resting on buckets to make forms for the men. The captain and I had each of us a camp-stool. But although all this was very simple, yet we had it all in order, and the men paid much attention every Sunday. There were fourteen men on board, besides the captain; two were black men, the rest were English; Scotch, Irish, and one Prussian, and seven of these I found out had been in Sunday-schools. I talked with them as often as I could,

and was glad to find that they remembered much of their inst and looked back with pleasure upon those days in which th under their teachers. But I can assure you, a ship is not



to help any one to keep in mind what is good. The second told me that, although he had been at sea twelve or thirteen he never had heard any preaching or prayers on board before was quite glad that our captain allowed me to have it on this v

One young man I thought very much about. He had been in school in Gloucestershire, and at another in Bristol; he felt that he had kind teachers, but acknowledged he had been foolish enough to leave his school, because he thought he was getting too big. See what followed; when he left his school he got into bad company, and this led to his going to sea. He acknowledged that he had been foolish; and although I heard him singing and sh

more often than any of the others, he was anything but happy. When we arrived near the coast of Africa, some of the natives came on board, and were employed as sailors. I was talking to him one day about them, and how much more he was favoured by God than them, in what he knew. He replied, that *they were much more happy than he was!* What a sad confession for a Sunday-scholar! I endeavoured to show to him that it was just the effect of sin, especially when we had been taught the good way. When I talked a little to him, he seemed to feel very much what was said; but when with the others he often swore most sadly. I hope I shall never hear of the boys whom I have taught taking such a bad and foolish course. I felt much for the poor black sailors; they are called Kru-men. Only one of them could understand English at all well; but I tried to say a little to them. I went and sat down with them one Sunday, and found that one or two had heard some Missionaries, and knew a little about God and Jesus Christ. I tried to tell them a little more, and they were very thankful then, and whenever I could speak to them. They seemed more anxious to "*learn book,*" as they call it, than many in England.

These men make very good sailors, and the captains are obliged to employ them, because the English sailors would soon die by working under the sun in Africa. Many of them soon catch fever when they get there, and die quickly. I heard of one ship, whose sailors had been very ill, and six of them had died a few weeks ago; two captains also had been carried off by fever. One of them had intended, when he had got all the money he wanted by this voyage, to get married, and spend the rest of his life in England; but he was taken ill when he arrived in Africa, and in twenty-four hours he was dead.

Shall captains and sailors be willing, for the sake of getting a little money, to come out to Africa, where they may so quickly die; and shall not Missionaries be willing to go out, to make known to the poor heathen the way of salvation by Jesus Christ? The young

sailor, I have told you, is risking his life in this h
sailor's wages, while he is in danger also of losing h
glad should I be if you were first to become very anxio
own souls, and disciples of Christ, and then be made
by him to go out and tell the heathen about his love

That you may be really brought to love and serve t
Christ, is the earnest prayer of your sincere friend,

JOHN

PAUL RUTTAN, THE NATIVE PREACH

Dinagopor, 22nd.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I fear our beloved young fir
ton, who so kindly support Paul Ruttan, the Native
Dinagopor, will be ready to think I have altogether f
This, however, is not the case. For a short time aft
from our home early in the month of November
Snylie was, in a sense, raised from the grave at one
several days there was no hope of her recovery.
able to sit up, the doctor urged the necessity of her l
a season. He said, that in all probability a relapse
and if that came on before her strength was somev
there was no possibility of her escape,—she would
into the grave.

When in Calcutta, as I could find no way of se
Brahmin's beads and holy thread (the thread is called
beads, *mala*), I left them with the Rev. J. Thomas,
Mission Press. He kindly promised to send them to
Leechman and Russell, on their return to England
both packed up in a small tin box, and will, no doubt
all safety by the despatch.

Allow me to tell our dear young friends, that the H
kinds of holy beads. The first kind I shall mention

bead worn about the neck. They are merely a mark to show the wearer is a Hindoo, and were, no doubt, forced upon them by the Mussulmans. The followers of the false prophet never wear that sort of beads. These beads are made from the shell of the wood-apple, a very fine, white, hard wood, resembling the cocoa-nut-shell in firmness, though not in colour,—that is black, this white wood. There are other kinds of wooden beads worn by Hindoos, but these are by far the most common,—the kind I send you.

Now, to mention the praying beads, they are deemed a very important thing, and are made of tulsee. Tulsee wood, I believe, is a kind of hyssop, that plant mentioned by David in the fifty-first Psalm. The tulsee is not a large plant, but quite large enough for the Hindoo worship. Almost every Hindoo has a plant of this sacred kind near the door of his house. If any one is expected to die before they could reach the banks of the river, to throw them down there, they are brought out, whether by day or night, and thrust under or near the tulsee. By this, they say, they go to heaven. Should they die in the house before they can reach the tulsee, they become a devil in that house. The praying beads are much larger than the sort used for the neck. When used in prayer, they are not carried open in the hand, as the Mussulmans carry their fine beads of prayer, but are put into a praying purse. This purse or bag is hung on the first finger of the right hand, the left never being allowed to touch it, because that is unholy and unclean. Thus, hanging on the first finger, the thumb and second finger are in the bag holding the beads, while they repeat the name Ram, Ram, Ram; or Krishnoo, Krishnoo, Krishnoo, or any other god's name they fancy, and for every time they repeat the name, they pass a bead, and by this means they keep a strict account of the times they say that name. Their gods were great rogues, so it is necessary they should be watchful;—for in this way they are careful never to let the left hand know what the right is doing.

The Hindoo values his beads; the Mussulman his beard. Here,

you see, Satan is not very nice in the choice of the thing he offers the poor sinner for his never-dying soul. He does not tempt all with all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof. He knows well what to set before the eye of the soul,—what to all appearances is the most worthless and trifling, that he uses,—whether it be a little bit of an apple, or a small bead made from the shell of the wood-apple, or a fine flowing beard, or a little beard like the brush of a goat's tail, or a thing like the pud of the rabbit; it is all one to the father of lies, so that it but take, and answer his purpose. Many Mussulmans fancy they will find great favour, if not a full pardon, for a good big beard; and the man with the little beard feels assured he will be favoured for the little pud he has, and he will milk it through his hand, or comb it with his bony fingers, a hundred times a day; many, while talking with you, keep milking, or combing their two or three stumps of hairs, with the greatest delight, and will sigh, sigh deeply, because they have nothing but a few straggling stumps. Unless one saw it with his own eyes he could hardly believe such madness could find a place among men. But, Oh think of the first temptation!—what more trifling than a little bit of fruit? yet by that we are all doomed to die. These are the nets by which Satan holds millions of souls. Oh, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—A bead? a small wooden bead? or a little stunted beard?

During my absence Paul was engaged as follows:—He attended and watched over the school during the fore part of the day, and in the afternoon he attended to the distribution of tracts and Scriptures in the bazaar, and to reading and conversation with the natives. God allowed none to fall upon him. You know, in all large towns there are always a few bad boys to be seen wandering about, watching to do some wicked thing; so here, since my return, I have found it the case. More than once they have torn up the Word of Life, and dashed it at my head; once the fragments were so small, and dashed with such violence, you would have thought more like

flakes of snow in a storm than bits of paper. However, God is very good; such storms are easily borne. Let patience have its perfect work. Kindly remember us in prayer, and that those poor souls may be delivered. What a mercy they are very few in number. The great mass of the people do not approve of their conduct. May the Missionaries' God be with you all; and may ye know the heart of the pilgrims of Christ; may all of you have the very heart itself.

Yours very affectionately,

H. SMYLLIE.

Memorandum.—The 50 Rs., or £5, you kindly sent, was duly received; and from that Paul has been paid for the months of September, October, November, and December, 1850. There is still one month in hand, which will be due to him on the 1st of February, for January, 1851. Paul has hitherto been a very useful man—yet very young.

NAINSOOKH, THE NATIVE PREACHER.

[Our readers will be happy to know a little more about this good man. Mr. Parsons has kindly forwarded to us the following particulars of his early history.]

Monghir, March 28, 1851.

MY VERY DEAR AND RESPECTED BROTHER,—I now take an opportunity to fulfil my promise of relating one or two more incidents in Nainsookh's history.

The class of Brahmins to whom Nainsookh's father belonged do not follow any trade, but are supported by the gifts of those to whom they minister as priests—to perform idolatrous ceremonies; or as pundits and gooroos, that is, spiritual instructors—to read the Shasters, and settle doubts and questions in regard to them. To do these offices, and receive the gifts and fees, on which they live, they have to go about to their disciples' houses, often to great distances. Nainsookh's father had once to go to a wealthy disciple who lived

far from Jyepore, and he took his son with him. But between the home and the place to which they were going, there was a large tract of wild, uninhabited country, infested by robbers, which it was dangerous to pass, that travellers generally waited at the last village before they came to it, till a great many had collected together, that they might protect one another from danger. Nainsookh and his father thought themselves very fortunate to fall in with a large caravan of travelling merchants, such as trade between the north-west part of Hindostan and Bombay, and are generally well armed for protection in these wild districts, through which they pass.

So in their company they set out; and, had an enemy attacked them when they had been encamped at night, with the baggage from off their hundreds of oxen piled around as a stockade, and all their tents, cattle, and families collected within this rude kind of fortification, which they were provided with arms and ammunition to defend, they would have found it difficult to plunder them. But as they were travelling by day, scattered in a long, long line over the narrow road, a troop of plundering soldiers, belonging to a neighbouring rajah, fell on them, and robbed them of all, even to the jewels with which their wives and children were adorned. Nainsookh, too, and his father were deprived of their horses, clothes, money, and supplies of food, and left in a piteous state, with a long desert road before them, where there was no village, and scarce a solitary hut where they could beg a morsel of food. Nainsookh's father, relying on his honourable character as a Brahmin and a pundit, ventured among the plunderers, and even into the presence of their captain, and begged, in the name of religion, that if he would not restore their property, he would, at least, even as an alms, give him food to last them till they could pass through the desert. But his entreaty was disregarded, and the commander sternly ordered his poor victims away, and told them they might think him very kind to bid a soldier accompany them, and prevent any of his troop from putting them to death ere they got beyond the limits of his camp.

Thus Nainsookh and his father were reduced to great distress. It was very cold weather, and they had not clothes sufficient to keep them warm. They could only lie down on the yet warm ashes of the fire they had been sitting at, to protect them a little from the chill of the night. They were no better off for food. They met with a poor hermit, who, not without much ill humour, gave them a little wheat, and that they ate in a raw state to satisfy their hunger. When, after many hardships, they reached the place they were going to, they were not only hungry and ill-clothed, but Nainsookh's father had also fallen ill through fatigue and irregular food. However, they were preserved; and after staying a while with their wealthy disciple, who made up some of their losses to them, they returned through the desert, without interruption, to their home; for God had much work in store for Nainsookh, in calling poor sinners to put themselves under the protection of Jesus, that He may deliver them from Satan, who lurks in the jungles of sin, to plunder them of their eternal happiness, and bring them under his torturing tyranny for ever.

THE BIBLE IN AFRICA.

TOIL-WORN and faint, o'er Afric's burning sands
Two travellers journey'd; 't was a stranger-land.
Athirst and hungry, wearily they moved,
Friendless and far away from all they loved;
Away from all save One. His pitying eye,
Who hears the ravens when for food they cry,
Who watches o'er the desert's lonely flower,
Was on them still in that distressing hour.
He sent a pitying woman to their side;
Soon the dark stranger every want supplied.
And when they ask'd her whence her kindness came,
She said, "I do it in my Master's name."

You serve the Saviour ; I would serve him too.
From love to him I minister to you."

Oh! it were sweet to find love's holy light
Thus burning brightly in that land of night!
For years its steady flame had softly shone,
Like a fair star that treads the heavens alone.
The travellers asked, " Who told you of our Lord?"
" 'T was his own voice," she said, " his blessed Word.
Years have pass'd by since to my childish hand
A Christian stranger, from a distant land,
Gave this most precious treasure;" and she drew
A tiny, well-worn volume forth to view.

" 'T was here I lighted first faith's heavenward flame,
And here for fresh supplies of oil I came.
Nor hath it failed me yet, nor ever will;
Where first I trusted, I am trusting still.
From this bless'd book I know that you and I,
Strangers, are children of one family;
To meet at last, life's little journey o'er,
Beside our Father's throne, and part no more."

Juv. Miss. Rep.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



JAPAN.

FOR many hundreds of years the people of Japan have refused to hold any intercourse with the nations of the earth. If any ships happened to enter their harbours,

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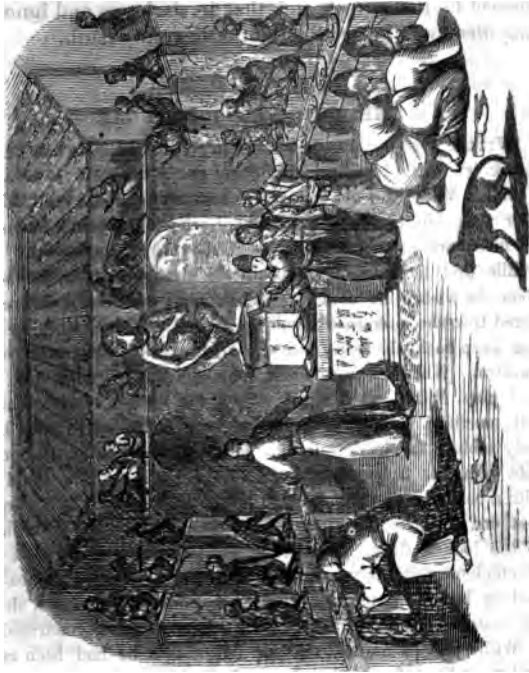
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[OCTOBER

they have always been carefully watched, that the sailors should not speak with those on shore. Hence we know very little of their customs, or of their religion. i

In this month's *Herald* we have, however, given two pictures that tell us something of their habits and of the gods they worship. The first relates to a custom the Japanese practice once a year in memory of their friends who are dead. The festival is kept by visiting their graves, and carrying provisions thither for the dead to eat. It lasts two days. Every house is illuminated. And all through the dusk of evening the people flock to the grave-yards, which are outside the city. They believe that their dead friends then leave their graves to speak with them. They congratulate them on their return to life, and invite them to visit their old homes. After a while the dead are supposed to be ready to go, and the people flock with torches to meet and welcome them. But when the two days are over, stones are thrown about in every direction to drive them back to their graves. If one remains behind, it is supposed some great misfortune will happen.

Like other nations in the East, the Japanese are idolaters. They worship many gods. Among them is the monkey. They build great temples, or pagodas, for their sacred monkeys. In the middle of the temple is an altar; on the altar they place a small pedestal, and on this the monkey, or ape, they worship. All round the sides of the temple, under the roof, and in niches in the walls, they set up many more monkey-idols. Before the monkey in the centre of the temple is a brass vessel, on which the priest strikes with a mallet to quicken the devotions of the worshippers.



The reason they give for this foolish and wicked worship is, that the souls of men who are dead dwell in the mon-
keys. Thus are they ignorant of the true God, and of that
eternal life in heaven with God which the righteous in-

herit and enjoy. Let us pray that Japan may be opened to the gospel, and that its darkness and ignorance may flee away before the light of heavenly truth.

THE BOY WHO TOLD A LIE.

WILLIE lived in a pleasant street in New York. He was a black-eyed little boy, with rosy cheeks.

When Willie was old enough to learn to read and spell, his mother took him to a very good school, where two gentle ladies took as nice care of the children as if they were their own. Willie first looked around on all the strange boys in the school-room, and he wished he could see his mamma; and though he remembered that she promised to call for him at twelve o'clock, he did not keep back the tears, and wiped his eyes till they were swollen. When the recess-bell rang, and the boys began to play, Willie cried aloud. Soon his mother came. He felt mortified to be crying like a baby, and tried to stop, but only sobbed the louder, for his heart was very full. His mother told him that if he would put on his hat quickly, she would show him a beautiful peacock on the corner of the street, spread out its feathers. As they came to the court-yard where the peacocks were, Willie looked through the fence, and first saw a hen with a brood of chickens following her, then a great many spotted guinea fow, and at last the peacock in the corner under a large tree, showing his beautiful tail until the little chickens were terribly alarmed.

Willie was so amused that he forgot that he had been in school, and went home for his lunch very happy. At one o'clock, his mother came and took him to school again. "When you come home at four o'clock, I expect to be out," said his mother; "but don't put on the apron that you play in, and stay in the yard with Harry till I return." She then kissed him for "good by."

watched after him as he ran on alone, until she saw him open the door and go in, and then went home herself.

At four o'clock Willie returned from school. His father and mother were out, and he remembered that he had leave to go and play. He went into his mother's chamber to take his apron from a drawer, and there was no one there. Some books were left on the table, with a little card-basket, and a fountain inkstand. He had always thought that was a funny sort of an inkstand, and he should like to see if he could manage it. So he commenced screwing the top. It turned easily, and he moved it rapidly, so that the ink flowed over into the bowl. He did not know how to stop it, but kept on screwing it until it nearly all ran over. He felt sorry, for his father was always annoyed by anything untidy, and he knew he ought not to have meddled with it. But he put on his apron and went to play with Harry till he entirely forgot it. In the evening, as he sat in the chamber beside his father and mother, his father noticed the inkstand, and said, "Who has used the inkstand in such a way? Have you, Willie?" "No, sir," said he. "But," said his mother, "did you not turn the screw, Willie, and find it running over itself?" "You did not see me do it, did you, mamma?" said he. "No, Willie," she answered, "I was not at home; but did you not do it?" "No, ma'am," said he, "I did not do it." He then kissed his father and mother and went to bed. After he had said his prayers and laid his head on the pillow, he felt very sad. His heart ached, but he tried to sing. Then he called out to his mother in the next room, "Mamma, are you there?" Then he shut his eyes, but he could not sleep. He felt afraid, for he had told a lie. He knew it was sinful to tell lies, and he wished he could tell his mother that he did spill the ink; but he had not courage to do that.

Just then his father came into his chamber to see if his little boy slept comfortably, and found him awake. "Willie," said his father again, very sadly, "did you touch that inkstand to-

day?" "Yes, papa, I did do it," said he. "Oh!" said his father "why did you tell me that you did not? You have offended God, who is your greatest and best friend, who will punish you with a guilty conscience; and I am angry with you for attempting to deceive me. The ink itself was a very little thing, but telling lies is wicked and hateful in the sight of God. I must punish you for it; but you may lie still and think of it now." Willie felt guilty and unhappy. He cried himself to sleep, and in the morning could not go into his father's chamber as usual, but stayed away alone until breakfast-time. He could not eat much, for no one noticed him. He went to school with a heavy heart. He cried a great many times during the day, and the boys thought he cried because he wanted to see his mother. But he felt as if his parents did not love him so much as they did before he told the lie, and when he was with them he could not look in their faces. He loved to sit by his father at dinner, but now he had no wish to eat. He could not feel happy anywhere. The dreadful feeling which took away his relish for anything, was remorse. It was the sting of a guilty conscience that poor little Willie felt when he went to bed; and when he said in his prayer, "Pardon all my bad behaviour," he felt very sorry for his wickedness, and wished his father to forgive him. He did forgive him, and prayed God to forgive him too, and take away from him a disposition to tell lies. When Willie felt himself forgiven, he almost cried for joy. He kissed his father and mother, and, clinging fondly to them, said again and again, "I will not tell lies any more. Only wicked boys tell lies. I will not tell any more; will I, papa?" Do you think he ever did?—*New York Recorder*.

CONVERSION OF EREBON.

MR. SUTTON in his new work on Orissa gives us an interesting account of the conversion of Erebon.

He was the son of Erun, the first convert baptized in Orissa.

When Erebon's father, became a Christian, his mother remained a heathen. She trained her son in all the hideous pollutions of idolatry, and urged him to practise the most abominable crimes. Thus he became very wicked, and no one expected that Erebon would be converted to God.

But he was very miserable, and once, in his despair and misery, he tried to destroy himself. But God preserved him, that he might become a monument of His grace. Before, however, he returned to God like the prodigal, he resolved to be an ascetic, or fakir. He hoped by punishing his body, by fasting, and by suffering, to have his sins taken away. It was all of no use. He could find no peace. Another time he resolved to leave all his friends, and go to live alone in the forest. To prepare for this, he did not eat any food for a week. While exhausted and weak, some of the native preachers met him. They said, "Come with us, and we will do thee good." Balogie, one of the native preachers, prayed with him. Tears stayed his prayers. But God heard their sobbings. The Holy Spirit opened Erebon's eyes. He saw his wickedness, and grieved over his disobedience to his father. His heart was turned to the Lord.

And now Erebon desired to be numbered among the disciples of Christ. "Come what may," he said, "let reproach, or tribulation, or persecution be my lot, 'this people shall be my people, their God shall be my God;' I will live and die with them."

In the presence of thousands of spectators, young and old, rich and poor, the Missionary led him down into the water and baptized him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. On the following day he was received into the Church; and there, surrounding the table of the Lord, sat the venerable father, eighty-four years of age, and his once wicked son, but still the child of many prayers, rejoicing together with the rest of the Lord's people, in the saving, redeeming blood of Christ.

THE TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

FOR several years the churches of Christ in America have had a mission among the inhabitants of Asia Minor. Among the converts was one named Yeranûhi. She was the wife of one of the native pastors. In the following letter from Constantinople, the Missionary, the Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, gives a very interesting account of her departure to the regions of everlasting happiness. He says:—

“Until within ten minutes of her death, she was able to speak with her husband and others concerning the heavenly world. Some days before her departure, he asked her whether she expected to die, to which she replied that this seemed to her very probable.

“‘Are you afraid to die?’

“‘Not at all,’ she answered, ‘because I shall go to heaven.’

“‘Are you fit for heaven?’

“She replied, ‘I have made my God angry with me; but through Christ my Mediator, I hope to be accepted.’

“‘Are you confident that you shall be accepted?’

“‘Yes,’ she answered, ‘Jesus Christ is a mighty Redeemer.’ Subsequently, after he had read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with her, he again asked her, ‘Are you afraid when I speak to you of death?’

“She replied, ‘No; why should I be afraid?’ On another occasion, he asked whether she would like to have him sing a hymn? to which she very heartily assented. He then commenced singing an Armenian translation of—

“‘How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear,’ &c.

But his own tears flowed so fast, he was soon obliged to desist. She begged him not to try to sing any more, as it caused him to weep so much. He told her that if his weeping troubled her, he would endeavour to restrain it; but if it did not injure her, he

ged she would permit him to weep, and afterwards he would sing again; to which she assented. He soon sung another hymn, and then, at her request, prayed.

"A brother from Adabazar called, and she took him by the hand, and said, 'Farewell, brother; I am going to Christ. I hope that we shall meet each other there.' Soon afterwards, she kissed her husband, and said, 'Farewell, my beloved husband. Do not mourn for me.'

"Her husband then asked her, 'Are you sorry that you are about to leave this world?'

"'No, no,' said she, 'I am not in the least sorry; but I rejoice at I am about to behold my dear Saviour's face.'

"'Do you not mourn that you are about to be separated from your children?'

"'Not at all,' she replied, 'for I know that you will look well for them, and I commit them to you and to the Lord.'

"She then requested to see her daughter once more, and she kissed her and said, 'Farewell, my beloved child! May I see you in heaven!'

"Priest Harutun then came in, and she was much rejoiced to see him. 'Farewell!' said she to him; 'I am going to heaven; although I have not a particle of worthiness of my own, but am a great sinner, yet my Saviour is a mighty Saviour, and he will receive me; I am confident in him.' The poor priest was melted into tears. Her husband then said to her, 'My beloved wife, I beg that you will not grieve, but answer this one question—Do you desire now to die, or to live, if that were possible?'

"She replied, 'I desire nothing that would be against His will; at, with my whole heart, I now desire to die. I have no wish to remain in this evil world, and while I am in the body I am absent from the Lord.'

"'Do you confidently believe that Christ is going to receive you?'

" 'Yes,' she replied, 'I am confident in Him.'

" 'Have you no fear at all lest you may be lost and go to hell?'

" 'Oh,' said she, 'if it depended on me, I should greatly fear; but Christ strengthens me, so that now not the slightest fear remains.'

" In the afternoon of the same day (the day of her death), the following conversation took place between her and her husband. Feeling a fresh paroxysm of disease, she called him to her and said, 'It is all done; I am now going; but I am sorry that I am not to see the daylight any more, but that I am departing in the dark.' She seemed not to be aware that this was owing to the dimness of her sight before death.

" 'It is of no consequence, my dear wife,' said her husband; 'in a short time you will enter the world of eternal light. Do you not think so?'

" 'Yes,' she said, 'but I am sorry that I do not see you now.'

" 'Jesus Christ is waiting for you now,' he replied; 'his arms are extended to receive your weary soul, and give it eternal rest. Are you confident in Him? Do you believe in Jesus Christ, unto salvation?'

" 'O, yes,' she answered.

" 'But do you not sometimes think that you are not, after all, a very great sinner, for you have not been guilty of any flagrant sins?'

" 'O, no,' said she, 'I have been a vile sinner.'

" 'But did you not also perform many good deeds, on account of which God will pass by your sins?'

" 'Not at all!' she exclaimed, 'not at all! I did nothing for which he can accept me. I always sinned, and God will receive me only through the merits of his dear Son.'

" 'Are you sure of that?' (that is, of being accepted).

" 'O, yes,' she replied; 'thanks be to God, who enables me to believe thus.'

"Are you glad, my dear, that you were the wife of a minister of Christ, and that you came with me here to preach Christ to poor sinners?"

"She replied, 'Oh, I am very glad—very glad, indeed.'

"Her husband then prayed, and after he had finished, he asked her if she would not also pray. She then began thus:—

"O Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I come to thee; but I am filled with pain that I am such a sinner! Blessed Saviour! I thank thee that thou didst shed thy blood for me, and now I have the pardon of my sins through thy intercession. Save me, and permit me to behold thy glorious countenance, and rest in thy bosom. Pardon all my sins, O sweet Jesus.' * * * * Here her voice failed her, and she sunk down as if near to death.

"Her husband, calling her by name in a loud voice, asked whether she heard anything. A sigh informed him that she did when he said, 'Be courageous; you are entering into eternal joy. Happy are you—but, alas! for me!'

"She slightly smiled, and then opening her eyes, with partially restored sight, and seeing a Christian brother standing by her bedside, she said, 'Give me your hand, brother, and rejoice with me that I am going to be with Christ in heaven.' She immediately sunk down again under the power of her disease, and all waited in silence for her departure. After a little while, to the astonishment and joy of those present, she began to pray thus, with a very feeble voice:—'O Jesus! I come to thee; receive my spirit. Lord Jesus, I am unworthy, but thou art my Saviour. O blessed Christ, Ch-ri-st, Ch-ris' * * * and thus her voice failed her tongue, and she never spoke again. In ten minutes from that time she gently expired, and we doubt not was ushered into the immediate presence of that glorious Saviour in whom alone she trusted, and whose name was so precious to her in life and in death. Blessed gospel of Jesus Christ! that gives such support and comfort to poor sinners when sinking in the arms of death! Truly death is a

abolished to the believer, and 'life and immortality are brought to light.'"

THE OLD GOOROO AND HIS DISCIPLES.

FOR several years the Missionaries of Jesus Christ laboured in the district of Orissa, and almost within sight of the great temple of Juggernaut, without any of the natives showing signs of conversion to God. At length an old Gooroo, or spiritual guide to a number of devoted disciples, or pupils, opened the way for the gospel, and from amongst them came the first converts.

The Gooroo's name was Sundradas. In his youth he had been a soldier in the army of one of the hill-chieftains in Orissa. If he had ever learnt to read, he soon lost it. He was very clever, very shrewd, and very witty. First he became a devotee; that is, he professed himself very much attached and very devoted to the worship of his gods. After a time he set up to be a teacher of others. He was very glad to obtain for disciples such as could read the shastras, or sacred books, whom he employed to instruct others, and to find fault with the wickedness of the princes and the priests.

Now Sundradas also pretended to be somewhat of a prophet. He said people should soon become pious and live at peace with each other. There should be no more falsehood, no more war, no more fraud. The cattle should go and return from their pastures without a keeper. The fields should want no hedges to protect the corn from robbery. The people should be dressed in silk, and live happily together as brethren. Even white men were to treat him as their spiritual guide. And he pretended that the meeting he had with the Missionaries was the beginning of his happy reign.

Sundradas taught his disciples to avoid eating certain kinds of food, to bathe at certain hours, to live as brothers, and to pay no respect to caste. He established a frequent burnt-offering of ghee, or clarified butter, and night revels, which were called *satsung*, or communion with the true.

One of his disciples, named Rama Chandra, who afterwards became a Christian, tells us, that Sundradas gave him much instruction about the worship of the Spirit. He was commanded to bathe twice a day, to offer water to the sun, to eat at the second hour of the day, to indulge the body with ease and food, to work little, and to eat what he pleased. But he was forbidden to use warm drink, tobacco, fish, flesh, oil, and other things.

The Gooroo's disciples were further forbidden to lie, or steal, or commit adultery, or be angry, envious, or hypocritical. Beside these things he taught them it was foolish to worship idols, to go on pilgrimage to them, to offer sacrifices, to fast, to mark their bodies, or to wear the sacred thread. "All things," said he, "are full of God: worship him." Many good and useful instructions he gave his disciples, and told them that the world would soon be destroyed; but they that put their trust in God, and kept his commandments, would be preserved.

These instructions were well received by his disciples. They obeyed him. They left off idol-worship, and tied the idols to the roofs of their houses. They left off sacrifices and pilgrimages. They no longer worshipped cows, or brahmins. They tried to love all men and to worship God in spirit. Thus God prepared many of them to become disciples of Christ, and his children by faith and love.

As the gospel was preached about Orissa by the Missionaries, and books were given to the people, a small catechism, containing the ten commandments, and other Christian doctrines, was carried by one of his disciples to the old Gooroo. Sundradas was greatly delighted with the book, and he determined to teach the commandments to his disciples. This led them to seek the Missionaries for more books; and at last they wished the Missionaries to see their teacher. The Gooroo had prepared to meet them by spreading cloths under a wide-spreading banian tree, and on their approach he hastened to welcome them. His only dress was a chain round his

waist, with a shred of cloth hanging down from it. A smile played about his lips, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure. As the Missionaries drew near he cast himself on the ground before them to salute them. They raised him up and shook him by the hand.

And now they spake of Christ Jesus, and of the great salvation, and the old Gooroo uttered many very true and correct remarks on the folly of idolatry, and of caste. He said to his disciples that truth was in the New Testament. "There are," he said, "gifts of rice, of clothing, and of wisdom; but this is wisdom, the highest gift. Rice decays, clothing perishes, but wisdom never dies. Take this, my children, and let it be your guide; all the silver and gold in the world cannot purchase this."

Many times did the Missionaries talk with the old Gooroo. Many of those disciples of his, who they saw that day, were added to the church of Christ; but the old Gooroo never confessed his name. At last he said he was himself Jesus Christ, and even appointed twelve apostles, after the example of Christ. He persecuted those that left him, and died without repentance. As the hour of his departure was at hand, he told those about him that He who made him had sent for him. He desired his body might be buried in his house. There it rests, and is worshipped by a few of his ignorant disciples.

It is very sad to think how near to the kingdom of God the old Gooroo came, and that he should at last have rejected the Saviour whom so many of his followers embraced. Even so, there are many in our Sabbath-schools, who know the grace and the love of Jesus, who may, perhaps, teach his words to others, and yet do not themselves serve and love him. Is it so with you, dear reader? Happy are ye, if ye not only hear the words of Jesus, but do them.

We hope to give, by and by, some particulars of the lives of some of the old Gooroo's disciples who became the disciples of Christ.

THE WORSHIP OF BAAL STILL IN EXISTENCE.

THE worship of Baal ranks amongst the oldest and most widely diffused of heathen superstitions. It is often mentioned in the Bible, and prevailed in the nations far and wide around Judea. It is the same as that of Bala among the Hindoos. It now appears that it still prevails in Australia, especially in its eastern part. Baal-baal is the name of a place on a river there. Baal is also the name for fire; and sun-worship was formerly practised by the inhabitants of Port Jackson, who called it Baal. When a native feels he will be benighted, he propitiates the luminary, his Baal, by placing a lighted stick in the fork of a tree facing the sun, in order to delay sunset; and then, in certain faith, proceeds homewards. The rites of Baal, now as well as in ancient times, are marked by blood and human sacrifice.

GUIRGIS.

"Another Jewel for the Saviour's Crown."

ANOTHER gem for the Saviour's crown!

Wrought out from a darksome mine;

A gem so bright with its wondrous light,

That the stars it must outshine.

'Twas a worthy work, down the dreary mine

To press with a courage bold;

And from thence to bring this treasure to Him,

Worth a price on the earth untold.

A worthy work! at the last great day

To all it will thus appear;

In dignity high, it will fill each eye,

As the work to have chosen here.

For, when his jewels the King of kings
Shall number up on high,
He will prize this gem in his diadem,
Far more than the starry sky.

And such a gem in eternity long,
Will nor lustre nor beauty lose,
But its glorious rays on his brows shall blaze,
With ever brightening hues.

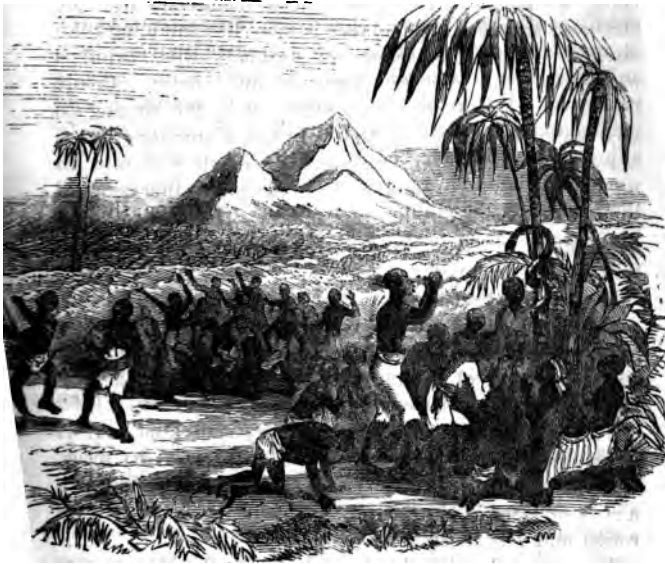
Oh, who will still go to the distant mine,
And gather the jewels there?
Who will loose his hold on the glittering gold,
That he in this work may share?

Journal of Missions



A JOGEE OR FAKIR WHO CUTS HIMSELF BY WAY OF DOING
PENANCE.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



SNAKE WORSHIP IN HAITI.

THE religion of Haiti is, for the most part, the religion of Rome. There are, however, a great many people who practise the wicked worship of Africa. Of late years, a number of persons have united themselves together for the worship of the snake. They call themselves Les Indous.

A little more than a year ago, our Missionary at Jacmel,

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M

[NOVEMBER.]

Mr. Webley, passed by one of the booths they had erected for the purpose of performing their worship. It consists chiefly of dances. The people throw themselves into the strangest attitudes. The dance is more like tumbling than anything else. The songs are strangely wild, being a medley of the African, Spanish and native Creole languages. Mr. Webley was attracted by the singing to approach one of their booths. He saw a number of men, women and children, ranged in a circle, all prostrate on their knees on the ground, as if in deep devotion, singing in chorus one of their wild songs. He was told, on questioning one of the people, that they were in the act of worshipping a snake.

Mr. Webley turned away to weep over their ignorance, their folly and their sin. At that hour there were fifty such booths in the town. It was their hour of prayer, and some hundreds of the misguided people must have been occupied in this idolatrous worship.

The music of the dances is of a very wild kind. It is made by tomtoms, calabashes filled with hard dry seeds, and shaken together, and sheets of rusty tin, beaten with a stick or piece of thick wire. Of course the music is very rough and very noisy.

It is no wonder that these people dislike the Missionaries and the Word of God, which condemns their wicked deeds. Often will they tear the tracts that are given them, & refuse to listen to the words of truth and soberness. J God's Spirit has touched the hearts of some: and five six, who were in prison for conspiracy against Emperor, have been converted to God. We may at a future time give our readers an account of them.

THE GREAT BLESSING—WHAT IS IT?

You all know, dear children, that every blessing of your life comes from your heavenly Father. Every breath you draw, every supply of your bodily wants, everything that makes you comfortable, healthy, and happy, *He* gives. I trust you thank Him daily for His unceasing goodness and mercy. To fail to do this is deeply ungrateful and sinful.

It is very useful to think over the particular favours which God bestows upon us, and the more we do this, the more sensible do we become of His infinite kindness, and the more do we find we have to excite our gratitude and praise. But I have been thinking lately very much of *one* blessing which is truly precious, but which I fear is not sufficiently valued. I wonder if you, the bright-eyed happy little ones who read these lines, have ever thought particularly about it? I am sure that many, perhaps all of you, have this blessing; but I know, too, multitudes of little children that do not have it, and I pity them. They may have abundance of comfortable food and clothing; pleasant homes, and everything needful for the body; they may have kind parents and loving friends to take care of them; they may have beautiful toys and playthings, and story-books without number, with everything they could wish for their amusement; and yet if they have not this *one* blessing, I pity them.

But what *can* it be, you ask, that is worth so much more than money, and clothing, and kind friends, and books? I will tell you, dear children: I mean *the blessing of religious parents who pray for you*. Ah! little know you, now, in the careless gaiety of your childhood, how rich a treasure you hold in your parents' prayers for you. Every day, as the dear ones of the household gather around the family altar, are heaven's choicest blessings invoked upon you. Many a time, as you have laid your weary head upon the pillow, has your kind mother knelt by your side and asked God to keep

and guide, and bless you, as she, even in the fulness of her love, has not the power to do. If you have been ill, how earnestly have your parents prayed for your recovery to health! If absent from home, how fervently have they commended you to God's protection! And many, many a time that neither you nor I can tell; perhaps in the still night, when nearly every human sound was hushed; perhaps when you were in circumstances of trial, or temptation, or danger, has that Great Being "who neither slumbers nor sleeps" listened to the supplication of your parents in your behalf!

A few years ago, when Dr. Judson was in his own country, some one asked his little daughter, who accompanied him, "if she was not afraid when coming over the great ocean to America?" "Why, no," said she; "father prayed for us." How sweet the sense of safety and protection that this little girl felt, even amid the dangers of a long voyage, believing so heartily as she did, that God would hear her father's prayers, and take care of them all the way! *She* felt the blessing of a praying father; and when, recently, she received the sad news of his death, do you not believe that while she mourned the loss of so excellent a parent, she also grieved for the loss of his prayers?

Let me tell you of a little boy, about eleven years old, whose parents have sought to train him up in the fear of God. For several years his father (the late Rev. H. A. Graves) was an invalid, and was obliged to seek a milder climate, where the air is softer and warmer than it is here. The change was beneficial, and for a time his disease was stayed; but a few months ago he became more ill; his strength failed, his frame grew weaker day by day, and it was very plain that he would soon die. About midnight, a few months ago, his wife was reading to him an account of a wicked man who attempted to steal money from a bank, and was shot. As she read she spoke of their own dear Charley, who would soon be left fatherless, and for that reason the more exposed to those temptations that crowd so thickly the path of the young. The

father lifted an earnest prayer for his little son: "Lord, keep him! Lord, bless him!" and in an hour after, just as the Sabbath dawned on earth, his soul ascended to heaven, and he entered his eternal rest. These earnest petitions were the last words of that dying father, and, in the circumstances of that hour, how full of meaning! "Lord, keep him!" From what, think you, children, did he desire God should "keep" his beloved child? There are many painful and distressing things which every parent wishes his children should escape, but is not ~~sin~~ the greatest of all evils? It was from that, in its thousand forms, that this Christian father, in the last words he had breath to speak, prayed that Charley might be preserved: from the sin of his own natural heart; from the corrupting influences of ungodly associates; from the snares and allurements of those deceitful pleasures which the world offers. And that other petition, "Lord, bless him!" Oh, how full of the tenderest affection was his heart, as he uttered this prayer! How do you think he desired God to "bless" his son? With wealth that should bring him luxury and ease and splendour? With a noble name, that every lip should praise? With rare mental gifts, that should have the power to move at will thousands of minds and hearts? No—no, not these, but better, purer, richer gifts, by far, did he implore. A heart reconciled to God in Jesus Christ, loving to render Him a service of obedience and faith and reverence,—oh! is not *this* the best of blessings? And thus did that fond father pray that Charley might be blessed. What richer legacy could he receive than such prayers, uttered just before his father entered that holy, happy home in heaven, that he so loved to anticipate? Happy child! though many hearts weep with him and for him, so early bereaved, yet we too find solace in commending him to God, to "keep" and to "bless."

Dear children, are you not grateful that your father and mother, besides being so good, and kind, and affectionate, also *pray* for you? Will you not, henceforth, love them more, and strive, each of you,

to become a better child? You know not how long they may live to watch over you. The little girl and the little boy of whom I have told you, are now both fatherless. Will you not, with all your hearts, thank God, "the Giver of every good and perfect gift," that your parents pray for you, and ask Him to help you to become all that they desire?

A——.

THE CONVERTED BAIRAGEE.

As our Missionary, Mr. Smith, of Chitoura, was one day preaching in the mela of Buteshwar, surrounded by a crowd of curious hearers, he saw approach a Bairagee, or wandering fakir. He stopped to listen. He gave a most close attention to the words of the Saviour's servant, and slowly crept nearer and nearer to his side. There for some time he stood. His mouth was wide open, as if he would swallow the words of the speaker; and, indeed, he was being fed with the bread of life. His eyes glistened and shone with interest. His body was erect, and as motionless as a statue, while now and then, when anything seemed very interesting to him, his face put on a pleasant smile.

Now this man had for many years felt anxious about his eternal welfare, and he had set out from home to seek it. His search had been in vain. He had travelled thousands of miles, dragging his weary limbs along the dusty roads, and over the burning plains of India. He had visited Juggernaut, and bowed before that horrid idol; and to many other supposed holy places had he gone on pilgrimage. But his heart was as hard as ever. It was as full of sin as ever. He mixed with vile and wicked men, ate intoxicating drugs, until his heart became yet harder, and he could scarcely be said to feel.

But now he heard strange things. He heard of a Saviour; of a Saviour able and willing to save the vilest of the vile; one who gave his life a ransom for rebels like himself. He listens. He

listens again, doubting whether he hears correctly. Again he hears, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." And this is glad news to him. It just suits him. He is convinced that all his pilgrimages, his sufferings, his gods, are vain. They cannot save him; but Jesus can.

He looks at himself, daubed with mud, a brass chain about him, and scarcely clothing enough to cover his nakedness. He says, "I have left all for salvation—home and friends, and all that is dear to me in this world; but until now I have found no hope, not one gleam of light to guide my soul through the world's dark waves and billows. I will now surrender all my own works, my brass chains, my malas, my tilaks, and I will take refuge in Jesus."

And he washed himself, stripped off his idol-ornaments, and sat down at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind.

His former companions have tried to get him back again, and would have forced him away. But he kept close to the side of the Missionary, and went with him to the Christian village. There he now is, anxious to be able to make known the Saviour to his poor deluded countrymen.

BRAHMIN DEVOTION.

LITTLE Mary had just returned home with her dear mamma. They had visited a poor old man, who for many years had been confined to his bed. He was very happy, but very poor. But although poor, his trust in the goodness of God never left him. And God was very gracious to him. Many kind people, who knew his poverty and his long sufferings, helped him. Old William was fed by the kind providence of God, and God's people showed their devotion and love to God by the care they took of this aged saint.



On her mamma's work-table there lay a book full of pictures, in which might be seen the manners and customs of many nations. It was a large book, and Mary was fond of turning over its leaves to look at the curious figures it contained. She now opened at a page where were drawn the figures of men in various attitudes, all to illustrate the devotion of the Brahmins of India. In one corner were men sitting on the ground cutting their bodies with knives. Then next came a Jogee, who sat cross-legged for many years without changing his posture. But there were two

pictures different to these. In one a Jogee was feeding a peacock, and in the other, two Brahmins were feeding birds. If my little readers will look at the picture on the other page, they will see what Mary saw.

She said, "Mamma, do Brahmins love birds, that they take care of them?" "That is not the reason, my child, why they feed them, and let them perch on their hands and heads." "What is the reason then, mamma?" inquired little Mary. "Tell me, Mary," said her mamma, "why we visited old William to-day?" "To take him food, and warm bedding against the cold wintry nights and days," was the little girl's reply. "But why should we do this to old William," inquired her mamma. "Because," said Mary, "old William is a disciple of the Saviour." "Yes, my child; and because I love the Saviour, I wish to prove that I love Him by taking care to supply the wants of those that fear His name." "Is that, mamma, the same as giving a cup of cold water, of which Jesus speaks?" "Yes, dear, and Jesus will reward these acts of kindness at the last day." "But do the Brahmins, then, feed the birds out of love to God?" said Mary. "That is the reason they give," said her mamma; "but God has not commanded it to be done." "Is it wrong, then?" inquired Mary. "No, my love. It is right to be gentle and kind to all God's creatures, to birds, and to all else that breathes, for God our Father made them all. But the Brahmins are cruel to their fellow-men, while they are thus tender to birds: for they let them die by the river's side, or in their huts, without any attendance or care. The children leave the old to die alone, and the old will abandon their children in the jungle, or drown them in the sacred river Ganges."

And as her mamma spoke, Mary sighed to think how sad old William's end would be, were he living in India, where Brahmins feed birds, but are unmindful of the greater command to love our neighbour as ourselves.

WITCHCRAFT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Does my little reader ask what is witchcraft? Suppose, dear child, you turn over the pages of your Bible and see if you cannot find it mentioned there? Who was it that Saul went to visit, the day before his death, on Mount Gilboa? It was a witch—the witch of Endor. The strange rites she practised to summon Samuel from the dead are called witchcraft. The practice of witchcraft is forbidden by God. The Kaffirs are ignorant of God. They do not know his will. It is, therefore, no wonder they do many wicked things, and often break his commandments.

There were two kraals, or Kaffir villages, quarrelling with each other, and in each of them a little child suddenly died. They said that witches had killed them, and that these witches lived in the kraal of the other. So fierce were they, their anger was so violent, that they threatened to put each other to death with a spear. And the quarrel continued a long time, until an *inyanga* should come to tell them who was the witch, and in which kraal he lived. The *inyanga* is a man supposed to have the gift of prophecy, of healing diseases, and to him the poor superstitious Kaffirs look to settle all their disputes.

The people everywhere believe in witches. They are thought to be men, and to be always enemies to the people. They are said to roam about at night, in company with wolves and tigers; to enter the kraals while the people living there are asleep, and to mix poison with their food. If any one dies suddenly, or by some accident, they think the witch has killed him. The dark night terrifies the poor Kaffirs, and they will not leave home when the sun has

set, lest they should meet one of these fearful men. They are even afraid to eat food which has been cooked by any one who belongs not to their own family.

Alas! these poor Kaffirs do not know that God is love; that he watches over all who serve him, protecting them from harm by night and by day. If they trusted in God, he would deliver them from all evil, and they would not fear the dark night, nor the tempest, nor the thunder, nor any foe. "The Lord preserveth them that love him." My dear child, you will pray that God would bless his word, which the missionaries preach to these poor blind Kaffirs; will you not? Yes, pray; for God hears prayer, and many of the wretched Kaffirs and Hottentots have been saved by the knowledge of the love of God in Jesus Christ. A little Hottentot boy who had been baptized, said to his weeping parents as they stood near him to watch his departing breath, "Why are you so sad? I go to my Bridegroom; he is expecting me." And then he prayed several verses of a hymn that expressed his hope and confidence that the Lord Jesus would receive him.

I will give you two or three more examples of the love of God in saving these poor people. A Hottentot said one day to the missionary, with tears in his eyes, "I know well I cannot be, yet I desire ardently to be, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." So great was his hatred to sin.

Another said, "When I was to be baptized, I felt so happy, that it was all my desire to depart immediately to my dear Saviour, and I thought I was quite prepared to do so. But now I see how many sinful stains I have in my heart, and how much our Saviour has still to do for my soul." This man—this happy disciple of Christ—was a coal-burner.

Truly, God is love; and thus he draws the poor heathen to himself, destroys their fear of witches and of death, and prepares them for happiness with him in the world to come.

A NEST OF YOUNG BIRDS.

(Extract of a letter from the late HON. WILLIAM WIRT to his daughter, eight years old.)

SUPPOSE there was a nest full of beautiful young birds, so young that they could not fly and help themselves, and they were opening their little mouths and crying for something to eat and drink, and their parents would not bring them anything, but were to let them cry on from morning till night, till they starved and died, would not they be very wicked parents? Now your mind is this nest full of beautiful singing-birds, much more beautiful and melodious than any Canary birds in the world; and there sit Fancy, and Reason, and Memory, and Judgment—all with their little heads thrust forward out of the nest, and crying as hard as they can for something to eat and drink. Will you not love your father and mother for trying to feed them with books and learning, the only kind of meat and drink they love, and without which those sweet little songsters must, in a few years, hang their heads and die? Nay, will you not do your very best to help your father and mother to feed them, that they may grow up, get a full suit of fine glossy feathers, and cheer the house with their songs? And, moreover, would it not be very wrong to feed *some* of them only, and let the rest starve? You are very fond, when you get a new story-book, of running through it as fast as you can, just for the sake of knowing what happened to this one, and that one; in doing this, you are only feeding one of the four birds I have mentioned,—that is, *Fancy*, which, to be sure, is the loudest singer among them, and will please you most while you are young. But, while you are thus feeding and stuffing *Fancy*—Reason, Memory and Judgment are starving; and yet, by and by, you will think their notes much softer and sweeter than those of *Fancy*, although not so loud, and wild, and varied. Therefore you ought to feed those other birds too: they eat a great deal slower than *Fancy*; they require the grains to be pounded in a mortar before

they can get any food from them. That is, when you read a pretty story, you must not gallop over it as fast as you can, just to learn what happened; but you must stop every now and then, and consider why one of the persons you are reading of is so much beloved, and another so much hated. This sort of consideration pounds the grain in a mortar, and feeds Reason and Judgment. Then you must determine that you will not forget that story, but that you will try to remember every part of it, that you may shape your own conduct by it,—doing those good actions which the story has told you will make people love you, and avoiding those evil ones which you find will make them hate you. This is feeding Memory and Judgment both at once. Memory, too, is remarkably fond of a *tut-bit* of Latin grammar; and though the food is hard to come at, yet the sweet little bird must not starve. The rest of them could do nothing without her; for if she was to die, they would never sing again,—at least not sweetly. Your affectionate father,

WM. WIRT.

IDOLATROUS CUSTOMS.

THE breaking of cocoa-nuts is very common in connexion with the worship of idols at Batticotta, Ceylon. They are broken in front of the car, as it is drawn onward in the procession, in the idea that the idol quenches his thirst with the water contained in them. At the yearly festival of one of the gods, a blacksmith residing at Manepy breaks a thousand cocoa-nuts year by year. They are piled in a heap in the middle of the road, several persons hand them rapidly to him, and he dashes them on a stone right before the car. As it is a great feat to perform this, the superstitious beholders suppose that strength is miraculously afforded him by the god. Another custom at these festivals is, for men to roll after the car. They do this in order to appease the wrath of their gods, or in fulfilment of some vow. Sometimes a hundred or more may be seen rolling at

the same time through the mud and dirt. The women, for their act of penance, go round the temple, kneeling, and touching their forehead and cheeks to the ground, then rising and putting their feet where their forehead was, and so on till the temple is compassed.

NAINSOOKH, THE NATIVE PREACHER.

IN Agra, Nainsookh not only found so wide a scene of sin and ignorance among the heathen, but he also saw almost all the Europeans, who were Christians in name, as far from Christ as the heathen themselves. A true Christian was then so rare a thing in Agra, that Nainsookh, and an European believer, having once heard that a pious European had arrived in the neighbourhood, went in search of his tents a whole day, and though they had only opportunity to speak a few words with him before he set out again on his journey, yet both he and they were as glad as if they had found great riches.

It would have been sad enough, and very lamentable, if the Europeans had shown no more than indifference to the blessed gospel. But alas! there were to be found among them those that would hinder and oppose the humble native, who, with the Bible in his hand, sought to spread the light of truth in those dark places of the earth. Nainsookh used often to go into the fort, and read, pray, and converse in their houses with such of the soldiers and their wives as were willing to receive him. Some heard very attentively, and he hoped he might be made useful to them. But an officer, who had great authority in the fort, a Roman Catholic by profession, whose chambers overlooked the fort-gate, was very indignant at Nainsookh's labours among the troops, and meeting him, on one occasion, forbade him to come there again with his book, threatening him, if he did, he should receive a sound horse-whipping for his pains. Nainsookh was very sorry to have such good oppor-

tunities closed against him, and several times, after nightfall, waded through the water to a small gate that opened on the river Jumna, and so stealthily visited the houses of those who were anxious to hear him preach. However, after a while, the Lord was so kind as to remove these hindrances. A pious officer was stationed in the fort, who sent a note to the dear lady in whose company Nainsookh had gone to Agra, requesting that if she knew a Native Christian teacher, she would send him to his house with a letter of introduction. Speedily and gladly did she furnish Nainsookh with the letter, and with a light heart did he take it, and step boldly in through the fort-gate. The Roman Catholic officer looked down from his chambers, and roughly demanded what business he had there, and whither he was daring to proceed; but Nainsookh only held up to him the letter directed to the pious officer, and then he was obliged to let him pass on quietly; and from that time he could no more attempt to prohibit him from entering the fort.

THE MISSIONARY.

THERE was a Christian mother once
Who had an only boy,
The solace of her widowed heart,
Her comfort and her joy.

Upon the ground he sat and played,
His mother reading near;
But often laid aside his toys,
More eagerly to hear.

She read of Afric's sultry plains,
Where hungry lions roam,
And then of one who sojourned there,
Far from his native home.

She said it was the Saviour's love
Which prompted him to go,
That he to dying heathen round
That precious love might show.

Years passed, her boy became a man,
And left his native land,
To tell the tale of Jesus' love
Upon a foreign strand.

His mother's eyes with tears were dim,
But they were tears of joy;
She said, "I give thee up to God;
Go work for him, my boy.

"And when my lonely heart is sad,
Bereft of thee, my son,
The Lord will give me strength to say,
'Father, thy will be done.'

"And let it cheer thy lonely hours,
If such should be thy lot,
That when thy mother bends the knee,
Thou shalt not be forgot.

"When fainting 'neath a burning sky,
This thought may calm thy brow:
'Perchance, though oceans roll between,
My mother prayeth now.'"

MARY

The Juvenile Missionary Herald.



BRAHMIN DEVOTION.—NO. II.

“MAMMA, will you explain to me the other picture about the Brahmin’s devotion?” said little Mary, one day, as she and her dear mamma were sitting together. “Yes,” replied her mother, “if you will look for it in the great picture-book.” And the little girl hastened to the table where it lay, and quickly found the picture she sought.

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N

[DECEMBER.

"Well, mamma, what does it mean?" said M

"In India, my dear child, peacocks are very in the woods, where they live quite wild, and feed crops of rice and grain the Hindoos cultivate fields around. But, notwithstanding the mischief they are held very sacred by the people, because thought to be the favourite birds of one of the gods they worship."

"What is the god's name, mamma?"

"His name is Kartikeya," was the reply; he is called Supramunnian. He has other names in other parts of the country; and his images always represent him as riding on a peacock, with a beautiful tail sparkling with green and gold, behind, forming a sort of canopy or tent over him.

"Are there many people that worship him, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; Mr. Ward, formerly a Missionary at Serampore, tells us, that once a year there is a festival in his honour at Calcutta, when not less than three hundred images of Kartikeya and his peacock are erected, which are twenty-five feet high. After the festival is over, they are all cast into the river. Would you like to hear one of the hymns that are sung to this god?"

"Yes, mamma."

"This is it:—'Let us ascribe praises to the Lord Scanda, who resides under the mango-tree at the foot of the mountain; praise to the grace proceeding from those six arms; praise to his twelve arms; praise to his lotus-like feet; praise to his cock and peacock; his ensign and chariot, and his living spear in his hand.' He is some

Scanda, and is said to have six faces and twelve arms. The priests tell a very silly story about him when he was a child. They say that one day he went to play in a grove, when all the gods were assembled together to wait upon Siva, his father. Kartikeya began to destroy all the flowers and plants. The keepers of the garden thinking him a naughty boy, beat him for it, upon which he fell into a passion, and running at the gods he put all he could reach to death. Those who escaped began to beg for mercy, on which he restored them all to life. The keepers seeing this happen were very sorry, saying they thought he was only a little boy. But to show that he was a god, he suddenly swelled himself, so as to fill the sky and the earth, and then at their prayer again became a little child."

"It cannot be true, mamma?"

"No, my child; it is the wicked invention of the priests, to deceive the people, and to lead them from the knowledge of the true God."

"Have they the Bible?" inquired Mary.

"Lately," replied her mamma, "the Missionaries have given them the Bible, turned into their own language, and many of the people now see how sinful such worship is. We must often pray that God would soon bring that happy time when the Hindoos shall worship Him alone, and serve and love the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the only Saviour of men."

E.

JUDDO TEWARRE.

THE bright sun was shining, and the river looked like flowing silver, as it rippled to the sea. Men and women, boys and girls, were all pressing forward to the city: the sick and the lame, scarcely able to move, still struggled on, or lay beneath the hedge-sides, unable to proceed; and there were hurried meetings, and hasty greetings, and the crowds sometimes fell back as a dervise, with wild and frantic gestures, whirled round and round in his acts of worship. Travel-worn men, weary with their long journeys, tried to obtain charity—a little money or a little food; but on, on—tramp, tramp—no help, no charity!—*it was the feast of the idol JUGGERNAUT.*

Amongst the groups assembled, there was one man whose fine and well-made figure attracted attention. His dark skin contrasted with the white robe which was cast tastefully about him, and his loud shouts and boisterous conduct rendered him remarkable. He sang, leapt, threw himself into strange contortions, though he had travelled many a weary mile to be present at the festival.

Juddo Tewarre had left a wife and six little ones far, far away. They had hung upon his neck, they had kissed his lips, they had begged him not to go,—the sorrowful glance of his wife pleaded for his stay; but the man had determined;—Juddo Tewarre must be present at the festival—*his religion demanded the sacrifice.*

The crowd increased, the music of the dancers was heard; the dancers were amongst the people, and still the crowds increased, and still the tall form was seen amongst them, firm, erect, amidst the wavering crowd, like a rock in the sea.

Presently the music and the shouts of the people grew louder, and far away a huge tower was seen, the throne of the idol Juggernaut. It drew nearer, placed on a car or tower more than sixty feet high, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to the car were strong ropes, by which the people drew it along. Thousands

of men, women, and children pulled the ropes. Even infants were made to exert their strength; for it was accounted a religious act to pull the god along. Upon the tower were the priests of the idol, surrounding his throne; and more than one hundred and twenty persons in the car. The idol was made of black wood, having a frightful visage, a huge mouth, painted blood colour, the arms of gold, and the idol itself dressed in a beautiful robe. Five elephants came first, dressed with crimson hanging and silver bells. Juddo Tewarre now pressed forward; the high priest, in his rich robes, was standing at the front of the car. A sudden motion from Juddo produced instant silence. The music ceased, the terrible clash of the gongs died away, the priests stopped their songs, the people their shouts, as Juddo stepped into the open space, and laid himself down in the road, his arms stretched forward, his face in the sand. Was there no thought of his little ones, no thought of his wife, no longing desire to look again upon the date-groves, and the still water near his far-off home? No; he must die—he *had come to do it!*

The shouts broke out once more as, with a creaking sound, the heavy wheels of the car began to turn; the music, the gongs, are at their loudest, the tower is near, the shouts louder, still louder,—the terrible shriek cannot be heard, the jolting of the car is noticed—it passes on, and Juddo Tewarre lays upon the road crushed to death in honour of the false god! The god is said to *smile* when the offering of blood is made. The people threw money on the body in approbation of the deed. He was left to view for some time, and then carried to a place, called by the English the Golgotha, where the dead bodies are cast, and where dogs and vultures are ever seen.

“The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” Heathenism is a system of misery and bloodshed. There is no idol god whose name is LOVE. Juddo Tewarre died for Juggernaut: Christ died for us. Children, is not this news worth telling, to send some good man to these people with God’s own book, to say these

are not gods, these are but blocks of painted wood? God is Love. He seeks not to destroy men's lives, but to save them, for Christ came into the world to save sinners. Help! children, help! How can they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?

THE CHINESE SCHOOL-BOY.

CHIANG SUN is a very old man, sixty years of age, and lives at a village called Chiem-ta-chui, near Hong-Kong. A little while ago, he sent his son, a little lad seven years old, to the missionary school, taught by Mr. Johnson. What he heard at school was very strange to the boy, so that on his return home he would speak about it, and also tell the old man, his father, the new things he heard in the chapel at Hong-Kong, when he went over on the Sabbath. He told his father that it was not good to worship idols; but that the teaching of Jesus was good.

Many times did the little fellow thus tell his father what he heard and saw, till at last Chang Sun began to read the books that his little son brought home. After a while, Chang Sun resolved to go to chapel at Hong-Kong. For a year he regularly went to the house of God, until he began to wish to know more and more of the gospel of Christ. This old man then joined the little class. He felt he had been very wicked, that his life had been spent in sin and idolatry; he therefore threw away his idols, and did not go any more to the pagoda, or temple, to worship them.

But would God forgive him? Yes; and he soon found how happy it is to fear God and to love the Lord Jesus Christ. He prayed for pardon, and God heard his prayers. And now, for three months, he has rejoiced in the knowledge of Christ, and desires to be counted among His disciples.

He says, "For fifty-nine years I have worshipped idols. It will

now be necessary for me to work hard during the short end of my life, to balance the long end in which I have worshipped idols, and served sin."

Thus is this old Chinaman brought to the Saviour's feet by the teaching of his little boy, all whose knowledge of Jesus and of the Bible was gained in the missionary school.

Is my little reader a missionary at home? Do you tell father and mother what you know of the precious Saviour? Perhaps, if you did, your father, too, may be led to seek after God.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Acts iv. 34, 35: For as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet.

An American Missionary in India recently formed a Native Missionary Society among the converts. They determined to make their contributions every Lord's-day of such things as they were able and willing to give. They brought cotton, grain, pepper, and money. "The first Sabbath," he says, "after the benediction, I saw women coming near to me and smiling; but it did not occur to me what it was for, till they began to throw down at my feet, as the early Christians threw down their money at the feet of the apostles, the cotton which they had brought for that purpose. Others came em, and poured down their grain in the same way."

Genesis xvi. 4: Thou shalt go unto my country and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac.

A young person in Bengal is like Isaac; he has nothing to do in the choice of his wife. Parents employ others to seek wives for their sons. Those who leave their homes in search of employment, always marry their children in their country and among their

acquaintances at home; never among the people with whom they take up their new residence.

Genesis xlvii. 19: *Buy us and our land for bread.*

In times of famine in India, thousands of children have been sold to prevent their dying of hunger. In the Burman empire whole families, parents and children together, are often sold to discharge debts.

Matt. vi. 2: *When thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee.*

The Mahommedans, who, in their pomp and pride, cruelty and bitterness, very much resemble the Pharisees, at the festival of the Moharrun erect stages and platforms in the streets of their towns; and by the sound of a trumpet call the poor to receive alms of rice and other kinds of food.

John viii. 6: *Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground.*

Schools for children are frequently held under trees in Bengal, and the children just beginning to learn, write the letters of the alphabet in the dust. This saves pens, ink, and paper.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

THE Vernon Chapel (Bagnigge Wells Road) Juvenile Missionary Association held its Annual Meeting on October 27. The Rev. Owen Clarke, pastor, presided. Very able and interesting Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Symonds, Mr. J. T. Cole, Mr. Hearn, and other friends, which were listened to with the deepest interest by a large number of children and friends met together on the occasion.

LITTLE PRESCOT STREET.—A very interesting Meeting was held, on the 3rd of November, of the Juvenile Auxiliary at this

place. The Rev. Charles Stovel presided. Mr. Potter read the Report, from which it appeared that £13 14s. 7d. had been collected by the young people. Mr. Underhill, Mr. Evans, Mr. Bowser, and others, addressed the children.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

LAST year very many of our young friends presented to the Society little cards, filled in with names and subscriptions of their companions and friends, for the Native Teachers. We hope that many this Christmas will do so again. The pages of our little Herald have contained many interesting accounts of the lives and labours of heathen men who have been converted to God, and are now preaching to their countrymen the blessed gospel. They make many journeys, and are often away from home for weeks and months, travelling the dusty roads, standing in the bazaars and market-places, or sitting in the cottages of the people; and all this to teach them to love Jesus Christ, the only Saviour. In India the Missionaries are helped by *eighty-one* native preachers; in Ceylon, by *eleven*; in the West Indies and Africa, by *twenty-five*. Beside these, there are about *one hundred and seventy* other converts who assist the Missionaries in various ways, in giving away tracts and Bibles, in teaching in the schools, and in preaching. Our young friends last year sent us one hundred and fifty pounds for their support; and we do not doubt they will do the same, and more, this year, when the cards reach them.

Cards can be had at the Mission House, No. 33, Moorgate-street, London.

Apply soon; be active; and may God bless your efforts for His cause.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up, with a smile of joy,
As an angel dream pass'd o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision:
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our soul uncarved, before us;
Waiting the hour, when at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then, on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives that angel vision.

BISHOP DOANE.

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THE
Juvenile Missionary Herald.

M.DCCC.LII.



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THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



The Jubilee of Trinidad.

Among the beautiful islands of the Caribbean Sea, is one named Trinidad; it was discovered by Columbus. For many years the King of Spain reigned over it; but it is now under
(January.

And the dying moan on their cheerless
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light for the Persian sky!
The Sophi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades;
Hark! hark!—'t is the sainted Martyn's
From Ararat's mournful shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills its
With sighs of agony;
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana-tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppress'd;
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darken'd earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth.
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall gild the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

three hundred
the earth away,
heads, or wheeling
hill.

"Yes, they did;
dles of tracts in the
iveness, and went at
any of the people were
aries began to go up
om the hill belonged.

"I don't want this stuff here
Yet the men asked for
round the missionaries.

"Here am I, sir;" "lo
fr. Cowen, don't you know
for me, sir," and so on.

both English and French

were gone, and the missionari
noisy rabble of black boys, led o
at them, and at last took u
of the white boys began to tear
is, the missionaries asked them
they had no better use for books

They were told that the black
and, and would not thus abuse the
turned, and the black boys pulled
casts the tracts, flourished them

"Here is mine, sir;" "look at
mine, sir;" and so on.

wooden cross, bound with bands of
that they had made; and then a long
the archbishop, of the priests and

the rule of our beloved Queen Victoria. Of course, as Spain was a Roman Catholic country, it taught the poor people of Trinidad the religion of the Pope, and, to this day, almost all the people are Roman Catholics. A few months ago, the Pope sent there a new archbishop, and also made other priests bishops. Now, this was thought a great honour, and it was fixed to celebrate it by a Jubilee.

What is a Jubilee? In the Bible we read that the Jews had a Jubilee once every fifty years. Then fathers, and mothers, and children, who had been made slaves, returned home. The prisoners were set free. The lands of those who had sold them were restored. Debts were forgiven; and it was a time of universal joy. Now, the Pope has tried to imitate the Jubilee of the Bible, not by forgiving debts, or releasing prisoners, or restoring lands; but by pretending to forgive the sins of everybody who would purchase what he calls an "Indulgence," or give him a certain sum of money. In this way the Pope once got enough money to build the great cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. And every now and then, every twenty-five years sometimes, he proclaims a Jubilee to raise more money from the poor people who foolishly think that he can pardon sin.

Last year the Pope proclaimed the year 1851 to be a year of Jubilee; and it was determined to keep it in Trinidad. And how was it to be kept? I will tell you.

A little way from Savanna Grande, the chief city of the island, is a rocky ridge, or line of hills. On this the archbishop fixed to build what Roman Catholics call a "Calvary;" that is, an imitation of the little hill of Calvary, near Jerusalem, where our Saviour suffered death. The priests preached about it in their churches, and many gave money to pay the expense of making it, while others were willing to work for nothing. The people were promised an indulgence, or pardon for certain offences, for twenty years, if they would take part in the work.

And there you might see two or three hundred people busily at work, digging stones, carrying the earth away, or removing it to other spots in trays on their heads, or wheeling the rubbish in a wheelbarrow down the hill.

But did the missionaries see it? Yes, they did; and Mr. Cowen and Mr. Law took bundles of tracts in their hands, teaching the true way of forgiveness, and went among the people to give them away. Many of the people were glad to have them; but as the missionaries began to go up the hill, they met the white man to whom the hill belonged. He was very angry. He said, "We don't want this stuff here; we don't want this stuff here!" Yet the men asked for them, and as for the boys, they crowded round the missionaries, and cried as loud as they could hawl, "Here am I, sir;" "look at me, sir;" "me, me, sir;" "Mr. Cowen, don't you know me, sir;" "French, sir;" "English for me, sir," and so on. You must know that they speak both English and French in Trinidad.

Well, at last all the tracts were gone, and the missionaries turned to go too. But now a noisy rabble of black boys, led on by some white boys, began to hoot at them, and at last took up stones to throw; while some of the white boys began to tear the tracts in pieces. At this, the missionaries asked them whether they could read? or if they had no better use for books than to pull them into tatters? They were told that the black boys knew better and could read, and would not thus abuse the books. At this they were ashamed, and the black boys pulled out from their coats and breasts the tracts, flourished them over their heads, and said, "Here is mine, sir;" "look at mine, sir;" "I did not tear mine, sir;" and so on.

Soon after this, a huge wooden cross, bound with bands of iron, was set up on the mount they had made; and then a long procession was formed by the archbishop, of the priests and

monks, who came for the purpose from all parts of the island. In long lines, and amid crowds of people, they passed along the streets chanting their prayers and singing hymns, and went up the mount, there on their knees to pay worship to the cross,—to the image they had made and set up.

But surely this worship must have been offensive to God? Are we not commanded to worship Him alone? Yes; and we shall see how God testified his displeasure. A day or two passed away, when a great storm clouded the sky with blackness, and poured down torrents of rain. In the fury of the storm, the lightning struck the huge cross, and shivered it to pieces. No wonder many of the people should think it was a sign of God's great displeasure at their idolatry and sin.

Some of the Roman Catholics of Trinidad think that God heard the prayers of our missionary, Mr. Law, and that in answer to them, He smote the cross with his arrows of fire. Let us pray that Popery, whether at home or abroad, may speedily fall before the holy truth of God's Word.

Now to Serve God all the Time.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY FOR THE YOUNG READERS OF THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.

"Come, my little Fanny," said Mrs. Bartlett to her daughter, "tell me how you have spent this long anticipated New Year's day. We have a whole hour to ourselves before bed-time, and I suppose you have quite a history to relate to me. But I almost fear, from the story your sober face tells me, you have met with disappointment. Have not your plans of pleasure been fully realized?"

"Oh, mamma, I am glad we can talk together a little while," said Fanny, taking a low seat by her mother's side. "I often

nk that the best part of my education was over, and that I
 it to you afterwards. I was so tired that I could not sleep, and
 re do I have to go to bed now, and I am so tired that I can
 'Let it ever be so, my dear friend, and I shall be happy to
 nately: "and now tell me what you think of it."

'I have had a great deal to say to you, and I am so tired
 t of the time I have spent with you, and I am so tired that I
 night: I am feeling so different, and I am so tired that I
 I here the little girl who was so tired, and I am so tired
 id, looking into the eyes of the little girl who was so tired
 out it was delightful to have her so tired, and I am so tired
 job and his original greatness, and I am so tired that I
 tful, thinking me over and over, and I am so tired that I
 m. Jacob looked very tired and very tired, and I am so tired
 at all night, and the pain was so tired, and I am so tired
 he talks a great deal more than I do, and I am so tired
 ferings. Do you not think so, and I am so tired that I
 hed, all the time I was there, and I am so tired that I
 ove God just as at the time I was there, and I am so tired
 'Yes, Fanny," replied her mother, "and I am so tired
 ellent old man. We will go and see him, and I am so tired
 is near his end."

'Well, mamma, from there I went to the school, and I
 ited all the class, and gave to each a book, and I am so tired
 ear lady Miss Gray is. The school was so tired, and I am so tired
 ut our duty to God: I thought I was so tired, and I am so tired
 said." Here Fanny began to cry, and I am so tired
 ten; and Mrs. Bartlett, sympathizing with her, began to
 to tell her all.

'At cousin Julia's little party, and I am so tired
 ected to enjoy so much, and I am so tired that I
 I was very naughty there, though I am so tired
 amed now. Sophy Hunt began to cry, and I am so tired

As it wasn't very agreeable to be alone, with nothing to
took out the book my teacher had given me, and began to
in a place where it told about Jesus' spirit towards his ene
how meekly he bore all their taunts, their insulting words
their angry threats, and prayed God to forgive them.
suddenly I recollected what Miss Gray had said to me i
morning, and then my own resolutions for the New Year
up before me. Oh, how could I so have forgotten then
I wanted to tell the girls how sorry I felt, and ask them t
give me, but I was afraid of their proud looks, and was ash
and miserable. I enjoyed nothing more, and came home
after tea. Oh, mamma, I thought I would begin this
trying to be good all the time, and to do right in all things
even to-day I have greatly failed, and now it appears to
great and difficult a thing to be good always, that I fear I
shall be. If for *one day* it is so hard, how much more w
be for a month, a year, and for my whole life-time! It
me, it discourages me, dear mamma, to think of suc
effort."

"Do not cry, my dear," said Mrs. B. tenderly. "I un
feel something as you do, and I have had the same trials

"Or, suppose I should say to you all at breakfast to-morrow morning, 'Children, you had better eat and drink *now* all you will need for a week, instead of coming to your meals three times a-day!'"

Fanny laughed quite gaily, saying, "How strange and foolish that would be! Quite as much so as for me to learn a whole week's lessons at one time. We must eat and drink every day to nourish our bodies. Our minds must be strengthened little by little with study and exercise. Of course it cannot be done all at once."

"Suppose, again, Fanny, the farmer should say, 'How tiresome it is to think of all the hard work I have to do this summer! Every morning to rise early and work all day for weeks and months; and then next year the same, and so on. Oh, how shall I accomplish all that ought to be done?' And he gives up discouraged. What think you of *him*?"

"Why, mamma, of course I think just as you do of such a man—that he greatly misunderstands his duty. Nobody expects him, nor is it possible, to do sowing, and reaping, and harvesting, all at once; but one kind of work follows another, just as one day and one week follow another. If he does each day what he ought, then, at the close of the season, *all* will be done."

"You understand this plainly, I see, my darling. Now just apply it to the great business of life, the work of serving God. It is true our duty is to devote all the powers of our nature to Him, and to serve Him continually; but our duties come one by one, and there is opportunity for each and all. God requires nothing of us that we cannot do. Life itself is given to us in successive portions; one minute passes, another comes; one hour, one day goes, and another follows. Every hour brings to us its appropriate duties. If we do well the duty of each hour, Fanny, shall we not at the close of the day have spent it

all aright? You have certain lessons for each day at school. If you learn every day's lessons perfectly for a week, you will have been faithful in that particular. If the next week you do the same, and the next, and so on, do you not see that when the term ends, you will have been perfect all the term? It is by 'patient continuance in well-doing' that success is attained. Religion is a daily, hourly, instant service. Perform the present duty, and you are ready for the next; keep on doing simply what is *now* your duty, and in this way you will be faithful unto the end.

"You remember how the Israelites were fed in the wilderness forty years, with manna that God provided *every day*. He did not send a large supply at once for many days, but each successive morning were they reminded of God's faithful care and love, by his provision for their necessities. Christ bids us 'take no thought for the morrow; the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself.' How perfectly this injunction meets all those, who, like you, my child, are troubled about their ability to perform future duties. Day by day you are to trust God for the grace you need to serve Him. The struggle with your sinful nature must indeed be vigilantly maintained, but not in your own strength need you combat with evil. God is ever ready to help you, and He says, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.'"

Fanny's face brightened. She felt encouraged to persevere in trying to learn and obey God's will. "Thank you, thank you, my kind mamma," said she. "How much easier it seems to me now. I must keep asking myself, 'What is the right thing for me to do *now*?' And I know, mamma, for you have often told me, that the *desire* to please God is a fruit of the Holy Spirit wrought within us. If, then, God gives the desire, He will give the ability, and so we are to *strive and trust*!"

Fanny was silent for a few minutes, and Mrs. Bartlett waited *anxiously* for her to express the earnest thought that was work-

ing in her heart, "Yes, mamma," said she, at length, "I know what you are thinking, and waiting for me to say. I think I *can* do it sincerely. I will go the first thing to-morrow to the little girls, and tell them how sorry I feel that I did so wrongly this afternoon, and ask them to forgive me. I do not mind anything that they may say—my only concern should be, *to do my present duty.*" Fanny's conscience told her this was right, and her mother's loving kiss brought tears of joy to her eyes.

"Now, Fanny, do you feel that you will begin this year, this new, happy year, which dawns upon you in so much mercy, in serving God with all your heart? Can you trust Jesus as your Saviour now, and your Saviour always? Do you believe that He has loved you and died for you, and can you commit yourself wholly to him?"

Fanny was deeply attentive and serious, and in a low voice she replied, "I *do* think I love the Saviour, and I trust He owns me, though one of the feeblest, weakest, lambs of his flock." She could say no more, except the soft "Good night, dear mamma," as she retired to her chamber. Her heart was filled with grateful love to God for the blessing of such a mother to instruct her in her duty, and with the earnest purpose, through *His* grace, to obey and fear him always. A——

Fruits of the Bible.

But lately, a Roman Catholic priest, in Belgium, rebuked a young woman and her brother for reading that "*bad book*," pointing to the Bible.

"Mr. Priest," replied she, "a little while ago, my brother was an idler, a gambler, a drunkard, and made such a noise in the house that no one could stay in it. Since he began to read the Bible, he works with industry,—goes no longer to the



tavern,—no longer touches cards,—brings home money to l
poor old mother,—and our life at home is quiet and delightf
How comes it, Mr. Priest, that a bad book produces such go
fruits ?”



The Little Missionary.

One Sabbath evening, some years ago, the superintendent
a Sabbath school, observing a little girl sobbing and crying in
corner of the school-room, alone with her beloved teacher, w

anxious to ascertain the cause. Upon enquiry, he found her weeping most bitterly because she was about to be separated from her teacher, from the school, and from the means of grace. Her father and mother were about to remove to an outlandish part of America, where there was very little population, no Sabbath school, no professors of religion, no place of worship. The Lord, of his infinite mercy, having touched her little heart, given her to see the evil of sin, and the beauties of the Saviour, she was weeping at the thought of being cut off from all those sweet enjoyments the society of the godly is calculated to impart, more especially to those who are earnestly enquiring after the things of eternal life. Her beloved teacher was trying to console her with the thought that she might even there become a little missionary, and she appeared to gather some comfort and consolation from the idea. She soon, however, had to bid all her christian friends adieu, and had to start with her parents for the wilds of America, neither of her parents having any knowledge of sin, or love to the Saviour of sinners.

When she had arrived at her destined place of abode, the desire still haunted her to become a little missionary. When the Sabbath morn came, she felt her loss of the advice and counsel of her pious and devoted teacher; but after she had made known her desolate and disconsolate state to her heavenly Father, she gathered up into her bag her two favourite books, her bible and hymn-book, and set out in a strange land and alone, but in the name and strength of the Lord her God. On her tour as a little missionary, she had not proceeded very far before she saw two women talking together by the way-side; now, she thought to herself, is the time for me to muster up all my courage and begin my work; but when she came up to them, they fixed their eyes so intently upon the little stranger, that her confidence fled, and she could not speak a word, but walked forwards. After a while she came up to another woman,

who appeared so to wonder to see such a child alone, that she was completely overcome by her looks, and could not muster courage to speak to her of the love of Christ. She walked on, and after a while beheld a group of children, apparently at play; now, thought she, is the time; she came up to them, and found in the midst of them a grey-headed old man; and his age and grey hairs so frightened her, that she could not make known to them her wishes; she therefore passed on, and began to think the Divine Being would not employ her as a little missionary.

When she had gone as far as she thought prudent, she returned, and as she was returning she again came up to the group of children. The old man had gone into the house, and they were amusing themselves in play; she gladly availed herself of the opportunity, and joined their ranks. She asked them if she might read a nice verse to them, and they all gladly assembled around her to hear her read; then she asked them if she might read a nice hymn, to which they at once agreed; she then asked if she might read a few verses out of her bible, and talk to them about the love of the Saviour to guilty sinners; they gladly listened to her reading and to the remarks she made. When the time drew near that she must go, they were exceeding sorry to part with her, and very much pressed her to come again and read to them, to which she very gladly acceded.

The next Sabbath came; she again went to her little flock, and found she was welcomed by them. In addition to the group of children, she had the grey-headed old man for a hearer; and in a short time his hard heart became touched by the finger of God, and he became a true convert to christianity. The return of her visits became hailed by him as well as by the children, and she began to love her employ; the children soon increased, and she had a goodly school. In process of time there was a regular Sabbath school, then a house of God; and, as the population of the village increased, the chapel became too small;

there was a second erected; and now, at the present time, in that village (which is now a town) there are three large churches in a flourishing state, and the little girl stands an honourable member of one of those churches. Thus we see what individual effort can do, if made in a right spirit, from right motives, and with a single eye to the glory of God.

Now, it is not necessary that all who desire to be useful to others in the world, should leave their native land, their neighbourhood, or their home. Some, it is true, may be wanted abroad, "for the fields are white and the labourers are few;" but there is large scope at home, in the town, village, or hamlet where we live, among our neighbours, and even in our own house. How many of our near relatives are strangers to God and to the word of his grace. Let it be the earnest desire of every reader of this narrative to imitate this little girl; and, either abroad or at home, amongst neighbours or amongst dear relatives, to become a MISSIONARY.

Illustrations of Scripture.

ROMANS i. 21, 22.

"They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened; professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

The Bible tells us that when the heathen forgot God, professing themselves to be wise, they became fools. And what greater foolishness can there be than to worship the work of men's hands, to pray to objects that cannot see or hear? Some of these people do things you would hardly believe. In India, they believe that one of their gods, named Krishna, was once a child, and they have pictures representing the young Krishna at play. And how do you think they worship this image? Why, they make a baby-house, with toys and little cups, such as very young children play with, and old men kneel down

and pretend to amuse him with them. One old priest would spin a top or shake a rattle-box, and do it as earnestly as if he had been a babe himself. It would be something to laugh at, if it were not so very sinful, the sight of men with grey hairs forgetting God and giving worship to a miserable picture with a child's play-house.

We know that Jesus, the Son of God, became a little child and grew up among men, that he might shew the love of God, and die to save sinners. But we do not worship the child Jesus, though some who bear the christian name worship the picture of the infant Saviour and his mother. We worship a Saviour who ever lives and reigns in heaven, who has all power in heaven and in earth. Let us always love and worship Him, and pray that these blinded idolators may also learn of his love.

A Blind Man and his little Daughter.

"One day," says Dr. Dawson, missionary at Rangoon, in Burmah, "a poor blind man, led by a little girl, stepped into the dispensary. He turned his sightless eyeballs towards me, a big tear standing on each eyelid, and said, 'Teacher, I want to sell my child, this little girl by my side. I want to sell her for fifteen rupees:'" that is about thirty shillings.

"You want to sell your child ? for what ?"

"I want to get money."

"Shocking ! but what do you want to do with the money ?"

"I wish to give it, to have these poor eyes cured."

"Never, never do so ! Does Budhism allow you to do this ?"

"Yes."

"It is a wicked religion. God commands you to love your children, and, if you are able, to provide for them. You must not sell them. There are people who will help you if you ask them."

The little girl he wished to sell had no mother, and was about eight years old.

Dr. Dawson wished the blind man to send his child to Mrs. Dawson's school, and, after his eyes had been looked at and attended to, he left, promising to think of it.

It is very sad to think that the religion of these poor ignorant Burmese people, gives them liberty to commit so wrong an action. It teaches a father to forsake and sell his child: while the gospel of Christ teaches us to love one another. Dear children, pray that God may open the blind eyes of their minds to see their ignorance and sin.

Little Things and Little People.

Little things, and little people, have often brought great things to pass. The large world in which we exist is made up of little particles, as small as the sands on the sea-shore. The vast sea is composed of small drops of water. The little busy bees, how much honey they gather! Do not be discouraged because you are little. A little star shines brightly in the sky in a dark night, and may be the means of saving many a poor sailor from shipwreck; and a little christian may do a great deal of good, if he or she will try. There is nothing like trying.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

What we can do.

The little help of every Sunday scholar will do wonders; just see what it will do. If each Sunday scholar in England were to give one farthing a week, those farthings in one year would amount to more than fifty thousand pounds,—enough to support hundreds of missionaries, and to buy tens of thousands of bibles. Do not say, dear young friends, that you can do nothing.

Your *farthings*, given out of gratitude to the Saviour
to the heathen, will help to save a starving, perishing

The Cholera.

LINES OCCASIONED BY THE RAVAGES OF CHOLERA IN JAMAICA,
UPWARDS OF FORTY THOUSAND PERSONS WERE SWEEPED

Jamaica, o'er thy tropic shore
The skies are azure blue;
The sun shines bright as heretofore,
Thy flowers retain their hue;
Thy mountains and thy vales are green,
Thy palms and cedars fair,
Thy crops are ripe to gather in,
But where thy labourers—where?

The widow and the orphan's moan
Falls dreary on the ear,
For they, the household staffs, are gone,
And broken hearts are here.
The hoe lies useless on the ground,
The ripe cane withers there,
The mill has ceased its pleasant sound,
Where are thy labourers—where?

Far o'er thy vales and mountains green,
And near thy ocean wave,
Thousands of hillocks fresh are seen,
And each one is a grave.
The pestilence hath passed this way,
And death his arm made bare,
And, till the resurrection-day,
There are thy labourers—there!

On this crush'd island of the sea,
Father, thy mercy shed!
Bid forty thousand live to thee,
For forty thousand dead.
Light out of darkness thus shall spring,
Thus death for heaven prepare,
And grace, through deepest trials bring,
Jamaica's children—there!



The Blind Girl.

How sad it is to be blind, and not know when the cheerful sun is in the heavens, and be obliged to grope your way along at noon-day as in the night, and not see the stars, or the flowers, or the faces of those you love best. This is the condition of the girl in the picture. But what is she doing with the book that lies open before her? She is reading it. What! a blind girl read? Yes, the blind can be taught to read. Books are printed on purpose for them, with raised letters.

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and they feel these out by passing their fingers over them. This does not let them see what looks of affection are often turned upon them; it does not delight their hearts with the beauty which *your* eyes everywhere behold; but it beguiles many a weary hour, both of the day and of the night, and enables some of them to gain rich stores of knowledge. Still, is it not a wonder for the blind to be taught to read?

But there is another blindness more sad than not to see with the eyes of the body. Christ tells about it in the ninth chapter of John. It prevents those who are affected by it from seeing what loveliness there is in God, and what glory there is in heaven; and so they take no pains to gain an entrance into this happy and eternal abode of the soul. They do not find the narrow way that leads to life; they are in constant danger of straying into that broad road which leads to the region of despair, where they will stumble for ever on the dark mountains. They who enter this region cannot escape from it. No light visits it; no peace is found in it, no hope; all is horror and despair. If you are blind, and continue in this fearful blindness till death, you will find yourself in that dreadful region, and then you must remain there, and continue blind for evermore. Are you thus blind? You can tell. If you do not see that in God, which makes you love to pray to him, and unwilling to displease him, you are blind. If you do not see that in the blessed Bible, which makes you love to read it, and commit it to memory, you are blind. If you do not see that in the Saviour which makes you trust him, you are blind. But you can be restored to sight, though there is but one Being who can do this. You know who He is. You have read how, many years ago when He was on earth, He opened the eyes of the blind. You recollect that once, when He was passing along the road, a man called to Him, and when He asked him what he wanted, he said, "Lord, that I may receive my sight;"

and Jesus, the Saviour, granted his request. He will be as gracious to you. He loves to take away the blindness which darkens the minds of us all, from childhood to old age; for then they see that He is "the chiefest among ten thousands," and "altogether lovely," and they set their hearts upon Him. The heathen are all in this blindness. The Gospel is sent to them that they may see. Many of those who are instructed in the schools which you have taken under your care, call to Christ, and He restores them to sight, and they begin at once to walk in the way that leads to heaven. It is you who are helping them to that joyful place; and will you not also ask that your eyes may be opened, so that you may go there with them?

The Child, the Bible, and the Priest.

Come with me, my dear young friends, for a little while, into a Roman Catholic chapel in the south of France. That elevated part before you, so beautifully ornamented, with candles burning upon it, and the large picture of the Virgin and Child behind it, is the altar. The oddly dressed man who is perambulating the sacred enclosure, and anon prostrating himself, and muttering prayers in an unintelligible language, is the priest, and he is offering the sacrifice of the mass. But it is not on Popish mummeries I wish to fix your attention. Look to that corner. There sits a little girl, so intent upon the book she is reading, that neither music nor anything else can arouse her. See how prettily the light falls through the shaded window upon her expressive face, which the long curls are bordering so gracefully. And now the mass is over, and priests and people are forming in procession, and marching with crosses and banners around the chapel; but the little girl sits motionless as a statue. *Is it some new story-book she has got, do you*

think; and, naughty thing, she has brought it to church to pass the time? If so, it is a *sad* story, surely; for see, isn't that a tear that glistens in her eye as she looks upwards as if to heaven? It was a prayerful glance. And now she sweetly smiles through her tears. Who can she be? What can she be reading, this little girl? Mightn't we just peep over her shoulder? Oh, no; that would be rude! but I can tell you. That little girl's parents are Roman Catholics, as are all the people of the village. She has been carefully taught to repeat prayers to the virgin and to all the saints; but of the good, the gracious, the loving Jesus, who only can save her and make her a good, happy girl, she, till lately, knew nothing. She never had seen the New Testament till the other day, when a colporteur (that is one sent out by Missionary Societies, &c., to sell bibles to the people) was passing through the village and asked her to buy a Testament; and having some money, perhaps for sweetmeats, she bought one of his nice books. She began to read, and was deeply interested,—there was something about it that whispered so to her heart. Play was forgotten, and every leisure moment was spent in feasting upon this newly found treasure. And to-day she has brought it with her to chapel, and has been reading about the sufferings of Jesus for us,—how he was scourged, and crowned with thorns, the hands, which he laid so kindly upon little children's heads, thrust through with nails, and his side pierced with a spear. Do you *wonder* she shed a tear? Do you never?

But the procession is over, and the priest, returning to the altar, has noticed the little bible-reader, and seems half to suspect what it is she is reading so intently. And now he calls the beadle, and having whispered something to him and pointed to the corner, the officer comes to the little girl and demands the book. See how she starts, closes the book, and clasps it to her bosom, while the blood mounts to her face, and the

tears flow to her eyes. She refuses to give it up. But, oh, the rude man is taking it by force. She cries, and strives with all her might to retain her treasure;—in vain. Poor, helpless, little girl, what can she do! He carries it off in triumph. The people are recalled by the noise, and enquire what is the matter. With many sobs and tears she tells them that they have taken away her book in which she reads all about the Saviour,—things which nobody ever taught her before, and which made her very, very happy; and as she speaks of the sweet story it told, her tears fall the faster.

Don't you pity this little girl, dear little readers? But, oh, there are many, many such in foreign lands, who need your sympathies and aid! And what do you think of the priest who pretends to be Christ's servant, and withholds or withdraws the Bible, although Jesus, the Master, says to all, young and old, "*Search the Scriptures;*" and who says, "*Come to Mary,*" while Jesus says, "*Come to me*"? And, ah, what do you think of those boys and girls, too, who may read every day in the Bible about the love of Christ, with no harsh priest to frown and tear it away, but yet have no anxiety to learn of Him who is meek and lowly of heart, and who alone can give rest to our souls? Surely *you*, my young friends, are not so hardhearted!

But perhaps you ask, Did the gracious God allow the wicked priest to succeed, and did the little girl never get another Bible?

Well, the people were quite indignant at the priest's conduct, sympathised with the poor girl, and became anxious to see this book, so dangerous, and so fondly prized by a child. The villagers set off, one by one, to the colporteur, who lived ten miles distant, and bought New Testaments; and had you been in the chapel on the next Sunday, you would have seen a strange sight. The chapel was more full than usual; but when mass was over, and the procession begun, the people all

remained seated, and each drew from the pocket a New Testament and commenced reading, just as the little girl had done on the preceding Sabbath; every now and then, however, stealing sly looks at the priest. What a rage he was in! but it was no use now, he dared not say a word.

Nor is this all. The Bible shewed the villagers (as, indeed, the priest feared) the sin and folly of the worship they had been accustomed too. They became anxious to be more fully instructed about the way of salvation. Many of the inhabitants consulted together, and resolved to send for a minister. And they got one. His labours were blessed, many were converted, and the light spread from the village all round. And, now, was not the little girl's example a very happy one, and wasn't she well repaid for all her tears?

Vishnu's Tenth Avatar.

After the third *avatar*, or incarnation, Vishnu passed through various states of existence; one of the most curious was the fifth. It was then that poverty and want came on earth, it was said, and Vishnu was the cruel author of the sufferings which men endure from hunger and cold.

The story is, that there lived, a long time ago, a king, whose name was Mavaly. Every good thing was plentiful, and food so abundant, growing of itself in rich harvests from the ground, that there was no need for any one to work. The happy people had only to stretch out their hands, and they could pluck from every tree the ripest fruits. The ground grew the rice without trouble, and from the mountains gushed streams of water of the most exquisite taste.

Yet the people were not *quite* happy. As every one could so easily help himself, and satisfy all his wants, he cared for no

one else. There was no occasion for charity, or for acts of kindness, so that every one's heart was shut up to itself. Beside, there was no religion, and no prayer; for, as the people had everything they could wish, what had they to pray for?

And so Vishnu resolved to change it all. He would dethrone the king, and people should suffer hunger and want, misery and poverty, and the world should be filled with groans, and the orphan's tear should be shed, and death should break many hearts as it hurried those they loved to the grave.

Vishnu, to do it, appeared in the form of a poor Brahmin. He came to Mavaly as a beggar, asking alms. The king offered him gold, and money, and raiment, and kingdoms; but he refused them all. He asked for three feet of ground only, on which he might place his baggage and dwell. His baggage consisted of an umbrella, a book of prayers, and a goblet. This gift he asked the king to make quite sure to him by pouring water on his hand. It was done. When the water filled the false Brahmin's hand he drank it up.

And now the Brahmin's form grew large; with one foot he covered the earth, with the other he covered heaven. Then he set one foot on Mavaly's throat and knocked him down into a deep abyss; but afterwards made him door-keeper of heaven.

Then want, and hunger, and care, and sorrow, overspread the earth. No one was happy without some grief to vex him; no one was rich without some terror to frighten him. Many were made poor. Many became sick and miserable: and the happy times of king Mavaly for ever past away.

I will not tell you any more about Vishnu's other incarnations now. He passed through nine altogether. The Hindoos say, the tenth is yet to come. At the proper time Vishnu will appear with a beautiful white-winged horse, named Kelki. He will have the finest saddles; and bridles all sparkling with diamonds and gold. At present Vishnu and his horse are sup-

posed to be concealed among the clouds. When he shall come he will lead his horse like a king, with a sabre in his hand.



The horse's right foot is held up, but when it shall please him to put it down on the earth, the earth will sink away from the weight of it. The serpent who now bears up the world will be *unable to bear it any longer*, and the tortoise that helps the ser-

pent will plunge into the bottom of the sea. All men will be destroyed. The world will pass away. The wicked shall be punished. After which another golden age shall come.

On these foolish tales the Hindoos are pleased to dwell. They sing them in the shades of evening as they sit at their cottage doors. They repeat them in their temples at the festivals of their god. They learn them by heart in the schools they attend in childhood. They die calling on the name of Vishnu to save them.

But the Word of God is true alone. In its holy pages we read how sin and sorrow entered the world. From it we learn what God will do with the wicked, and how He comforts them that weep, how He feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, and how He will, by and bye, take them that love him to himself in heaven. Do you, dear children, pity the heathen. Pray that God may send them his word; and, as you are able, send the precious volume to every land.

What Little Folks can do.

AN ALLEGORY.

There was once a king who had a very beautiful garden, and grounds arranged with taste to please the eye, to afford refreshing shade, retired walks, commanding views; and, besides, all the delightful fruits that could be produced. There was one superb old oak, so high and grand that it could be seen for miles around. There were roses, and lilacs, and flowering shrubs of every kind; in short, nothing was wanting to make it a perfect spot.

One day the king's head-gardener came in and exclaimed, "Oh, king, pray come out and see what is the matter with your garden; everything is fading, and drooping, and dying."

While he spoke, the other gardeners came rushing up, and all had the same sad story to tell. So the king went out, and there, to be sure, he found it all as they had said.

He went first up to his grand old oak tree, his pride and admiration, and said, "Why, oak, what's the matter with you, that you are withering and dying?" "Oh," said the oak, "I don't think I am of any use, I am so large and cumbersome; I bear no flowers or fruit, and I take up so much room; and, besides, my branches spread so wide and thick that it is all dark and shady under them, and no flowers and fruit can grow there. Now, if I were a rose-bush, it would be worth while, for I should bear sweet flowers; or if I were a peach or a pear tree, or even like the grape-vine, I could give you fruit."

Then the king went on to his favourite rose-bush, and said, "Well, rose-bush, what's the matter with you; why are you so drooping?" "Why," said the rose-bush, "I'm of no use; I have no fruit, I bear nothing but some flowers. If I were an oak, like that grand one in the middle of the grounds, I should be of some use; for then I should be seen for miles around, and should do honour to your garden. But as it is, I might just as well die."

The king next came to a grape-vine, no longer clinging to the trellis and the trees, but trailing sadly on the ground. He stopped and said, "Grape-vine, what's the matter with you; why are you lying so dolefully on the ground?" Ah," said the vine, "you see what a poor weak creature I am: I can't even hold up my own weight, but must cling to a tree or a post, and what good can I do? I neither give shade, like the oak, nor bear flowers like the shrubs. I can't even so much as make a border for a walk, like the box. I must always depend on something else, and surely I am of no use."

So on went the king, quite in despair to see all his place going to destruction; but he suddenly spied a little heart's-ease,

low down by the ground, with its face turned up to him, looking as bright and smiling as possible. He stopped, and said, "You dear little heart's-ease, what makes you look so bright and blooming, when everything around you is fading away?" "Why," said the heart's-ease, "I thought you wanted me here; if you had wanted an oak, you would have planted an acorn; if you had wanted roses, you would have planted a rose-bush; and if you had wanted grapes, you would have put in a grape-vine. But I knew that what you wanted of me was to be a heart's-ease; and so I thought I would try and be the very best little heart's-ease that ever I can."

Children, can you see the meaning? God didn't want a grown-up, learned, rich, great man in the place where he put you; if he had, he would have made one. He wants each of you to be a child, while you are a child; but he wants you to be a *good* child, and the "very best little child that ever you can." Will you try?

The Libbuds.

Our youthful readers have learned, from what has already appeared in the "Juvenile Missionary Herald," that there is a large district in the East Indies, the inhabitants of which sacrifice children, being taught by their wicked priests that those cruel murders are pleasing to the idol whom they worship. The Government have forbidden their doing so, and employ military officers to rescue the poor children intended to be sacrificed. Within the last three years they have saved nearly fifteen hundred children, and have imprisoned the head-men of ten villages for permitting the practice. These benevolent officers state that they lament to find that the practice of offering human sacrifices extends over a much larger district, and to a far greater amount, than was at first supposed.

The children rescued have been placed in schools. In those of the General Baptist Missionary Society there are now between two and three hundred, many of whom rejoice in promoting the happiness of others as they are brought in. We feel assured our youthful readers will be interested in such little incidents as the following, which we find noticed in the report of the General Baptist Missionary Society.

The cholera having prevailed in the district, several very young and sickly children were received. "Wishing to supply, as far as possible, the place of a mother, of whom death had so early deprived them, a number of the elder girls were called, and those who felt most interested in the little strangers, were requested to select one each, with a view to attend to its clothes and food, and in every way to administer to its comfort. A sufficient number volunteered, and it is but justice to state, that the large demand on their sympathy and patience have been cheerfully met, and have doubtless exerted a salutary effect on their own minds."

Many of those received in former years are now becoming useful. Some of them are decidedly pious, and deeply interested in making known the Saviour. The boys, it is stated, are encouraged to keep up their acquaintance with their own language, and schools have been established among the Khunds, through the benevolent efforts of Captain Frye, who has been the means of rescuing many children; and, we doubt not, it will be interesting to our readers to learn that the superintendent of the first school established among these people, is a rescued Khund victim, brought up at the asylum, at the expense of an excellent Baptist friend, and named, after his benefactor, Robert Wherry Musta. He is gone to labour for the benefit of those who would formerly have offered him as a victim to their gloomy goddess. Books for the schools, it appears, have been proffered by the officer above-named.

The following simple but heart-touching letter was addressed by a rescued Khund victim, in the asylum, to a minister in England. It presents a sad illustration of the truth, that the "dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty," and shews what exalted benevolence is connected with Missionary efforts:—

"My dear Sir,—With many loving salutations I write this letter. I never saw you, but my teacher has told me about you. I am not able to write a long letter, but will tell you about my former history. One day my parents went to the mountains to gather mangoes (fruit); I was a little girl, and they left me in the house with two brothers and three sisters. At night the village people, who went with my father and mother, returned and said, "a tiger has devoured your father and mother." We all howled and wept. We had no one to take care of us, except our uncles. They kept us a little time, and then sold us for sacrifices to the Khunds. I lived in one village, and my brothers and sisters in others. My two brothers were offered as Meriah sacrifices. The Khunds were kind to me, but the neighbours said, "they will one day kill you," and I was afraid. One day a kind gentleman came and took me, with many other children, away from the Khunds. I lived for some time in a village at the foot of the mountains, and from thence I came to the Christian School at Berhampore. In my own country I never heard of the true God, and, through my kind teacher, I have learned how He created me, and how He sent his dear Son to save me. Bless his holy name for this joyful news. To Him I daily pray, and, through his goodness, I have learned to read his holy word. I am also taught to sew, to knit, and work in crochet; and I learn various lessons, such as tables, hymns, portions of scripture; and I also receive various excellent instructions. Your little friend, JESSIE.

A Child's Prayer Answered.

A Sunday scholar in Yorkshire heard a minister say, that "prayerless persons would not go to heaven." It deeply impressed her mind. When she returned home, she repeated it to her mother, and added, "Mother, you never pray." "I cannot pray," was the reply. "Yes, you can pray." "I tell you I cannot pray," answered the mother angrily. "Then, mother, I'll pray for you." She knelt down, and prayed, "O Lord, forgive my mother, and save her from swearing. O Lord, forgive my father, and keep him from getting drunk." The father, who was then at a tavern, drinking, came home immediately, and finding his daughter praying for him and his wife, his mind was deeply impressed. The conduct of the little girl was the means of the conversion of her parents.

The Prayer of Faith.

A little boy and his brother were lost in a western forest. On giving an account of the circumstance after they were found, the little fellow said,—

"It grew dark, and I kneeled down and asked God to take care of little Johnny, and then went to sleep."

How touching! how simple! how sublime! That was true faith—that was genuine prayer. David did not exceed it when he said: "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." Perhaps the little boy learned his lesson of trust in God from the royal Psalmist.

Kindness in Little Things.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams, that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the playground, and in the school, there is room all the time for little acts of

kindness, that cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver. To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield, when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little round, rather than come against another; to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent or return it; these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured even in very humble homes, and among very poor people, as well as in families in higher stations.

The Missionary's Apology.

The Rev. Amos Sutton, who has been a Baptist missionary in Orissa, India, for nearly thirty years, closed one of his very interesting speeches with the following poem, expressive of his sacred resolve to live and die for Christ :—

Oh, say not that his heart is cold
Because he goes far hence to dwell :
That parting hour can ne'er be told
When last he sighs, Farewell, farewell !

And as he yet pursues his way
O'er dark blue wave or foreign strand,
Oft does he dash the tear away,
At thoughts of home and native land.

'Tis love to Jesus bears him on,
'Tis love to souls that fires his breast ;
Beyond the cross he sees the crown,
' And light he deems of all the best.

Fain would he on some heathen shore
Plant the first church in Christ its Head,
Then watch it branching into more,
And die beneath its spreading shade.

And thus, beloved ones, would I
See earth's fond, dearest ties all riven,
And in far India's jungles die,
In hope to meet and love in heaven.

Intelligence.

BATTERSEA JUVENILE MISSIONARY WORKING SOCIETY.—"To God be all the glory," was the motto chosen by the friends of the above society, when they assembled to celebrate its Second Anniversary, on Thursday, the 6th of November, 1851. It was a pleasant sight to witness the children, who had, month after month, devoted their playhours to work for their young friends in Hayti, partake of the tea provided by their teachers, and to hear their hymns of praise ascend in cheerful harmony, while their pastor, teachers, and friends partook of the same repast. The Rev. I. M. Soule kindly accepted the invitation to preside over the meeting. The business of the evening was commenced at seven o'clock. The hymn, "Come, happy children," &c., was sung, a psalm read, and a friend, much interested in the cause of Missions, engaged to implore the Divine blessing on the society and its youthful members. The Report of the Committee was read, and the deputation from the Young Mens' Association kindly addressed the meeting; the children were much interested in looking at the idols brought for that purpose. Several letters received from the children at Jacmel were read, and at an early hour the meeting was closed by singing and prayer. A collection of 17s. 3d. was made, and the happy party separated with grateful hearts, and the determination to apply themselves with fresh vigour to their work of faith and labour of love.

MYRTLE-STREET, LIVERPOOL.—On the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, Dec. 9th and 11th, Mr. S. B. Jackson exhibited his Magic Lantern in aid of the Juvenile Missionary Society at this place. In addition to his own views, a number of those exhibiting objects in connection with our Missionary Stations, were kindly sent from the Mission-House. One penny each was charged for admittance, and £2. 6s. was the sum realized in aid of the Society. The funds are devoted to the support of Myrtle-Street Schools in the Bahamas, under the care of the Rev. W. K. Rycroft, who was once a scholar here. The Society raises for this purpose £20 a-year, and in addition has sent out a box containing books and clothing. A sewing class meets weekly in the vestry. A month or two back a box was received from Mr. Rycroft containing kind presents to our pastor and others, specimens of the work of the black children, and a number of shells and other curiosities which have much interested our schools. The shells, &c. have been distributed amongst the subscribers of one penny per month and upwards, of which there were reported to be one hundred. A short time since the pastor, the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, gave a lecture to the young people of the school and congregation, on the "Great Exhibition," in aid of the Society.



The Pine Tree.

At Waterville, in Massachusetts, there lived three lads, friends of each other, whose names were Samuel, Lemuel, and George. They were schoolfellows. George and Lemuel sat side by side on the same stool, and studied Latin from the same book. Samuel did not sit near them, and during the summer he ceased to join them in their walks and play. They had a very pious master. Mr. Seymour generally prayed with the boys twice a day, always once, in the school, and at various times spoke to them very earnestly on the fear of God, and the necessity of being born again.

God heard the prayers of the teacher. Many of the boys began to think of their souls, and of Jesus who died to save them. The three friends especially felt the power of God's

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Spirit, and were drawn together again by their common feelings, to speak, and read, and pray.

One day, Samuel came to George and Lemuel. He was very serious. As they were out of school for a little relaxation, he came to them and said, "Let us go away into the grove yonder."

"What do you want?" said they.

"Let us go there and pray," said he.

They all went. It was the month of November. The air was cold and raw; but there was no snow upon the ground. Just out of sight of the schoolhouse, which was surrounded by a thick forest, there stood a pine tree, which, though young, was yet large and strong. Its stem was studded with branches almost down to the ground. The lower limbs branched off in every direction for several feet around, almost in straight lines, so as to leave an empty space below. It was to this tree the three boys came. Each one felt he had come on a solemn errand, and that they were in a peculiar place. For a moment neither spoke. Soon Samuel said, "Do you think children can be religious as well as men?"

George answered, "I believe they can love God, and I believe God will love them as well as men. But why do you ask, Samuel?"

"I have been thinking a great deal lately about God, and heaven, and hell. I am afraid I shall go to hell. I would do everything in the world if I could go to heaven. I did not sleep at all last night, I thought so much. I am going to be good all the rest of my life."

The feelings of the lads were too strong for them. Tears stopped their words. At last Samuel said, "Let us pray;" and then kneeling down on the damp, dead leaves, each one in turn told his heart to God; Samuel the most readily; the other two boys had but very few words to say.

They returned to the schoolhouse. The boys had been called in some minutes, so that they were late. Mr. Seymour looked grave and sorry. He had been wont to think them his best boys, and an example to the rest. He asked them where they had been. When they told him they had been out to the pine tree, he desired them to remain after school, when the other boys were gone. They were grieved to have offended their teacher; but were comforted as they thought he would approve when he knew the reason of their being late.

At night, Mr. Seymour expressed his grief at their lateness, and asked what excuse they had for it.

The boys looked at each other. They saw they had broken one of the rules of the school, though unintentionally. But they hesitated. They did not like to say they had gone there to pray. Mr. Seymour asked George the reason; but he did not like to tell.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Seymour, "I shall find Samuel more ready to tell me. Why did you go so far away, Samuel?"

"We went there to pray, Sir."

At this, Mr. Seymour's eyes filled with tears. He said, "And did you pray?"

"We did, Sir; all of us," replied Samuel.

"Have you been in the habit of praying?"

"I have, a good many times, since you began to talk to us," said Samuel.

"And have you, George?" asked their teacher.

"No, Sir," said George; "I never prayed before in my life. I have said my prayers a great many times; but I never *prayed myself* till this afternoon."

"Lemuel, have you ever prayed before?"

"I do not know, Sir," said Lemuel. "I never learned any prayers. I have seen them in the catechism; but I never

learned them. But I have thought a great deal about and think my heart has prayed a good many times."

"What did you pray for, Samuel?"

"I prayed, Sir, that God would have mercy on me, and my soul, and not send me to hell."

"What did you pray for, Lemuel?"

"I do not know what I said, Sir; but I felt as if I Jesus Christ."

"Why do you love him?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Ever since I went to the Sabbath school, and learned he came into the world to save sinners, I have wanted love him."

"And have you felt as you do now ever since you went to the Sabbath school?"

"No, Sir; I have not thought much about it until I began to talk to us; then I remembered what I learned in the Bible, and what George Hamilton used to tell me."

"What did you pray for, George?"

"I do not know that I did pray," said George. "I felt I was very wicked, and wanted to ask God to forgive me and love me; but as soon as I tried to speak, I could say only but 'Our Father, which art in heaven;' but I wanted to say something else."

"Did you think about the sins you had committed?" asked Mr. Seymour.

"Not exactly," said George; "I knew I had done a many things which were wrong, and I was thinking of my wicked heart I had to do wrong, when I knew how right; and I feel as if I wanted something to have a clean heart, so that I should not do wrong so easily."

"Why did not you think, then, of David's words, in the fifty-first Psalm, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; *renew a right spirit within me*?' "

"I cannot tell," replied George; "that was just what I wanted to say. I learned that Psalm when I went to Miss Andrew's school, and I have not forgotten it yet, but I did not think of it when I tried to pray."

Mr. Seymour was glad to find they had not remained out of school from bad motives. It was right, he said, to pray. He wished all his boys would pray, and pray in the words their own thoughts would teach them. And then they all knelt down together, and Mr. Seymour besought the blessing of God upon them. For Samuel, he prayed that God would shew him his sins and his wicked heart, and lead him to confess his sins and embrace the Saviour. For Lemuel, that he might have fuller evidence that he did love the Saviour. For George, that his early instruction might lead to his conversion, and especially that the prayers and labours of his mother and uncle, might be the means of bringing him into the right way.

For several weeks the boys used to go daily to the "pine tree," to offer up prayer. This was not the only place where they met, but here they felt a sort of reverence and delight in drawing near to God, which they did not feel so sensibly anywhere else. When winter came they were obliged to relinquish the place and meet elsewhere. Often did these boys meet for prayer that winter, and it is to be hoped not unprofitably to either one. But of this it will be impossible to judge fully, until each one has met the temptations of life, and appears before the Judge of all the earth. To that presence they are fast journeying; and there, reader, you will meet them, and know more satisfactorily than I can declare, the effect of their meeting for prayer under the "pine tree."

Little reader, do you pray?

News from Afar.

NEW ZEALAND.

[Our little readers will be as much pleased to read the following letter, as were the dear children, whose nurse wrote to them from the far-off island of New Zealand. Think that the many children who read the *Juvenile Herald* would like to see it, and so their dear mamma has sent it for their use.]

To Master Herbert, Ernest, and Miss Annette.

My dear little children,

Your kind mamma will be so good as to read this letter to you, and I think you will soon remember when I wrote to you, or have you quite forgotten Eliza, that left you to go to New Zealand? You know that I came in a large ship across the water, a very, very long way, eighteen thousand miles across the seas; and sometimes when the winds were very high the rough waves of the sea tossed this great ship up and down and the water would come into our cabins, and I used to be very much afraid, and often I prayed to God that he would take care of me, and all the rest of the people, and take us safely across the wide ocean, until we reached the place we wanted to go to. Now, God heard our prayers, and he brought us all here in safety; and I am now writing a letter in New Zealand, and a kind gentleman who came out in the same ship has promised me that he will take my letters back to England with him, for he is coming back to fetch his wife and his children to New Zealand: they live at Croydon, and you know that is not far from you, and his name is Mr. Washbot. Now I must tell you what I can, so that you may understand me.

The country in which I live is covered with large mountains, some of them covered with snow, and some

wood so thick that you could not possibly get through; there are some very beautiful trees here,—there is the nio, and the cassia, and the manokoa, and the native fuschia, and the flax, and the fern; you would think them very curious if you were to see them; but, indeed, I think nothing half so beautiful as the trees in your papa's garden, or down your long walk. There are vines here, they grow like apple trees; also peaches, gooseberries, and currants. I will put a little piece of fern in this letter, that you may see what grows in New Zealand. When the manokoa plant is in full blossom on the mountains they look white like snow. There are goats, sheep, and cows on the mountains, and many very beautiful birds, parrots, paroquets, and cockatoos; they have very gay feathers, and sing very sweetly.

There are very large rivers here, and only small planks put across them for bridges; and sometimes when the water rises very high it carries the bridge away, so that the people living on one side of it are obliged to stay there till the plank is put up again; sometimes accidents happen, and little children are drowned in crossing, which you know is very sad.

Now I must tell you about the natives. I think that if you were to see some of them you would be frightened,—their skin is the colour of a brass warming-pan,—their eyes and limbs are very large, and some of them are frightfully tattooed all over their faces. Mamma will be kind enough to explain what tattoo means; some of them, but very few, dress like English people; but most of them wear only a blanket thrown over them. Now fancy you see a New Zealander, with a large black beard and eyes, tattooed face, large naked legs and feet, and a red blanket over him; they do not live in houses like you do; their wigwams are built of mud, with just a hole to creep in and out. A number of these wigwams together are enclosed round with a fence, and are called a native pah; there

are two native paha at Wellington, and hundreds of natives live in them; I did not like to go into them by myself, so I got some one to go with me, and then I saw many strange sights: little children run about without any clothing, men with red blankets, and women with native mats: some employed in stripping the flax, others in preparing their food; they all said, *tanakoa*, which means "good morning;" and, *No hea koe*, which means, "Where did you come from?"

There are Bibles and Testaments in their own language, and some of them read very well, and they are very clever; they have a great sense of what is right, and it is a very great wonder indeed for a native to utter a falsehood; I wish I could say as much of the English people. I am sorry that I cannot talk as the natives talk, because then I could tell them about Jesus, but I hope soon to learn. And now I have told you all that I think you will care to hear about. But I had almost forgotten to tell you of the grand sight I saw on the day after Christmas-day; it was this: all the children belonging to the different schools met together,—they came to Nelson, not in carriages, nor yet omnibuses, but in bullock carts, covered with evergreens and flowers; they all met in one large field, and sang some hymns,—“Joyful,” amongst the number, and they were joyful too; after that they went to a very large booth and sang some more hymns, had some cake, plum pudding, and tea; afterwards there were some fireworks shewn to them, and they parted very happily. And now I have nothing more to tell you, only that I often think of you, and wish I could see you. Oh, yes, I do, indeed, wish I were in England, my own native land; but I hope to see you, my dear children, in that bright land above, never more to part,—in that place where you shall all fly above that bright blue sky, happy angels, for ever and ever. Good bye, and do not forget your old nurse, ELIZA.

Waimea-Road, Nelson, New Zealand, Dec. 30th, 1850.

Little Mary's Sixpence.

A STORY ABOUT A COLLECTION.

"Is there a collection to-morrow, Mrs. R——?" enquired little Mary Percival, with an anxious face.

"Certainly, dear Mary; have you anything to give?"

"Why, no, not exactly; you understand, Mrs. R——?"

"Do you mean," returned her friend, smiling, "that I know all about your money matters, Mary?"

"Yes, that is it; you know I gave that present on Floy's birthday, and so—," here Mary hesitated.

"And so as I, by your express desire, advanced a fortnight's pocket money towards that purchase, you can receive nothing till next Saturday week."

"Yes, just so; I wish I had acted as you advised, dear Mrs. R——, and bought something less expensive; and I want many things next week too; but it cannot be undone!" And Mary sighed.

"Well," said Mrs. R——, presently, "you will give nothing, I suppose?"

"What *can* I give?" said the little girl, almost impatiently. "I know, at the end of the sermon, I shall be quite anxious to do something; and—will you—Mrs. R——, advance just sixpence more? *do*, please!"

"What! and you will have no money coming in for nearly three weeks? Have you not intended to send home some little tokens of love this month? is there no German wool to be purchased? Ah, well," she continued after a pause, "I see you are anxious to give, and as I think you have learned the lesson these little things should teach, I will advance sixpence for to-morrow morning."

You may suppose the coin was joyfully received. The little

girl was interested in the Missionary cause, and felt pleasure in giving. Before she left her pleasant home, she had collected a few shillings for the Society; and now, during a lengthened visit to London, she had great delight in attending the ministry of one of our most venerable and respected ministers, now with his Saviour in heaven; and in hearing from his lips the oft-repeated plea, in behalf of the multitudes "perishing for lack of knowledge." But it might easily be discovered that she had not yet learned how to give *wisely and well*. When tempted to make a more expensive purchase than she could well afford, the prospect of being penniless when the next collection came, was too far off to trouble her little mind, till the very day arrived, and then she was "very sorry." Is it not so with many of our warm-hearted little friends?

The morning came, bright, sunshiny, and cheering. The gardens in the squares looked as green and as beautiful as London gardens *can* look, as Mary tripped lightly along. Do you know the little Infant school hymn,—

"God made the sky which looks so blue,
He made the grass so green;
He made the flowers which smell so sweet,
In radiant colours seen"?

How thankful we should feel when we walk in the bright sunshine amidst the flowers; and, indeed, we should feel grateful at all times, for God is *always* doing us good.

Mary entered John-street hand in hand with her kind friend, and they were soon within the walls of the chapel. The sermon was over, and they were singing the last hymn, when Mary, delighted to have something to give, drew the sixpence from her little pocket, and placed it, as she thought, quite firmly in her hand. Some minutes had passed, and the parting words had been spoken, when Mrs. R—— was aroused by a gentle touch; she looked round, it was Mary.

"Oh, Mrs. R——!" she exclaimed, "I have lost the sixpence!"

In vain they searched, looking under the carpet, and beneath the cushion, in all the corners, and even outside the pew-door; still the money was nowhere to be found. "Well," thought Mary, "how vexing this is!" With a sad countenance she passed the plate, which was held (just low enough for *her*) at the door; and all the way home she could think of nothing but the lost sixpence. Where *could* it be? It was very strange! but the manner in which it was found appeared to Mary more strange than all. That afternoon, as Mary sat in her own room, she took off one of her shoes; something fell softly on the carpet, yes, it was the sixpence! "Ah," thought she, as she joyfully made known her discovery, "the sixpence must have fallen on my foot at chapel and slipped into this wide shoe! what a strange thing!" and she jumped about for joy!

"I fear you will not go out this evening, Mary, it rains!" said Mrs. R——.

"Oh," said the little girl, "I wanted to give sixpence."

And then a bad thought was put into Mary's mind, "if you stay at home you will *save sixpence*!" "No, no," said her conscience, "send the money if you cannot go yourself."

"Well," said Mrs. R——, "I will take your money if you wish; but do as you think *right*."

And right thoughts came again, telling her how God loves "a cheerful giver;" and that if she did not give the money, it would prove that she only wished to *appear* generous, and really gave towards the support of Missions only because she was ashamed to pass the plate. She afterwards thought about the people who never give unless they are *asked*, and then if the person to whom they have promised something forget it, they will pretend to have forgotten also, that they may *escape* giving; and she felt sure she would not wish to be like these

people. But again Satan would remind her of her wants, and the three long weeks before her, and she hesitated very much. I wish Mary had loved Jesus more, and then she would have prayed to him, and he would have helped her to do right at once; but he did help her, now, and at last the good thoughts conquered.

After tea, Mary gave the money to Mrs. R——, to be placed, with her own gift, on the missionary plate that evening: and need I tell you, that little Mary's empty purse did not occasion the shedding of many tears that week. She felt she had acted rightly, and she had been taught a very useful lesson; it was this, that if we would give *well* we must give cheerfully, and deny ourselves, if necessary, in order to do so, and that we may be just in all our little charities, by giving to each the proportion which its importance claims. She saw that she had given far more to her friend than she had devoted to God, and knew that she had too often given, in order that her friends might praise her good deeds.

Do our little readers never feel like this? would *you* like some one else to put *your* money in the box? If you love Jesus, dear boys and girls, you will try to send the Gospel to all parts of England, and of our world; and when you give, you will give modestly and cheerfully all you *can*; without feeling ashamed if it be little, or proud if it be much; and you will try to understand what your Saviour meant when he said, "But when *thou* doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

C.

The Glowworm.

Very beautiful as is the light of this little creature on the flowery banks of the hollow lanes of Devonshire, still more lovely is the light of the glowworm of the West Indies.

It is nearly an inch long, and the third of an inch broad, and as it flies there may be seen four light-spots, like gems, more brilliant than the diamond itself, of a lovely golden blue colour. So bright is the light that you may see to read very small print by moving one of the insects along the lines.

This kind of glowworm is very common in the West Indies, and, in days gone by, was often used by the natives instead of candles, to give them light. When they traveled, the beautiful glowworms were sometimes caught and tied to their feet, to shed light upon the path instead of lanterns.

On holidays, the young people catch the glowworms in great numbers. They are then tied on all parts of their dresses, and also upon the trappings of horses, on which, prancing through the streets, the merry people enjoy the festival. It is like a beautiful robe of stars covering the horse and its rider.

Many years ago the bright light of these little watch-fires frightened two very brave men. Sir Thomas Cavendish and Sir Robert Dudley once landed on one of the islands of the West Indies, to conquer it from the Spaniards. As they drew near the woods they saw a great number of lights moving among the trees. They thought the lights came from the torches of the Spaniards, and that they were coming to fight them in great numbers. The two Englishmen and their few companions were so terrified that they turned back, and hastened to find a place of safety on board their ships. The lights were the glowworms' torches: and so they saved the island at that time from the English army.

A Rich Poor Man.

One windy afternoon, I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man, who was deaf, and so shaken with the palsy that one

wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor, But deaf, sick, and helpless, it turned out that he was happy. "What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend. "Waiting, Sir," "And for what?" "For the appearing of my Lord." "And what makes you wish for his appearing?" "Because, Sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing." And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and, opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

Though you possess untold wealth, if you have not old Wisby's faith, you are a poor man; if you have that faith, and are "rich towards God," count it all joy, if you are as poor as Lazarus or Wisby. Better have Wisby's hope than Victoria's sceptre,—Lazarus' rags than Dives' purple. Better is poverty with piety, than riches with perdition.

Clean Hands.

A little boy, whose name I shall call John, was observed to wash his hands many times a day—a most praiseworthy exercise. The unusual frequency with which he repaired to the hollow stone by the well, led his elder brother, Henry, to ask him why he washed his hands so frequently.

"Because I wish to be strong." "Do you think that washing your hands will make you strong?" "Yes." "I hope you will hold on to that idea."

At evening, as the two brothers were sitting in the porch of the farm house, listening to the notes of the whip-poor-will,

Henry asked John why he thought that washing his hands would give him strength. "Because I read it in the Bible," was the reply. "Where did you find the passage?" "I will shew you."

He got the Bible, and read the latter part of the seventeenth chapter of Job: "He that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." John was sure that his position was a firm one, for it had the support of Scripture. Henry proceeded to explain to him the meaning of the passage, and convinced him that he had taken in a literal sense that which was intended to be understood in a figurative sense—that the passage taught that those who do right shall increase in strength to do right. The truth thus explained made a deep impression upon John's mind, and I wish it may make a deep impression upon the mind of the reader. Every time you do right, you increase your power to do right. The highest kind of strength is strength to do right. Little reader, are you, in this kind of strength, "waxing stronger and stronger"?

The Wan Reapers.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

I came from a land where a beautiful light
Is slow creeping o'er hill-top and vale,
Where broad is the field, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are haggard and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toll,
Still they pause not, that brave little band,
Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there;
The pestilence stalks uncontrolled;
Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,
And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
But there's beautiful light in her eye;
And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime
But he cheerily sings at his toil,
For he thinks of his sheaves, and the garnering-time
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band,
A long, wistful gaze on the west,—

"Do they come, do they come from that dear, distant land
That land of the lovely and blest?

"Do they come? do they come? Oh, we're feeble and weak
And we're passing like shadows away:
But the harvest is white, and lo! yonder the dawn!
For labourers,—for labourers we pray!"



THE TURKISH WATER CARRIER.



The Devil-Dancers of Ceylon.

When people are ignorant of God, and give way to their evil passions and desires, they often fall into very great wickedness. Thus the Singhalese, having lost all knowledge of God, have become the prey of dreadful superstitions, and live in continual fear of devils, whom they worship instead of God. The religion of the greater part of the people of Ceylon is Buddhism; but, in many parts of the island, they have ceased to honour Budha. In his stead they present offerings and prayers to the imaginary beings, who, they think, dwell in every tree, and in every running stream. These are called demons, or devils. A very favourite one in Kandy is called Gaveleyaka. This demon is supposed to look after the house, the garden, children, and cattle. Like all devils, he must be fed, or, rather, the wicked men who deceive the people must; and so the Kandians offer rice, curry, and incense to him, in order to keep him in good temper. Otherwise he may get very angry, and hurt and destroy the things they expect him to guard.

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There is also a devil who is so savage and cruel as to devour infants, and drink human blood, unless he is pacified by an offering of the blood of a cock, rice in large quantities, and incense. These offerings are made at the side of a stream or pool. Farmers, hunters, and sportsmen, all have their particular demons to whom they offer sacrifices, to watch over their crops, to assist them in their sport, or to ward off the bites of poisonous serpents.

Even little children have a devil. His name is Padameyaka. If they are ill, their parents offer to them five kinds of *smells*, which are made from the burning of nine sorts of red flowers, mixed with a cock's blood. To this strange-mixture they add five portions of boiled rice, stained with five different colours. It is then taken to the edge of a stream, where the offering is made. Thus they hope to get the devil's help to cure the sickness.

If a cat becomes sick the natives offer her to a devil called Garayaka.

So great is the fear of the people, of these terrible beings as they think them, that they wear charms written on palm leaf. These are rolled up and worn upon the arm. Some are so afraid, as to wear ten or twenty of these charms or amulets at once. The painted figures of these devils are very frightful, in order to terrify the people, that the devil-dancers may more easily rob them. There is the Black Prince, whose whole body is black, and who rides on a black bullock. There is the Black Princess, who is said to delight in blood, and to make women and children sick.

When any one falls sick, the Singalese think the devil is angry, and send for a devil-dancer to quiet his wrath. In a lonely place a gentleman one day met with one of these devil-dancers. His hut, which served also as a devil temple, was built on the bank of a slow running stream, and shaded by a very large banyan tree.

The banyan tree is the Indian figtree. Every branch throws out small tender fibres or threads, which hang down, and as they approach the ground grow thicker. When they touch the ground they take root, and become trunks. More follow, till the tree spreads over a very great space, so that hundreds of people may stand beneath the thick wide-spreading boughs. There the villagers often meet to sell and to buy, to play and to worship their gods,—while chattering monkeys leap about among the thick branches above.

On one side the banyan tree spread its boughs over the dancer's hut: on the other it covered the stream, and three hundred natives who had assembled to witness the strange ceremony. The tom-toms beat. The devil-dancer, a strong and active man, holding in his hand a torch, danced to the noise, beating time with his feet and hands. On his neck, arms, ankles, and hands, he wore large, hollow, metal rings. Gradually his step became quicker, his motions more rapid. His flesh quivered, and his eyeballs became fixed and staring. His long hair streamed over his shoulders. The flickering light of the torch, amidst the dark gloom of the shadows of the huge tree, whose dusky boughs creaked as the wind rustled through their leaves, added terror to the scene. At last the dancer came near to the man that had sought his aid, and in a low voice pretended to tell him what was about to happen to his sick child.

When sickness enters a house or a village, the devil priest is sent for, and after building a hut of plantain leaves, the same kind of ceremonies are performed. Thus the poor people are led astray from God; they are led captive by the devil at his will. Only Jesus can break their bondage, and set them free from their guilty fears. Let us try, by means of the bible, tracts, and missionaries, to instruct them in the knowledge of God, and to lead them to trust in His love and power, who *alone is able to save.*

The Bird's Nest.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ADDRESS.

It was upon a bright, sunny, spring morning, that I walked away from my home, and after passing through a few lovely streets, lined on either side with lofty and graceful elms, whose noble tops seemed nearly to unite, and formed above a solemn arch of green, I passed down a narrow lane, and came to a quiet, shady glen. It was far away from the noisy and dusty street, and seemed a fit place for morning prayer. As my heart kindled with love and praise towards Him who was the Author of so much beauty and loveliness, the sweet notes of an anthem were wafted to my ear. I started from my contemplative and thoughtful mood, for I meant to be alone; and surely unintentionally, said I, I have intruded upon the social worship of strangers.

I was about retiring further into the thicket; but upon turning an angle, I came upon a neat and beautiful cottage, from whence came these songs of adoration and love. It was a rural spot, and the little cottage was made, as you would suppose, in the simplest way. It seemed as if some one had planted a little seed, and this cottage had grown up fairy-like, and looked like the very soil upon which it stood. Over it waved the pliant branches of a noble tree, whose limbs were covered with the white and fragrant blossoms of spring; and as they gracefully bent beneath the gentle pressure of the morning breeze, they seemed like heavenly visitants, beckoning me on to this sacred retreat. I waited not for a second call, but, following the promptings of my heart, I approached the cottage, and found a mother there with her four little children, all engaged in family worship. The father had left early for the labours of the day. They seemed very happy. They loved *their home*, and loved that good Being who had surrounded

them with so many beauties and so many blessings. The mother seemed to praise God for the gift of her little children, and the children seemed grateful for so good and devoted a mother. My interview was short, yet pleasant. There was around them an atmosphere of peace and enjoyment, that I felt better for having breathed. They sung to me, and they seemed to be all sacred and heavenly songs. They made me feel better. I felt at peace with God, at peace with all nature, and at peace with mankind. I tried to sing, too, but I could not sing so well as they. They sung more artlessly, more simply, more truly. They were all better than I, but I thought that I would try to be like them. I would go and see them again and again, and here, far away from the noisy world, these little children of nature would teach me the sweet lessons of love and trust.

But, finally (sad to relate), as I went one evening to my favourite spot, I found that the whole retreat was covered with a deathlike stillness. I was afraid that my friends had moved away, or gone off upon some distant journey. But I found that the stillness came from something worse than this. Some robber had been there; the cottage was broken in, and one child lay dead upon the grass not far from the cottage door. The rest had gone, the mother knew not where. She herself was there, watching her dead child. Her mournings would now and then break the stillness of the evening hour, and it was from her that I gathered the sad story of her loss and her wrong. A happy home was made desolate, a mother's heart made sad.

Children, what should be done with this cruel man, he who could violate the sacredness of such a heavenly spot, who could ruin this happy family, and make their beautiful Eden a sad and solitary waste? Could you love that man? Could God look kindly upon him, do you think, and bless him for this unholy and cruel work? Children, do you not all say no?

Now, children, this sweet, pretty cottage, was a well-finished *nest*. The little birds, taught by God, had laboured hard, and worked it into its elegant finish. In it, the mother, with her little ones, rocked and rocked upon the white-robed bough, covered, as I said, with the fragrant blossoms of spring. God created them, and made them into this loving family. God meant that they should be happy and trusting, so that, through their happiness and trust, we could learn to feel the presence and the tender watchfulness of this loving Providence. But some cruel or thoughtless *boy* (for I do not believe that a little girl would do it), one who did not think of, or did not care for, God, or the little ones that he feeds from day to day; such an *one*, in hurling a stone to drive away the fond mother, who was so kindly guarding her young, killed one of the little flock—him whom I found dead upon the grass—and then this *robber boy* seized the remaining three, and, notwithstanding the mother's cries, bore them into cruel bondage. Yet, he went not until his rude and bloody hand had broken down the walls of this (may I not say) rustic palace.

I hope there is not a little boy who shall read this story (and I cannot believe that there will be one) who would so cruelly rob a poor bird of her nest, destroy her eggs, or, robber-like, carry away her little ones. Remember, my little brother, that God hears the raven's cry—feeds and clothes all the birds of the air. He taught them to build houses, sing songs, and created them to love. He has grouped them into families: there are brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers. Remember that the eye of a just God is ever looking down upon you as you walk among these hamlets, and as, with your sacrilegious hand, you break down the delicate and elegant walls of these little rustic cottages, and thus wound the affections of these little artless and loving children of God. Remember, too, that not even the tiny "*sparrow shall fall to the ground without your heavenly Father's notice.*"

A Moorman.



How amused the youthful readers of this magazine would be, were they to see a man like that which the picture represents, walk into their parents' house, followed by two or three like himself, but each bearing a heavy pack, or a tin box, on his head; and having put off his sandals at the door, and made a low *salam*, ask leave to exhibit to the lady the beautiful new English goods he has for sale, or the fine country cloths, or the large supply of threads, and tapes, and buttons. If he is told nothing is wanted, he still thinks *Missus* may as well look at his stores, and forthwith he nods to his men to put down their boxes—an order which they very cheerfully obey—and then opening them they display a medley of goods which few English eyes have seen in so small a compass: dresses, bonnets, caps, ribbons, perfumery, stationery, books, necklaces, and other kinds of ornaments, and, indeed, a

little of almost every thing that can be thought of as an article of clothing, or otherwise necessary to personal comfort, except articles of food.

“See, *Missus*, this new sort lace, just come from Europe; very fine! lady.” “It is very pretty, Tamby; but I do not want any.” “Only three shillings one yard, lady.” “Now, Tamby, you know you ask too much.” “Well, then, *Missus* shall have it for two.” “No, that will not do.” “What will *Missus* give, then?” “Oh, it is not worth more than eighteen-

pence." "Ah, well, take; lady knows very well proper price; people come from Europe know everything." Such are the Moormen of Ceylon, who are the almost universal traders in the island. They are not Singhalese; their language and customs are different to theirs, and so is their religion. Still they have been in the island so long that they are quite naturalized; and they have not even a tradition among themselves, as to the time when their forefathers came to Ceylon.

The Singhalese sometimes call them by a name, which signifies *mariners*, and which leads some to suppose that they are descended from merchants (perhaps those of Persia), who, in the fifth century, traded to Ceylon for pearls and cinnamon. They are very industrious, and there is no part of the island, however difficult of access, into which they do not penetrate with their merchandise. Their religion is that of the false prophet; but they are not very zealous worshipers; still they have hitherto been rather hostile to the efforts of christian missionaries. Some few have become Roman Catholics; but scarcely any are known to have embraced pure christianity. There was a pleasing instance, however, of two of this class, who were afflicted with that awful disease, the leprosy, and who, while confined in the leper hospital near Colombo, were visited by the agents of the Baptist Missionary Society. After some time their carelessness began to disappear, and at length they expressed their faith in Christ, and a desire to be baptized in His name. Their leprosy had caused them to be placed where they had been told of a far worse leprosy with which they were afflicted—the leprosy of sin; but they had been told, at the same time, of its cure. They knew that for their loathsome bodily disease there was *no cure*, and so, perhaps, they more highly valued that "fountain which is opened for sin and for uncleanness."

The children of these Moors have a particularly intelligent look, and they are remarkably lively in their manners. They

are as active in their play as most English children; and much more so than the generality of Asiatics. They are taught to read and write, and their highest attainment is to repeat portions of the Koran in Arabic. This is their religious book, and they are taught to believe there is virtue in reciting it, although they do not understand the language in which it is written. How true it is of the heathen that "their foolish heart is darkened," or else these shrewd people would soon see the folly of expecting any improvement from such a remedy.

How much should all who know the value of the Bible strive to send them that best of all books, which even the simplest can comprehend, and which loses none of its virtue, or sacredness, by being translated into any other language than that in which it was first written.

Romish Idolatry in Haiti.

"One Sabbath morning," says a gentleman, "I left my house for a short walk. The sun was just rising, shedding his bright rays over mountain and valley, as I drew near to a place just outside Port au Prince, called 'Calvary.' Here, on a hill from which you look down upon the city, is a representation of the crucifixion of our Saviour. The spot is surrounded by a high brick wall, within which is a small building, open in front, to which you go up by a flight of steps. Here you have a sight of the crosses and the sufferers. Upon one cross, eight feet high, is a figure of Jesus, large as life, suspended as if suffering all the agonies and tortures of death. It is carved from wood, the crown of thorns is on its head, and nails pierced through the hands and feet. On either side hang, on two other crosses, representations of the two thieves. These figures are not images carved from wood, but are paintings drawn on boards.

"Enclosed in the same building are a spear, a long reed with a sponge at its end, a ladder, a hammer, a large pair of iron pincers, a large cock perched upon a pedestal, and a vinegar cruet. Several wax tapers were burning outside, and others inside, just at the foot of the cross. The man who kept the place, now and then put a little incense on a fire, which was kept burning near the crosses.

"While I was there, many people passing by, or on their way to market with their mules laden with fruit and vegetables, and others who were soldiers on their way to parade, came



near, and dipping their fingers in some holy water, crossing themselves, knelt upon the steps, combing their heads, and saying their prayers. Then, after a while, they lighted a wax taper, and setting it near the cross, went on their way. On fête days, hundreds and thousands of people, who have been at

church, perhaps, during the day, come in the evening and worship before the cross. The lighted tapers are innumerable, and, on a dusky evening, as the shadows of night gather round the scene, the illumination is very beautiful to see. On these occasions, a man usually reads to the people, appointed to do so by the priests.

“Very lately, I heard the following interesting fact:—

“The man who was appointed to read at the cross, was a man very attentive to his duties and his prayers. Some months ago, some one either gave or lent him a Bible. He read it with great interest, and, at length, took it to the cross. There he read it to the people who came to worship. He thought it a very solemn thing to hold in his own hand, and read for himself, the *Word of God*. He, therefore, often went to the cross, and then, bowing on his knees, read the Bible for hours.

“Gradually, his mind began to see the errors of Popery, and then he began to expose them, as he read, to the people. He told them they must worship the Saviour, and not the images which represented him, and that Christ alone could take away their sins.

“As more and more light came into his mind, he became more and more anxious to read the holy book to the people, and he prayed God to enable him to read the whole of it, especially the New Testament and the Psalms. At last the priest heard of it. He visited the Bible reader. He reproved him for reading the good book; but all in vain. The man claimed the right to read it, and continued to do so, notwithstanding the priest's admonitions and threats.

“But he was at length taken sick, and could no more read the Bible at the cross. Since then he has been otherwise employed, and has become a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ our Lord.”

"Our Father."

Will the child who reads this ask himself, "Why I am happy at home? If I am away, and anything goes wrong with me, why do I always wish I was at home again, everything would be well with me there? Why do I love my father and my mother, my brothers and my sisters, better than anybody else in the world?"

It will be easy to answer these questions, if you think a few minutes about them. Your father and mother know more than you; they can answer many of your hard questions besides, they are strong; they can protect you from danger; they love you, and will do everything they can for you; makes you feel very safe and happy where they are. They provide you food and raiment, watch your sick-bed, comfort you in affliction. They are kind, gentle, watchful, prayerful.

But is not God infinitely above any earthly friends, how dear? If we trust in God, he will never leave us nor forsake us. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," (Psalm xxvii. 10). Our earthly parents may die or be separated from us; we know not what day may bring forth; but God knows all things. "The commandments of the good man are ordered by the Lord."

Do you feel safe, little friends, if you have your hands out of your father's when the thunder roars and the lightnings flash? He cannot shield you. You need a mightier protector. Shall it be? God? Yes, God the Lord, he who rules the winds and the waves.

Once, when the disciples were on the sea of Tiberias, a fearful storm arose, and they thought they were surely going to perish. Jesus was with them. "And he arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still! And the

wind ceased, and there was a great calm." Ask God, who makes the tempest, and who governs it, to be by your side, for then only are you safe.

There are many important things which your earthly parents cannot teach you, particularly about God and eternity. "But the Comforter, who is the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send, he will teach you all things."

Your father cannot save you from Satan, who goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; nor can he save you from God's justice at the day of judgment. Jesus "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."

Now, have we not shewn you that your heavenly Father, who offers to dwell with you, is more wise and more powerful than your own father and mother? that he is more watchful, more loving, always able to provide for your wants, comfort you when sickness comes, and you fear you may die? Hear what the Bible says: He who clothes the lily of the field, will surely clothe his children; He who feeds the ravens when they cry, will not let you suffer hunger. "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." He promises to make your bed in your sickness; that is, to send you relief from your pains. Still, the time must come when you will die. No father or mother can drive death away. Now hear what David the Psalmist said when he thought about dying. God dwelt with David; so he said, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." So you need not be afraid to die, for He will be by your bedside. And He will watch over your grave to bring you forth; for He says, "I am the

resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Little folks, trust in God; make him your friend. Seek first his kingdom, his righteousness, his hope, his peace, his joy, while the lamp holds out to burn; delay not, *delay not*. Now, *now* is the accepted time, *now* the day of salvation.

The Sailor Boy and his Bible.

In 1816, a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon the coast of Scotland in a tremendous gale. In a short time after the vessel struck, she went to pieces. The spectators on shore saw with grief the situation of those on board, but could render them no help. All on board perished except one person, who, driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, entangled among the ropes fastened to the mast, half naked and half drowned, reached the shore, and was disengaged from his heart-rending situation by those who were on the beach. As soon as they had rescued him, they observed a small parcel tied round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money, others thought it was the ship's papers, and others thought it was his watch, &c. The handkerchief was unloosed, and, to their surprise and astonishment, it was his Bible! a Bible given to the lad's father by the "British and Foreign Bible Society." Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the old man's hands; and an expression of that gratitude to the "British and Foreign Bible Society," which inspires the heart of every christian, was written by the old man. The request was, that his son should make it "the man of his counsel," and that he could not allow his son

to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love—his Bible! although that gift deprived the other parts of the family. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read with tears.

Perhaps that son *had* made it “the man of his counsel,” his guide for life and for death. Certainly *he* valued his Bible, or he would not have sought to preserve it as he did. Little reader, do *you* value yours?

What can make a Heathen Happy.

A missionary in India, meeting one day with a native christian female, one of his own flock, asked her how she felt. “Happy! happy!” she answered. “I have Christ *here*,” laying her hand on the Bengalee Bible, “and Christ *here*,” pressing it to her heart, “and Christ *there*,” pointing towards heaven. Happy was she, indeed, for to whatever part of the universe she might be removed, she was sure of having Christ with her. And how did she first learn of Christ? By the preaching of the missionaries. And so may every heathen man and woman on the globe be made happy in Christ the Saviour, by the blessing of God on the preaching of missionaries. Who, of all the children that read this, would not like to confer this happiness on the heathen, by helping to send out preachers of the gospel through all the world?

The Dying Child to her Mother.

Mother, why speak of the things of earth,
Which, brief as the sun of a winter's day,
And fleet as the hours of an infant's mirth,
Soon pass away?

And thinkest thou, mother, to charm thy child,
By telling of things so false and frail,
Of those gay streams that once beguiled—
And she so pale!

Oh, tell me not of the bright, clear sun,
As his radiance lights up the morning skies;
For, oft as his race has just begun,
His brightness dies!

Nor bid me think of the placid moon,
As she calmly smiles from the brow of night,
And sweetly beams, then wanes, and soon
Is lost to sight!

Oh, tell me not of the far, bright stars,
As they softly steal through the evening shade;
For, though nothing now their luster mars,
They soon must fade!

Nor tell me now of the gay and young,
Who seem to be joyous or sad at will;
For the heart's wild beatings, the mirthful tongue,
Shall soon be still!

Nor bid me dream of the beauteous flowers,
Whose fragrance perfumes the forest glade;
Though blooming now, in a few short hours
They too must fade!

There are things, dear mother, sweeter far,
Than the music which sighs in the waving breeze,
And lovelier than midnight's brightest star—
Oh, speak of these!

Yes, tell me of Heaven—the home of the blest,
Where all is changeless, and bright, and pure,
Where the soul, escaped from its bonds, shall rest,
Calm and secure!

Oh, point me beyond that star-lit sky,
Where brightens my spirit's long abode—
I shall die—I sweetly then shall die,
And go to God!



Vishnu's Seventh Avatar.

Very foolish are the stories the Hindoos tell of their favourite god Vishnu. Some of the most foolish are connected with his seventh avatar, or appearance on earth in human form. It happened thus:—

There was once, it is said, a Brahmin who had a very great devotion for a god whose name was Ixora, to whom he daily offered a hundred flowers. The god was so pleased that he

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offered the Brahmin to grant him whatever he chose to ask. Rowena, the Brahmin, asked to be made the governor of the world. It was granted him. Meanwhile, he continued to pray, and to offer his flowers to Ixora: for he desired yet more. At last he asked his god to give him ten heads to see everything all around him, and twenty arms to execute all his will. This, too, was granted him.

And now Rowena set up his throne in Lanca, or Ceylon. He forgot all his obligations to Ixora, and desired his people to own him as their god. It was to punish him, that Vishnu took a man's form. He was called Ram, and very wonderful exploits did Ram, in order to subdue the proud and powerful Brahmin.

Now Ram had a sister, and Rowena desired to have her as his wife. He sent a great giant in the form of a stag, or a beautiful deer, to attract Ram's attention, while he carried Seeta away by force. Away flew the deer over hills and mountains, over the rivers and seas, while Ram following, left his sister to be borne off by the Brahmin.

Ram went in search of his sister. On his way he met with two monkeys, and obtained their help. The general of the monkey's army, was Hunooman. He at once leaped over the sea, five hundred miles broad, which divided the main land from the island of Ceylon, and found Ram's lost sister in the Brahmin's garden. And now the monkey-general began to destroy the trees and the flowers, the beautiful summer-houses, and shady walks, till Rowena sent his servants to kill him or drive him away. But the monkey beat them all, and killed some,—even Rowena's son was slain. He now sent his eldest son, who caught the monkey, and set his tail on fire. But this made matters worse; for the monkey, with his burning tail, leaped from house to house, and set all Ceylon on fire. He then returned to Ram.

Ram next resolved to invade Ceylon. He set out with an

army of monkeys. In order to cross the sea, they tore up mountains, broke down trees, lifted mighty rocks, and cast them into the raging ocean to form a bridge. Although opposed, Ram and his monkeys made good their landing, and war began. Rowena's people were giants; but the monkeys conquered them. At last Ram and Rowena met. They fought for seven days. Ram cut off Rowena's ten heads a hundred times; but they were restored as fast. Ram now let fly an arrow, which, when it went into the air, became a thousand arrows; when it entered the body of an enemy, it became an innumerable multitude. This arrow killed Rowena, and, to the joy of all the gods, his blood was spilt upon the earth.

Bitterly did his wife mourn for him. She went to Ram. He did not know her, and gave her his blessing, that she should never become a widow. He soon found out his mistake, for he had just killed her husband. Ram, therefore, ordered Hunooman, the monkey, to throw wood into the funeral fire; for the Hindoos believe, that as long as the body of the husband is burning, a woman ought not to be called a widow. And to this day they say that Hunooman keeps laying logs on the fire, and every time a Hindoo puts his fingers in his ears and hears a sound, he says that he hears the bones of Rowena burning.

Ram's birth-day is therefore highly honoured; because he killed the giant and wicked Brahmin. Multitudes of clay images of him are made and worshiped. At the time of death, the Hindoos write his name on the breast and forehead of the dying person, with earth taken from the river Ganges. This, they think, gives them safe admission into heaven.

So foolish are the people who know not God. Shall we not pity them, and send to them the knowledge of the dear Saviour, whose name alone has power to save?

The Jungle Boy.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

Many years ago, a lady sat in the verandah of her Burmese house, endeavouring to decipher the scarcely legible characters of a palm-leaf book, which lay, in all its awkwardness, upon the table before her. A beautiful beetle, with just gold enough on his bright green wings to distinguish him from the glossy leaves of the Cape jasmine, which grew close by the balustrade, was balancing himself upon one of the rich white blossoms that filled the whole air with their fragrance; while a gay-plumaged bird, with a strange sort of a feathery coronal upon his head, was making himself busy among the rank grass beyond. Still farther on, a long-necked chameleon clung to the trunk of a guava tree, throwing back his snake-like head, and darting his inquisitive little eyes about very suspiciously; a green-coated robber of a parrot nestled among the fruit and foliage above; and below, and all around, a whole school of crows flapped their black wings, and wheeled, and fluttered, and cawed, with amazing industry and volubility. It is in vain to try to enumerate the lady's strange visitors, but they were such as any of you might see of a bright morning in Burmah, and very attractive you would find them—much more attractive, I have no doubt, than the long palm-leaf books, all smeared with oil to make their circular scratches legible. From a little bamboo shelter—a curious thatched roof set upon poles, just beyond the high, uncropped hedge, and dignified by the name of school-house—came a sound of mingled voices, very cheerful, very earnest, and, to strangers' ears, about as intelligible as the cawing of the crows. But the lady understood it all; and it told her that her native schoolmaster was doing his duty, and his tawny pupils making some proficiency in the *them-bong gyee*, or 'a-b, ab' talk. *Kah gyee ya, ka—kah gyee ya kya, kah—kah gyee ya*

long gyee ten, ke—kah gyee ya long gyee ten san cat, kee, came the confused sounds—a very circuitous way of saying k-a, ka, k-e, ke—don't you think so?

As the lady bent over her book, a little more wearily than in the freshness of the morning, and made a renewed effort to fix her eyes on the dizzying circles, a strange-looking figure bounded through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway, and, rushing towards her, with great eagerness enquired, "Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy perhaps twelve years of age; his coarse black hair, unconfined by the usual turban, matted with filth, and bristling in every direction like the quills of a porcupine; and a very dirty cloth of plaided cotton disposed in the most slovenly manner about his person.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he enquired, scarcely pausing for breath, though slackening his pace a little as he made his way, uninvited, up the steps of the verandah, and crouched at the lady's feet.

"What do you want of Jesus Christ?" enquired the lady.

"I want to see him—I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?"—with great emphasis—"I want to know *that*. Doing! Why, I tell lies, I steal, I do everything bad; I am afraid of going to hell, and I want to see Jesus Christ, for I heard one of the Loogyees say that he can save us from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find Jesus Christ."

"But he does not save people from hell, if they continue to do wickedly."

"I want to stop doing wickedly, but I can't stop—I don't know how to stop—the evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come of evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"Nothing, but to come to Christ, poor boy, like all the rest of us," the lady softly murmured; but she spoke this last in English, so the boy only raised his head with a vacant, "B' ha-lai?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ now—"

She was interrupted by a sharp, quick cry of despair.

"But I am his humble friend and follower—"

The face of the listener brightened a little.

"And he has commissioned me to teach all those who wish to escape from hell how to do so."

The joyful eagerness depicted in the poor boy's countenance was beyond description. "Tell me—oh, tell me! Only ask your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, to save me, and I will be your servant, your slave, for life. Do not be angry! Do not send me away! I want to be saved—saved from hell!"

The lady, you will readily believe, was not likely to be angry. Even the person who told me the story many years after, was more than once interrupted by his own choking tears.

The next day a new pupil was welcomed to the little bamboo school-house, in the person of the wild Karen boy; for no missionary having yet been sent especially to that people, they received all their religious instruction through the medium of the Burmese language. And oh, *such* a greedy seeker after truth and holiness! Every day he came to the white teachers to learn something more concerning the Lord Jesus Christ and the way of salvation; and every day his mind seemed to open, his feelings to enlarge, and his face to lose some portion of that indescribable look of stupidity which characterizes the uncultivated native.

In due time, a sober band of worshipers gathered around the pool in the little hollow by the bridge, to witness a solemn baptism; then a new face was seen among those who came to commemorate the dying love of the Lord Jesus; and a new name was written on the church records.

Years passed away. Death had laid his hand upon the gentle lady, and she had gone up to that sweet home where pain and sorrow are unknown, and where "the weary are at rest." On earth, another death-scene was ensuing. A strong, dark-browed man, tossed wildly on his fevered couch in an agony of physical suffering; but even then, his unconscious lips murmured continually those precious fragments of Scripture, which he had treasured up in days of health. At last there came a fearful struggle; then the convulsed features relaxed, the ghastliness of death settled upon them, and the spirit seemed to have taken its flight. Suddenly, however, the countenance of the dying man was lighted with a heavenly radiance, his lips parted with a smile, his eye emitted a single joyful flash, before it turned cold and motionless for ever, and then the wild boy of the jungle was welcomed by his waiting angel-guide to the presence of that Saviour whom he had sought with such eagerness so many years before.

Singhalese Fishermen.

The picture on the next page represents a man of the fisher caste of Ceylon. This class is one of the most hardy and industrious in the island. At the earliest peep of daylight, their pretty little canoes (which are very much like Robinson Crusoe's) may be seen putting out to sea, in search of a draught of fishes. It is one of the first interesting sights to the passengers of a vessel which has anchored off Colombo in the night, to watch these fragile-looking barks at daybreak, as they emerge from the tiny bays, or as they are pushed into the sea from the beach, on which they have been placed for safety during the night. This beach is skirted almost down to the water with rich groves of cocoa-nut trees, and as the little bark floats in the dim twilight from beneath their shadow, it looks like some large, but grace-

ful, waterfowl. As it comes more into view, and the light becomes stronger, its real nature is seen; and then the owner of it is discovered, carefully guiding its course amid the breakers, and, these safely passed, swiftly he plies his oars, and in a short time is two or three miles out at sea. It is again a beautiful sight to watch these light canoes as they return in a few hours



with their finny captives. One or two hundreds of them may then be seen, with their white sails set, scudding before the wind, and, with the bright sunshine upon them, looking like so many fairies dancing on the broad billows. And now they reach the shore, and the precious cargo is quickly deposited on the sand or in baskets, and as quickly carried away into the

town, to supply the wants of a large population; for the inhabitants of Ceylon, like the natives of most tropical climates, use fish as one of their chief articles of food. Twice in the day do most of these fishermen go thuh to sea and return again. This alone, in such a hot climate, is a laborious day's work; but, beside this, they make their own nets, and cords, and cables for use in their canoe; and they may often be seen, when on land, making string, or netting it into a large fishing net, as they walk along the road. They are generally fine, robust-looking men. Their dress is a cloth fastened round the waist, and a large straw hat to protect them from the sun; and, occasionally, they wear a short jacket. Nearly all of them are Roman Catholics, and they give a tithe of all their fish to their clergy for the support of their religion. Their industry bespeaks for them the goodwill of all who know the value of time, and especially of those who remember how our Saviour associated with this class of men, and how many from among them were his chosen friends. But, unhappily, these Singhalese fishermen have a great dislike to listen to any who would teach them the gospel in its simplicity; and it makes those who would gladly instruct them very sad, when they find how slavishly they follow those who are "blind leaders of the blind."

"Too Tired to Pray."

And is it so, my little friends, that sometimes wearied out with the pleasures and duties of the day, when the time comes for presenting the evening prayer, you feel almost tempted to decline the pleasant task? You are too tired to pray! this, perhaps, is your momentary feeling, and he who tempts you to it would fain persuade you that it is a natural and excusable one; but a little further thought will help you to put aside the

temptation. Come, then, dear children, and listen, while I tell you of one who was "*never too tired to pray.*"

Many years ago, on a beautiful afternoon in September, a party of young friends were assembled with their beloved pastor in the vestry of the chapel with which they were connected. They had met to welcome an eminent and highly valued missionary, then on a visit to his native land, after many years' residence in Jamaica; and to present him with a box of useful articles, the fruits of their industry, which were to be sold by him to support a negro school. The missionary looked with interest and pleasure at all the articles displayed, warmly thanked the young workers for their gift, and told many interesting details respecting the school for whose benefit they had worked, to cheer and encourage them in their "*labour of love.*" After tea, the whole party moved into the adjoining chapel, where, by this time, a large number of people were assembled, to hold a missionary meeting. The chapel, which could hold a thousand people, was densely crowded; several ministers were there, and amongst them one or two more missionaries; but he who had addressed the little company in the afternoon was again the chief speaker, and, with his usual power, he spoke home to each heart and conscience that night. The meeting lasted until nine o'clock, and, though deeply interesting, was exhausting and exciting to all; but to none was it more so than to the missionary who had so nobly borne his part. In addition to this, the heat of the chapel, followed by the cold chilly air of the autumnal evening, acting upon a frame which, though naturally robust, was rendered susceptible by the warm climate of Jamaica, produced great pain and weakness in his throat and chest. He walked home, after the service, to my father's house, and complained, I remember, of his throat while doing so, and was evidently suffering much from it. As soon as we had reached home, and re-assembled in

the sitting-room, the bell was rung for the usual family worship; and as the servants were entering, my father said to the missionary, "I must not ask you to pray to-night; I fear you are too tired?" In a decided but gentle tone of voice he promptly replied, "Never too tired to pray, Sir; never too tired to pray!" And, though exhausted and in pain, he led the family devotions that evening; and his gentle suppliant tones were even more deeply thrilling than the full bursts of eloquence with which the chapel had resounded.

This missionary was Mr. Knibb, the dauntless, untiring friend of the negro; the man who was ever bold as a lion before his enemies, and fearless of all when *truth* was to be asserted; but in private life most tender and loving; and when approaching his Father's footstool, gentle and childlike; the lion was indeed changed into a lamb; the fearless advocate into the humble suppliant.

When this incident happened I was a young girl at home. Both before and since that time I have heard Mr. Knibb's finest speeches in Exeter-Hall and elsewhere—those eloquent appeals which seemed to electrify the vast assemblies which listened to them. I saw him and heard him at Kettering, when such great numbers from all parts of England poured in to celebrate the Jubilee; and, in the midst of the crowded meetings and the public meals of those exciting days, was taken by him to the quiet churchyard to visit his mother's grave. In later years, too, I saw him holding my first-born son in his arms, giving him a father's kiss and blessing. But, still, no *ONE* incident is so vividly impressed on my memory, to none does my heart thrill so powerfully, as in the recollection of that quiet evening scene at my father's house. Dear children, let us be "followers of him, even as he followed Christ:" be assured, the great secret of his strength and power lay in his being "*never too tired to pray!*"

But we need not stop here; bright as this example is, we would gladly add another, infinitely brighter still.

Nearly two thousand years ago, there lived on our earth a Being who seemed gifted with every virtue, and who had no sin; a man by nature and in form, but a God in mind and action. And yet his life was one of weariness, toil, and sorrow. He had no earthly home which he could call his own; and, therefore, wandered from place to place,—not in idleness and selfish pleasure, but in active, unceasing exertion for the benefit and happiness of a people who refused to receive him. He knew the night of death would speedily come; and, therefore, laboured all the day, acknowledging no night of rest from toil and sorrow until then. He “went about doing good;” but was most emphatically a “man of sorrows,” and “had not where to lay his head.” Surely, if any one might be excused from praying, it must be He. He had no sins to be pardoned, no weaknesses to confess, no graces for which to seek bestowal; and, moreover, possessed with a bodily frame such as ours, must have felt weariness and grief as we have never felt it; and yet what do we find?

Did the blessed Saviour never pray? Nay, He who alone was perfect sought preeminently that communion with God to which our imperfections ought so greatly to incline us, and this, too, not in the busy hour of the day, but when the season for rest was come; for more than once do we read that, after a day of exhausting and incessant toil, He spent the whole night in prayer. Dear children, let us copy Him.

“I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain tops
He met his Father there!”

A.

Charley's Half Crown.

"Good, good!" exclaimed Charley Gray, as he ran down the smooth path leading from his father's cottage; "I shall have so much fun. How kind my papa is to give me this bright half crown, and permission to spend it as I please!"

As he said this, his cheeks glowed with anticipation of the pleasure he expected to receive as the worth of his money. Charley soon reached the street gate, and as he cast his eye toward the gay flags floating over a large tent near by, he saw Edward Harris sitting upon a spot of grass, working very busily at something. Charley ran up to him, and found that he was trying to tie down the crown of his hat, which was nearly torn out. Edward was so much engaged with his work, that he did not raise his head until Charley had called to him two or three times; but when he looked up, he tried to smile, although his face wore an expression of sadness.

Charley did not notice this, but shewed Edward his money, and eagerly began to tell him about the enjoyment he meant to have at the circus during the afternoon, and in eating the cakes and candies that he could buy with the rest of his money.

To all this Edward said nothing, but, putting back his auburn curls, he fixed his large dark eye on Charley's face, and then burst into a flood of tears.

Charley asked what was the matter; why he felt so ill?

For a few moments Edward could not answer; but when his feelings became more calm, he told Charley that he had been trying in vain to find some work, at which he could earn something to assist in paying the month's rent of the house in which his mother lived; and that he had just then thought how hungry his little brothers and sisters often were, and how tired his mother often looked when she came home, with hardly food enough to last them a day. And then, Edward burst into a flood of grief again.

This sorrowful tale was too much for Charley's benevolent heart, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he thought of his little friend's condition; but these were soon wiped away, and he said, "cheer up, Edward; look happy again, for my sake. True, you have found no work to-day, but my half-crown shall make it all up; take it and give it to your mother." So saying, he slipped the money into Edward's hand, and with a light step, and a heart made happy by an approving conscience and Edward's look of gratitude, he went towards his home. That night Charley felt very happy, and resolved to relieve the distressed whenever he could. Little readers, *was* it not a good resolve?

Amos and the Nails.

There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to reform. One day the father said to Amos: "Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of these nails into this wall." Amos said, "Well, father, I will." Before long Amos came to his father and said, "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see." The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son, "Amos, have you committed a wrong action for every one of these nails?" "Yes, father," said Amos. The father said, sorrowfully, "What a bad boy you must be, Amos. Why will you not turn about and try to be a good boy?" Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments, and then said, "Father, I will try—I have been altogether too bad; I *will* try to be a better boy." Said his father, "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do, draw out a nail and put it into the keg." In a few weeks the boy came and said, "Come, father, and see

the nails in the keg again. Every good act I have done I have pulled out a nail. See, the keg is full again." "I am glad of it, my son; but Amos, the holes are left—the *holes* are left."

What did he mean, my little reader?

The Rich Child.

A great man may say, "My houses, my lands, my horses and chariots, my numerous and valuable estates." A great merchant can say, "My ships laden with treasures, my silver, my gold." A great king can say, "My kingdom, my throne, my diadem, my palaces, my navy, and my army." A pious child, though poor and mean, has more than the great man, the great merchant, or the great king. And a pious child, though very poor, can say more than the great man, the great merchant, and the great king, if they have no grace. *He* can say, "The Lord is my God; God is my God for ever, and he will be my guide even unto death." Pray fervently, my young friends, for that piety and that grace by which you shall say, what no graceless king on earth can ever say, "Jehovah is my God; he is my strength, he is my song, and he also is become my salvation."

A Beautiful Sign.

A little Sunday school boy was taken dangerously ill. One of the teachers went to visit him, and asked him if he was happy. By this time the little boy had lost his speech; but, putting his finger to the palm of his other hand, he repeatedly pointed to it. Unable to ascertain the meaning of this action, the teacher asked him again if he was happy, if he had any ground of hope for heaven. At length the little boy received

his speech, and repeating the action with his finger, he: "Yes, through Him that was pierced." The little boy happy, with his eyes fixed on the hands that were pierced Calvary.

A Prayer for a Little Child.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to Thee!
I've a very naughty heart,
Full of sin in every part;
I can never make it good:
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to Thee!
Short has been my pilgrim way,
Yet I'm sinning every day;
Though I am so young and weak,
Lately taught to run and speak,
Yet in evil I am strong;
Far from Thee I've lived too long;
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to Thee!

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still;
And I soon do something bad,
That makes me sorrowful and sad.
Who could help or comfort give,
If Thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to Thee!

Though I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and Thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crowned with thorns thy blessed head,
Thou who loved and suffered so,
Ne'er wilt bid me from Thee go;
Jesus, thou wilt pity me!
Save me when I cry to Thee!

Mary Lundie De



Tornado at Clarence, Fernando-Po.

A tornado! what is that? Did my little readers ever see the trees of the forest torn up by the roots by a mighty wind? Did they ever see the clouds tossing about in the sky in wild confusion; the dust of the earth raised into the air by a blast with a voice like thunder; the forked lightning dazzling the eye and flashing across the heavens in brilliant lines of light; the waters of the sea raised up in mountain forms, and rolling with terrific noise on the sandy beach; men, women, and children flying hastily to the shelter of the strongest house; animals and birds hurrying with rapid feet, or beating wing, to the shelter of the rocks, or to hide in their deepest caves; mothers pressing to their bosoms their babes, lest the rushing wind should tear them from their arms, and dash them to the ground?

Such is a tornado. It is a mighty wind, destroying everything in its course. It is an angel of destruction, bearing desolation on its wings. It is the messenger of sorrow.

Look at the picture. A few months ago, the building now
June.

in ruins, the roof resting on the ground, the palings that were round it broken and scattered about, was the pretty chapel where the poor Africans of Clarence, whom God's grace had made "new creatures in Christ Jesus," worshiped their Saviour and sung His praise.

It was a cloudy morning and very hot. There was a little wind, and just before day dawn there had been a little rain. Presently, soon after six o'clock, the wind increased. Suddenly it rose with fearful haste, as if anxious to do its work of destruction. The next minute, Mr. Wheeler's boy, who was near the front windows of the mission-house, cried out, "The tornado come!" The missionary looked out. There was the black cloud hurrying on, attended by the wild roaring wind. The heavy clouds swiftly darkened the sky. The wind played round the house, lashing its sides as if angry that it was so strong; the thatch that covered the roof moved to and fro. Then down dashed the rain like a deluge overflow, and the missionary hoped all danger was past.

But, no. The quick, hurried steps of the cook-boy were heard in the garden behind the house, and as he entered, he cried, "The chapel is down." Mr. Wheeler immediately went out, and there it lay—in ruins. A few minutes had done it all.

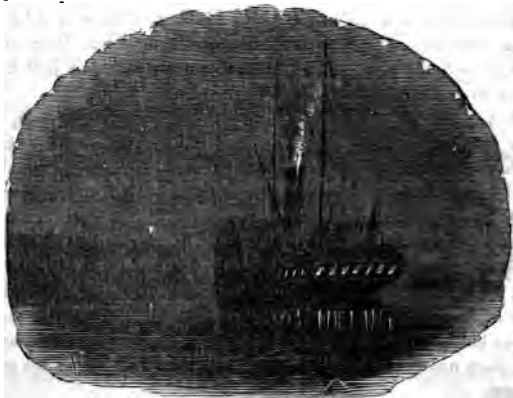
The people soon came to look at it, and to grieve over the house of God. They were at a prayer-meeting in the deacon's house, when the wind suddenly sounded its "Amen" to their prayers, shaking the place, and making them hasten away. They gathered about the ruins.

Of course they want a new chapel, and if our young readers are willing to help them to build it, they can have collecting cards from the Mission-house, Moorgate-street, for the purpose. Meanwhile the school meets in a house, and the people worship in another; but it is dangerous, as the rooms are too crowded, not being anything like large enough for the numbers that attend.

An Excursion.

This is the season for excursions. What do our readers say to a trip? Suppose they allow themselves to be carried in *thought* away from the shores of old England, to have a glimpse of Eastern places and people. The ancient city of Smyrna shall be our destination.

The iron horse travels fast, but our thoughts can travel faster still. We are off. We fly down the coasts of France and Spain,—past the wonderful Gibraltar rock,—through the narrow Straits,—along the Mediterranean sea;—we ~~must not~~ hover over Africa, however much tempted to look upon that unhappy land, where once Christ's religion flourished,—we must not alight on Mars Hill, although we fly over the waters which lave the shores of Greece,—for our journey is long, our pages are short. We pause not till we arrive at the Gulf of Smyrna. Here is a view of the steamer entering the harbour



by night. We may cast but one glance on the shipping of all nations which cover its waters, upon the hills which encircle the town, on the white cottages peeping out from among the olive groves, and hurry to the shore. What a scene! We are at once in the midst of tawny complexioned Turks, with their long mustachios, and various coloured turbans; Greeks, with their red caps and sack-like trousers; Persians, with their high, woolly, sugar-loaf shaped hats made out of a sheepskin; Armenians, with their narrow straight robes, and with head-dresses which look like big black cushions stuck on their heads; Jews, with long beards and greasy robes, watching for customers; women in their huge veils and brown cloaks, on their way to the bazaars. Here is a man of rank followed by his black slaves,—there is a poor water carrier sweltering under a load of refreshment, for others,—the large water skin bottle on his back, as was represented in the March number of our little magazine; and, hallo! why yonder is the very same little cross-legged fellow whom we have on the wrapper of our magazine; or if it isn't he it is his brother, sitting as if he had never stirred since his portrait was taken; and now look round this corner, there they are lading a camel which has just knelt down to receive its burden.

But what with Turks riding past on prancing steeds, and Jew boys on kicking donkeys, and the crowd of all sorts in such narrow, ill-paved, crooked streets, one almost trembles for life and limb; how much more old people; for, as Solomon describes their case to them, "fears are in the way" (Eccles. xii. 5). We must out of the hubbub. Here is an open square. This large building with the dome and spires, called *minarets*, is a mosque, the Mahommedan place of worship. See these Turks washing themselves at the fountain, to purify themselves before entering their temple, as their prophet commands. We dare not enter, they would stone us, beat us, so we must

pass on.

We have entered a narrow street, with high walls on each side, without a single window to take off from their gloomy appearance. Are they convents, or prisons, or what? These are the houses of the rich; they are built round a square, and all the windows look into it. And if we peep through this half-opened door—what a beautiful garden,—a fountain, too, casting up its waters in the centre—how refreshing; the fig trees are putting forth their green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell (See Song of Solomon ii. 13). And yonder is an arbour, where a figure is reclining, enjoying the delicious shade, the murmur of the waters, and the music of the birds.

And now we shall hasten to the caravan-bridge, which all the caravans going to the interior—to Damascus or Persia for instance—have to cross. You must not imagine, however, huge yellow houses on wheels, such as frequent our fairs. The Ishmaelites who bought Joseph formed a caravan,—the sons of Jacob, each with his sack upon his ass, formed a caravan: it is just a company of merchants or travelers, with their goods upon camels and other beasts of burden, and which sometimes form large cavalcades. But here we are at the bridge—high, narrow, and awkward-enough-looking to be sure; but a nice little stream flows beneath it. The inhabitants of Smyrna have come out to enjoy the cool of the evening on this grassy spot, which is shaded by trees, and furnished with little carpets, on which they sit and sip coffee or sherbet, and chat, and muse, and snooze, and smoke, and listen to story tellers. It is a gay and varied scene.

But beyond the stream how different! How solemn, how desolate, these lofty funereal trees!—extending far as the eye can reach,—shooting up their dark tops towards the bright sky, as if to shut out every beam of the sun's smiling face from the ground beneath. It is a mournful spot,—it is the

Moslem's burying place; and each of these motionless cypresses stands like a sentinel over a grave. How slight the separation between the gay crowds, on the one bank, enjoying their repose, and the multitudes, on the other, who sleep the sleep that knows no waking. Only the narrow stream divides them. And so it ever is, dear young friends. Even when our laughter is loudest, our comfort the greatest, our happiness the purest, we are upon the brink of the eternal world! Is it not sad to think that every day is bearing some poor Mahommedan across that narrow stream to return no more, and yet that they do not know Jesus who has taken away the sting of death? But we know Him; happy are we if we love Him. For when we come to cross the river—the waters of Jordan—and lie down in the dark and narrow tomb, then our spirits will be borne away on angel's wings, to be with Him for evermore. But how is it with the Mahommedan? They believe that when the body is laid in the grave he is received by an angel, who gives him notice of the coming of two Examiners. These are two black, livid angels, of a terrible appearance. They order the dead person to sit upright—and for this purpose the graves are made to admit of his doing so—and examine him as to his faith, especially as to his faith in Mahommed. If he answer rightly, they allow the body to rest in peace; if not, they beat him on the temples with iron maces till he roars with anguish so loud that he is heard by all, except by men. Then they press the earth on the corpse, which is gnawed and stung till the resurrection by ninety-nine dragons, with seven heads each. Some think that the soul of the deceased stays near the sepulchre, others that it goes either to paradise or to a filthy dungeon; but if he has been a martyr, then his spirit rests in the crops of green birds, which eat of the fruits and drink of the river of paradise!

But, hark! the tinkling of little bells. Here comes, first, a

donkey as sober as a judge, walking more demurely than usual, as if feeling the responsibility of his post; for he is the leader of the train of camels, which follow him in a string, laden with packages, covered with cloths of many colours. Some of the attendants, in gaudy dresses, with pistols stuck into their girdles, ride upon the camels; others on horseback by their side. All follow the grave donkey leader—the camels would not move a step without him—leisurely across the bridge, and now they are lost in the night-like gloom which the thick cypresses cast over their path.

Here we must pause. Perhaps at a future time we may have a peep at that ancient Smyrna of which we read Rev. ii. 8, and view some of the scenes that there took place.

The Life and Death of Krishnoo Das,

A HINDOO PREACHER.

Krishnoo Das was one of the earliest of Christ's disciples in India. While a heathen, he was a shopkeeper; but spent much time in reading the Shastras, the holy books of India, and in visiting the temples and shrines of the gods. Thus he passed many years, ignorant of Jesus and of the way of life.

It happened one day, by the good Providence of God, that Mr. Ward, in company with a native christian, visited the village where Krishnoo lived. It is called Ramkrishnapore, and is a little way from Calcutta. There they preached to the people, who crowded to hear them. With some they talked; and at last, as they left the village, they gave away a few tracts, and a New Testament. But the missionary told them that the New Testament was to belong to all the people living there. The man who could best read it was to keep it, on condition that he read it to his neighbours; and so Krishnoo being the best reader, took possession of the precious

treasure. For two years he kept it, reading very carefully the sacred pages, sometimes alone, and sometimes with his neighbours, till the book was soiled with thumb-marks and almost worn out. The tracts too were read, and Krishnoo and others began to see they were sinners; that their idols could not help them; that it was wicked to worship them; and that Jesus was the only Saviour, and the only way to God.

Soon did Krishnoo find peace of mind and joy of heart. He loved Christ; and loving Him, he felt a sweet and holy calm: for his sins were all forgiven. His wife, too, and also two of his sons, turned to the Lord; or, as he said, they "sold themselves at the feet of Jesus." Some of the villagers likewise found the "pearl of great price," and followed the Saviour in the narrow way.

And now God made use of Krishnoo to preach the gospel to his countrymen. At first he went to Serampore. There he was soon made a deacon of the church, and about a year afterwards was ordained to be a minister, and sent to proclaim the gospel, first at Gornalty, and afterwards in Orissa, near the great temple of the frightful wooden god, Juggernaut.

Over a hundred miles of country did Krishnoo travel for three or four weeks, telling his ignorant countrymen of the love of Christ. Dr. Carey had translated the New Testament into the language of Orissa. It is called Oriya; and with this blessed book in his hand, and a pack of them on his back, he journeyed from place to place, and even gave them to the idol-priests while standing near their gods. He also went with the missionary to the festival of Juggernaut. Thousands of people assembled there to draw the three cars of the idol. Once all the crowd forsook the idol, to hear the missionary speak of God, of heaven, of hell, and of the great salvation; but they mocked those who took the tracts and Testaments.

At the festival of Doorga, Krishnoo preached every day in

the streets and roads, and even at the doors of the chief worshippers of the idol. He was very bold for Christ, for the love of Christ constrained him. One day, while Krishnoo was reading to a Mussulman the 25th of Matthew, he could not restrain his tears. Said the man, "I have seen thousands of Mussulmans, but never saw one love God so as to weep over his word. I will become a christian."

At last, being very ill, Krishnoo returned to Serampore, and then went down to his native village, and, on the 20th of September, 1813, gave up his spirit into the hands of God. During his illness, Mr. Ward often visited him. His soul rested on Jesus. In the midst of sleepless nights he would spend much time in calling on the Saviour, and singing Bengali hymns. Often he earnestly urged all around him to give their hearts wholly to the Lord. The day he died he was attended by Sebukram, a native christian, who thus describes his last hour:—

"On the day of his death, Krishnoo called for me; but his wife told him I had not arrived from the other side of the river. He then began to praise God. At night I went to see him, and asked him how he was. He smiled, and said, 'I am well, but am leaving this world and going to my Father's; stay with me; do not leave me.' Saying this, he clasped his hands together, and remained for a short time in silent prayer. I then sang two hymns and prayed, which he seemed to enjoy. I then gave him a little water, and said, that our Lord Jesus Christ had given him the pure water of life.

"He said, 'Yes, brother, the Lord Jesus Christ is truly the Son of God: this I believe;' and added, 'Blessed, blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of sinners.' He said, 'Yes, these are sweet words; he is my salvation.'"

About five o'clock the next morning he departed into rest. His last words were, "Christ alone is my light and salvation."

And because Krishnoo was a servant of God, Jesus shed the

light of his smile upon the dark death-path of this once poor idolater. No more will he worship and honour the wicked Krishnoo, the god whose name he bore; but ascribe, through the long rolling ages of eternity, all honour, and glory, and power, to the Lamb that was once slain, who hath covered Krishnoo with the mantle of salvation.

How to be Wise.

A great many years ago, there was a little boy whose father was a heathen, but who had a pious mother and grandmother. In those days there were no printed books; and as all the books had to be written with a pen, there were very few books to be had. You may suppose, then, that it must have been no easy thing for this little boy to learn to read. But he did learn to read. Let us go back eighteen hundred and forty years, and look in upon that little family. We do not see the father. He might have been there, but we do not know. But we see there two ladies and a little boy. One is a motherly old lady, casting a kind encouraging look upon the little boy, as the mother unrolls before him a large parchment, and directs his attention to the characters written upon it. And when he tires, she stops and reads to him the story of Cain and Abel, of Abraham, of Joseph, of David and Goliath, of Ruth or of Esther; and his eyes brighten as she proceeds, till at length he calls to her, "Stop, mother! teach me the letters again, that I too may read these pretty stories." And thus he proceeds till he masters his letters and learns to read.

This little boy has none of the simple story books that are now printed for children. But he has his grandmother's roll, containing Moses and the prophets; and these he reads and re-reads till he has them by heart, and can tell every story they contain, repeat every precept of the law, and rehearse

those beautiful Psalms composed by the "sweet singer of Israel," while following his father's flocks in the mountains of Judea.

But what good did all this do him? I will tell you. In consequence of his knowing the Holy Scriptures when he was a child, his name has come down to us to this day; and all the Christians that have lived since his day, for eighteen hundred years, have known and honoured his name. He became a Christian minister, the companion of the apostle Paul, a missionary, and the pastor of one of the first churches in all Asia. And now he sits among the holy apostles, the honourable and the great ones, in the kingdom of the Lord Jesus. He chose the true wisdom, a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, which made him wise unto salvation.

And the same knowledge is able to do the same for the little boys who read this. If you learn and obey the Holy Scriptures, they will make you wise unto salvation. They will lay the foundation of a character that will make you useful and happy. You may, like Timothy, become a minister of the gospel; and the prophet Daniel says, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The Bya Bird and the Babul Tree of India.

"On a babul tree, in the grounds, are twelve or fifteen beautiful nests, hanging from the end of very small branches—the dwelling of a little company of bya birds. I took down three of the nests, and found in them two, three, and four little white eggs; the parent birds mourned sadly when the nests were taken. If you take a nest with the young birds in it, the parent bird will follow and feed them. The natives think it highly improper to shoot the bya birds; they are sacred, and

so tame. One of my servants has brought me a you it flies to my hand when I call it. There is a pre which says, 'The old birds put a fire-fly into their nes night to act as a lamp.' Perhaps they sometimes fe young on fire-flies, which may account for this story pleasing to think of the sacred birds swinging in the nests, hanging from the farthest end of a branch, th lighted by a fire-fly lamp. The bya bird is the Indian hammer; the nests I speak of are almost within reach hand, and close to the house. The nests are of grass, fully twisted together, and hung by a long, very thin en the entrance towards the ground. In the nests coo the young there is no division; there is a swelling on the side, in which part the young ones nestle together. Some of the nests appear as if they were out short off; these are built so on purpose, and contain two parts, which are, I suppose, the place where the parent birds sit and consult about many different things. The birds are very fond of hanging their nests from very small branches over a pool of water, the young birds thus being in greater safety.

The wood of the babul is very hard, and is used by the Brahmins to light their sacred fire, by rubbing two pieces of it together, when it is of a proper age and dry enough. The Indian gum arabic comes from this tree. The gold ear-rings made like the flower of the babul, worn by Indian women, and by some men also, are beautiful."



A BRAHMIN

“Tis Buts.”

A lady who had known little about the heathen, or missionaries carrying the gospel to them, attended the anniversary of a missionary society, and became interested in the good cause by what she there heard. The next year she attended again, and presented to the treasurer a beautiful little box, on which were inscribed the words, “TIS BUT.” On opening it, it was found to contain about thirty pounds sterling. She had formerly been accustomed, like many other persons, when she saw any thing she desired, and could get for a small sum, to buy it, even if she did not much need it. She would say, “Tis but a sovereign,” or, “tis but ten shillings,” and purchase it. But during the last year, when tempted to make such purchases, she had saved her “Tis buts;” and found they amounted to *thirty pounds* for the missionary cause. Little reader, is there not some one, not very far from you, who may do well to imitate her example?

God Counts.

A plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table. Two children played on the hearth-rug before the fire. “Oh, I want one of those cakes;” cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tiptoe towards the table. “No, no,” said his sister, pulling him back, “No, no; you know you must not touch.” “Mother won’t know it; she didn’t count them,” he cried, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand. “If *she* didn’t, perhaps *God* counted,” answered the sister. The little boy’s hand was stayed. Yes, little children, *be sure* that God counts!

Annual Jubileé Meetings, London.

We have much pleasure in announcing, that the Committee of the Young Men's Missionary Association have made arrangements, on behalf of the Society, for the Annual Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliaries in and about London, to be held on Wednesday evening, the 23rd of June, at the Borough Road, Bloomsbury, and Holywell Mount chapels. It is proposed that each meeting should be addressed by a Minister, a Sunday School Teacher, and a Missionary, or some gentleman who has visited our Mission Stations abroad. We insert below the hymns which are to be sung upon the occasion, and would urge our young friends to learn them.

OPENING HYMN.—Tune, *Haydn's*.

- 1 Praise to Thee, thou great Creator,
Praise to Thee, from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 Father, source of all compassion,
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation,
Praise Him for his love divine.
- 3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.
- 4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There enraptured fall before Him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PRAYER—CHAIRMAN'S OPENING ADDRESS—REPORT.

FIRST SENTIMENT.—Address by a Minister.

We would render praise to our gracious Saviour, for his

great goodness in coming into the world to teach us the way of eternal life.

SECOND HYMN.—Tune, *St. Asaph*.

- 1 Our Saviour's voice is soft and sweet,
When, bending from above,
He bids us gather round his feet,
And calls us by his love.
- 2 He leads to heaven, where angels dwell,
He saves from endless woe;
Our lips, our lives, can never tell,
How much to Christ we owe.
- 3 But while our youthful hearts rejoice,
That thus He bids us come;
"Jesus," we cry with pleading voice,
"Bring heathen wanderers home."
- 4 They never heard the Saviour's name;
They have not learned his way;
They do not know His grace who came
To take their sins away.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let the joyful sound,
In distant lands be heard;
And, oh, wherever sin is found,
Send forth thy pardoning word.
- 6 And if our lips may breathe a prayer,
Though raised in trembling fear;
Oh, let thy grace our hearts prepare,
And choose some heralds *here*.

SECOND SENTIMENT.—Address by a Sunday School Teacher.

We rejoice to know that many useful Missionaries were once Teachers and Scholars in the Sabbath School, and hope that many more such may go forth to make known to the heathen the love of Jesus.

THIRD HYMN.—Tune, *Eaton*.

- 1 Oh, let our hearts and voices raise,
A grateful tribute to thy praise,
Thou God of love; for 'tis thy hand
Hath placed us in this christian land,

Where gospel light, and love, and truth,
Enlarge and bless the minds of youth.

2 We might have all received our birth,
In the dark places of the earth,
Where crimes and cruelties disgrace
The dark deluded heathen race;
But through thy love our lot is cast,
Where heathen ignorance is past.

3 Oh, may we profit, blessed Lord,
By the wise counsels of thy word;
Now, in the morning of our days,
May we delight to speak thy praise;
And by our glad obedience prove,
We know thy grace, we feel thy love.

THIRD SENTIMENT.—Address by a Missionary.

God is love; and we would love Him, and do what we can to
aid the Missionary in teaching the heathen to love Him too.

CHAIRMAN'S CLOSING ADDRESS.

CLOSING HYMN.—Tune, *Miles' Lane*.

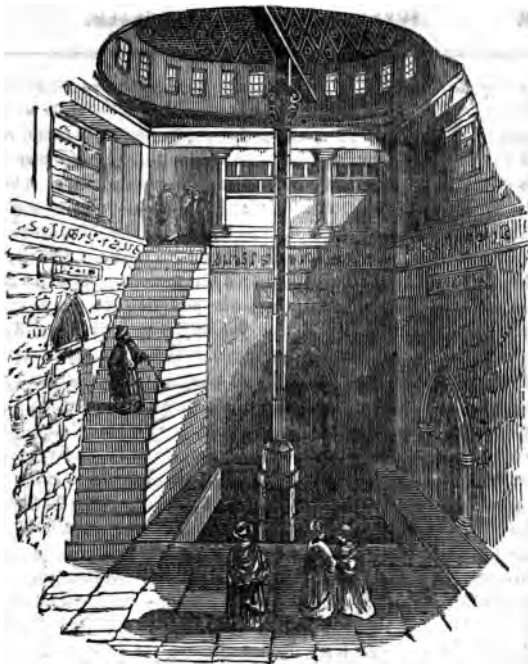
1 All hail, the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

TO CLOSE WITH PRAYER.

The Meetings will commence at a *quarter to seven* o'clock,
and close at a *quarter to nine* punctually.



The Nilometer.

Our young friends may wonder what this title, and the engraving to which it is appended, can mean. They know that the thermometer means the measurer of heat, the barometer the measurer of weight, the hygrometer the measurer of damp, and they may imagine that nilometer must be the measurer of the Nile. Exactly so; and, in order to understand its use, let

[July.

us try to increase our stock of information, or refresh our memories, about that famous river. The Nile rises in some part of the interior of Eastern Africa, in the high lands north of the equator, but its real source has never been discovered. It flows through Abyssinia, and its various branches meet in the country of Sennaar. It then proceeds northward still through Nubia and Egypt, and falls into the Mediterranean after a course of more than two thousand miles, from the furthest explored point of its principal branch. The principal branches of the Nile, before their junction at Sennaar, are called the Blue Nile and the White Nile, from the different colours of the water, in consequence of the variety of the soil of the countries through which it passes. After entering the boundaries of Egypt, the Nile flows through the whole length of that country, which it waters and fertilizes. Coming from Nubia, it runs through a deep and narrow valley sunk between two ridges of rocky hills, which rise in some places more than a thousand feet above the level of the river. The breadth of the river varies from two thousand to four thousand feet. Issuing from the valley a few miles north of Cairo, it divides into two branches, and enters the wide low plain which, from its triangular form and its resemblance to the Greek letter Δ , is called the Delta. The greatest breadth of the Delta is about eighty miles from east to west; its length, from the divergence of the river to the sea, about ninety. This delta is supposed to have been once an estuary, which has been filled up by the continual accumulations of sedimentary deposits from the Nile. Now, very little rain falls in Egypt, and if it were not for some other provision by which the land may be watered, the country, notwithstanding its rich soil, would be useless for the production of food. Now, mark how God provides for its supply. In June of each year the Nile begins to rise, occasioned by the periodical rains of central Africa. It

goes on increasing till September, overflowing the low lands along its course. The Delta then looks like an immense marsh interspersed with numerous islands, with villages, towns, and plantations of trees just above the water. The inundations, having remained stationary for a few days, begin to subside, and about the end of November most of the fields are left dry, and covered with a fresh layer of rich brown slime; this is the time when the land is cultivated.

Now, it will be evident to our readers that the prosperity of Egypt depends mainly on the river and its annual overflow; and that it must be a most important thing for the people and the Government to be able to measure the increase of the Nile. This, then, is the use of the nilometer. These nilometers are very ancient; they are mentioned by the Greek historians and geographers, Diodorus, Strabo, and Herodotus. The nilometer now in use was constructed in the seventh century by Omar, who destroyed the Grecian one. It is contained in a building upon the point of an island lying between Cairo and Geeza. Near the middle of the river is a round tower, and in that an apartment, in the middle of which is a very neat well or cistern lined with marble, to which the Nile has free access through a large opening, the bottom of the well being on the same level as the bottom of the river. In the middle of it is placed the nilometer, called in Arabic *mikeas*, which is a measuring pillar divided into cubits, each division or cubit being about an English foot-and-a-half. The building is kept and guarded by the Government, and as the water of the Nile gradually rises, and is observed on the nilometer, a crier proclaims the height to which it has risen, repeating the announcement from time to time. When it has risen to a certain height all the land of Egypt is fitted for cultivation; several canals, formed to drain off the water, are opened and prevent any further stagnation in the fields; the waters gradually retire and leave a rich

deposit of fertilizing mud into which the seed sinks, or is trodden by cattle.

The most important use of the nilometer, however, is to adjust the taxation of the land by the Government. It was only the ground overflowed by the Nile that could produce grain for the subsistence of the inhabitants, and bring revenue to the State. The division of the nilometer would indicate how much corn was sown in any one year as compared with other years, and what proportion of the produce was to be paid to the Government. The contract would be in these terms:—that in the event of so much corn being produced by the land of Egypt, such a tribute was to be paid; but in case a certain quantity of ground less than that was overflowed and less grain produced, the Government was not to exact its tribute, because it was understood such a quantity only was produced as was sufficient for the maintenance of the landholder and labourer. This was referred to the nilometer, whose division shewed to what height the Nile had risen. Men appointed by the State were to superintend this nilometer, and to publish the height of the Nile.

Such vegetable productions as require more moisture than that occasioned by the inundation are supplied in Egypt by the water drawn at certain times out of the river, and preserved in large cisterns made for the purpose. The water thus supplied was raised by a machine worked with the feet. It is to this that allusion is made in Deut. xi. 10, 11. When contrasting the land of Canaan with Egypt, Moses says, "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs; but the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

How beautiful is the adaptation of all the works of our

heavenly Father's hand to the wants and comfort of his creatures; and how happy it is when we have an eye to see, and a heart to love Him in them all!

The Farmer and Sabbath Reaping.

In the Emmenthal (a fertile valley of the Canton of Berne), in Switzerland, there was a farmer who cared for neither God nor men, and who wished in everything to have his own way. It was a Sabbath afternoon. He had a large quantity of cut grain in his field, and observing the clouds gathering round the top of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before it rains, you shall be well rewarded."

He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson. "John, John," said she, "dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath day, and yet we have always been loaded with blessings: we have never wanted for anything. Granting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearances of a long continuation of bad weather, thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God who gives the grain gives the rain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee."

At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice.

but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to one another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered."

"Grandmother," said the farmer, "everything must have a beginning; there is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labour or in sleep, and he will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft, as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow."

"John, John, within doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest that I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee, for the love of God, not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a whole year."

"Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances."

"But, John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?"

"Ah, don't be uneasy about that," exclaimed John; "and now, boys, let us go to work! time and weather wait for no man."

"John, John," for the last time cried the good old lady; but, alas, it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the despatch.

A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed, with an air of triumph,—

"Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest roar, let the elements rage; it little concerns me, my harvest is under my roof."

"Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof."

While she was thus speaking, the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted on every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. "Oh," exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the house!" All hurried out of doors. The dwelling was in flames, and they saw, through the roof, the sheaves burning, which had scarcely been well housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all these men, who, but a moment before, were so pleased. Every one was dejected, and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind; she prayed, and incessantly repeated, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Oh, heavenly Father, let thy will, and not ours be done!"

The house was entirely consumed; nothing was saved.

The farmer had said, "I have put my harvest under my roof." "But above thy roof is the Lord's roof," had said his grandmother.

This teaches us the lesson, that all is in the hands of God, whether in the fields or in the barn; and what we endeavour to preserve from the rain, can be reached in any place by Him who commands both the rain and the thunder.

The Black Boy's Letter.

[The following letter was written to a gentleman in this country by a negro boy, who was, for a little time, with that dear missionary, Mr. Merrick, at Bimbia. He is now living with Mr. Wheeler at Clarence. He understands Isubu and Duallah, and will, we hope, some day preach the gospel to his fellow-countrymen.]

Clarence, September 21st.

My dear Sir,

I hope you not entertain hard thoughts of me for not writing sooner, but having had only one opportunity since arrived here. I am a boy who came from a nation which not know anything about their Creator. By the mercy of God I brought to know a little about the bible by Mr. Merrick. I was trouble to go in the school by King William of Bimbria; I was serve him as my master; he say to me, "You must not go in the school, for school will do no good;" but my heavenly Father who bring me to read the bible. After the death of Mr. Merrick, a young man, whose name called Mr. Fuller, he was give me a good instruction. I leave my poor mother in Camerouns. I receive a letter from her. She say unto me, "My son, you going to leave me." I say to her, "I am sorry to leave you; only God will help us from our trouble." I myself was fall into temptation, so God had bring me up again. I hope I may able to watch before temptation come again. I hope I will able with all my heart; but not only myself, by the sake of Jesus Christ his Son; for he bring me from my nation to hear his gospel, and he open my eyes to read the bible, so I not only to read, but to love him and to serve him in all the days of my life. Again I thank my heavenly Father, for he yet spared my life; he not cut me in the midst of my sin. Oh, how thankful I shall be if I love God; for many of my country people I see how they sink into the grave ignorant of the gospel that bring hope to the hopeless, and life, eternal life, to the dying. Again, I will tell you how I do before I came to missionary. I was sell in Bimbria by my wicked brother; there I came to see the missionary. I not was allowed to go in the school; and many boys and girls were taken from school by their fathers and mothers; they say school will do you no good. Oh, how blind we are, when we see the true way and we forsake it.

Now we begin to want this thing again; some of we saying, how shall we do to get more missionary? How we shall thank God again for his goodness, for the people in England so kind to us. Once I was see a number of bibles sent for us, and one was given to me; and I receive a copy book from one of your gentlemen, by name Mr. Thomas Gibbs, in Cromer-Street. Oh, children in England, be happy, for you are not as we, for we see many wickedness. I beheld with my eyes one of my father's brothers who was kill, one of his man call another to eat. If you please to give my love to your kind friends, and boys and girls, that they may pray for us more, that God may bless us to love him more.

I am, respectfully,

PETER DIDO.

The African Brick Field.

Last month our little readers read about the destruction of the chapel at Clarence in the island of Fernando Po. It was rather old, and very much out of repair. For two or three years the missionaries have been trying to build a new one, and the people collected money to buy, in England, the timbers, and the planks, and the iron, to do so. But wooden buildings soon decay in Africa, and so the missionaries delayed until they could find some more lasting materials, such as stone or brick. When Mr. Saker returned last year, he began to look about, and after a time he found some clay that he thought would do. He then made some moulds with his own hands. The clay was wetted with water and then put into the moulds; but as he had no kiln to burn the bricks, he dried them in the hot sun.

He found this succeed very well; but as the sun-dried bricks would not stand the heavy rains which sometimes fall, he de-

terminated, if he could, to burn them. In a little while he went to Cameroons, where he found better clay. Again he set to work. He made and dried some bricks. He had, however, no kiln, and none of the natives knew how to build it; so he built one himself. It was large enough to burn two thousand bricks. The dried bricks were then piled inside. Wood was fetched from the forest. The fires were kindled, and kept burning for several days. On opening his kiln, to his great delight, he found the bricks well burnt and fit for building. So now he resolved to make his kiln larger, and to set the people to work. He formed a brick-yard, put up sheds, and has now five men constantly employed in making bricks to build up again the ruined chapel, and by and bye houses too for the missionaries to dwell in.

When Mr. Saker first went to Cameroons the people were idle and would not work. They said it was only slaves that worked. But then they were ignorant of the gospel. They did not know God, nor love the Saviour. Since then many have been converted. Their minds and hearts have been changed. And because of this, their friends have driven them away from their houses, and have threatened to kill them. Mr. Saker has, therefore, taught them to plant cotton, to grow the sugar cane, and to gather palm oil for their livelihood. And now they are willing to work in the brick-field, and to make thousands of bricks to build up the house of God. Thus is exemplified the truth of the words of the apostle Paul: "Godliness is profitable for the life that now is, and for that which is to come."

Mr. Saker, therefore, now requires only a roof for the chapel, and we hope soon to send him the joists, and the timbers, and the iron for it. Then, again, the people will gather together in their new chapel to worship the Lord our God.

The Lapland Missionary.

The poor Laplanders are without many of the things which we consider quite necessary to life; and, what is worse, they have not a knowledge of the true God, and his Son, Jesus Christ; and no one, for a long time, thought of going to tell these poor Laplanders about Jesus Christ, who died to save them.

It was about seventeen years ago, that a Swede, named Tellstrom, had been reading a book which told of the sad state of spiritual darkness of the Laplanders, and he felt a strong desire to go and preach the gospel to them. This man, Tellstrom, had himself lived without God; but he was convinced of sin while hearing the Rev. George Scott preach in Stockholm; and he anxiously put the question, "What must I do to be saved?" He was a journeyman painter, and had been used to work on the Sunday; but, that he might be able to go to chapel on the Sunday, he gave up one-seventh of his scanty food and wages. His growth in grace after he had found peace with God was most encouraging. He was soon engaged in various efforts to do good; and when he read of the wants of the Laplanders, he told Mr. Scott he wished to go to them.

But there were many difficulties in the way. "How can you learn the language?" said Mr. Scott to him, "it is very difficult."

"I have thought of this," he replied, "and I heard there was a Lappish Grammar published many years ago; and, after a great deal of trouble, I found one amongst the lumber of an old book-shop. I found, also, a Lappish New Testament. I have been trying the language, and I firmly believe I shall be able to master it."

"But," said Mr. Scott, "the cold is so much greater in Lapland than in Stockholm, and you cannot get the same shelter and comfort as you do here."

"I have thought of that too," he said, "and during the late severe weather, I have gone up and down the stone stairs, that I might try whether I could bear the cold. I have not suffered at all; and I am convinced that, in this respect, I am especially fitted for Lapland."

"What will you do for food? You will get no bread or vegetables; all that you will have will be the flesh of the reindeer, smoked, or otherwise prepared."

"This," said he, "has not given me a thought. I have been none the worse for fasting once a week, that I might secure my precious Sundays; and if God sends me to Lapland, he will support me there."

"But how will you bear the solitude? You may sometimes be placed where, for many dreary miles, you could not meet a spiritual friend."

He was moved at this, and said, "I seem too young a convert to be removed from the careful nursing of the christian church. I feel how much I need this; and yet if God be directing my steps to Lapland, my soul may certainly rely on that word, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;' and if Jesus be with me, is not this enough?"

What an example of devotedness, dear children. Oh, that there were more like the poor Swede!

Something Pleasing.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

I have seen many pleasing things since my return to my native land, and heard of many more; but among them all, I know of nothing which has quite so much delighted my heart, as the adoption (for I can scarcely call it anything less) of heathen children by Sunday scholars. Only to think of the favoured sons and daughters of this beautiful land, stretching

their small hands away across the waters, to lift their tawny young brotherhood from a depth of degradation, and ignorance, and guilt, quite beyond their conception! Is it not a beautiful arrangement—one which the blessed Saviour will regard with complacency, and his holy angels rejoice over? Yes, He who “took little children in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them,” will not fail to look smilingly in at the doors of Sunday schools, and will most assuredly pour out unmeasured blessings on the widely scattered mission schools, which they support. When the Saviour wore a human body and walked among men, he could look into all hearts the same as now; and with his pure eye, he saw that even in the cradle of the little infant the weeds of sin were springing up; but yet he loved little children, and hesitated not to say, “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” He has himself gone up to heaven since then, but he has not forgotten any that he loved here. And he has made it, oh, *so* easy, for children to come to him! He listens readily and lovingly to their prayers, willing and glad to forgive them, if they are only sorry for having done wrong; he pities them, for he knows that, notwithstanding their bright faces, they have a thousand troubles, which busy men and women cannot understand: and he is continually devising something for their good. And by this last mark do I recognize his hand in this delightful scheme of supporting mission schools.

I do not know who first suggested the plan, but of one thing I am certain—it was some prayerful person, some one in close communion with Christ, and a quick discernor of his teachings. I know this, because it was so evidently the children’s watchful Friend who planned it, and induced men to propose it, not merely out of pity to the poor, little, ignorant children of Burmah, and Assam, and China, and Ceylon, and India, but because he wanted to give the dear children, whom he has

favoured so much, an opportunity of shewing their gratitude to him. He wanted them to shine in his heaven of life and love, "as the stars for ever and ever," and so he kindly pointed out a way by which, with a little self-denial, and an earnest, prayerful spirit, they might, through him, "turn many to righteousness." I do not mean to say that Christ loves the children of our Sunday schools any more than he does the owners of the little round cheeks, brown skins, and laughing black eyes on the other side of the world, for whom he also died. I do not believe that he does; and yet, in this beautiful plan of his, these Bible-children, whom he has already loaded down with blessings, are the more highly favoured of the two. You cannot quite see how that is? Why, he has himself declared that it is "more blessed to give than to receive;" and we know that even though some of the good intended for the heathen should fail of its destination, not one particle can be lost to their young benefactors. The dews of love which ascend from pitying, prayerful hearts, will fall back on them again a shower of blessings.

But are there any that do not give prayerfully? Are there any that throw their little offerings into the treasury and never think of pity? Are there any that teach others "the Master's will, and do it not" themselves? Father in heaven, have mercy upon them, for if they continue in their careless path, well may the heathen pity them!

The Irish Boys and the Priest.

There were two boys, the one about fifteen and the other about twelve or thirteen years of age, walking along the road, as they generally do, with their Bibles under their arms. They met with the priest of the parish. The priest asked them *they* were "Jumpers." That is the name people are call

when, in Ireland, they leave the Church of Rome. They answered, "Yes, Sir, we are."

"Well, then," said the priest, "how comes it that you have left the church of your fathers, and joined this system of heresy?"

"Oh, Sir," said he, "we have left the Church of Rome because she teaches us wrong."

"Teaches you wrong?" the priest replied; "where does she teach you wrong?"

"She teaches us, Sir, to worship the Virgin Mary, and the Book says, 'There is but one Mediator between man and God.'"

Upon which the priest said to the elder of the two, "Come, now, put up your Bible, and let us have a little conversation on theology."

Upon which, the little boy gave a nudge to the elder boy, to whom the priest was speaking, and said, "Say to him, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!'"—*Earl of Roden.*

A Missionary's Farewell to Haiti.*

Farewell to thee, Haiti! my foot on the ocean
Is seeking the path to my dear native shore;
But my heart is still yearning, with silent emotion,
O'er thee, and the loved I may meet here no more.

Farewell to thy verdant, thy cloud crested mountains,
Thy valleys and plains where the tall palm trees grow,
To thy sweet crystal streams, and thy cool gushing fountains,
Thy soft and pure sky, decked in sunset's rich glow!

With high hopes I sought thee,—in raptures unbounded
I gazed on thee first, where my farewell I sigh;
For I bore to thy children, by darkness surrounded,
The light that had dawned on my soul from on high.

* We are indebted to Miss Harris, who is now in England, for this beautiful piece. Miss Howard has since returned to Haiti, and is filling Miss Harris's place during her absence.

I sigh when I hear of thy woes as a nation,—
Thy children have purchased thy soil with their blood;
But I weep that in vain the great price of salvation
Was given for them by a merciful God.
Yet 'tis not *all* in vain, for numbers are turning
To follow the light thou dost gladly receive;
It has dawned on their hearts, and now brightly is burning,
A witness for Him they rejoice to believe.
Farewell for a season, fair Isle of the ocean!
I go; may God guide me safe over the main,
And, with strength well renewed, and a purer devotion,
Return me to thee and thy children again!

E. HOWAR

Off Mole, St. Nicholas, May 18th, 1851.

HAITIEN SOLDIERS.



Eastern Tombs.

Very different are the customs of burial among the various nations of the earth. The Hindoos cast the bodies of their friends into the river Ganges. The ancient Greeks and Romans burnt them, and placed the ashes in urns. By the Jews, after the solemn ceremony of the last kiss and closing the eyes, the corpse was strewed with perfumes, and sometimes embalmed, like the mummies now found by thousands in Egypt.

After a death, the relations, especially the women, were consumed with grief. With shrill and loud cries they sat around the body till the day of burial. It was then carried on a bier to the sepulchre.

Very beautiful are the tombs erected by the Turks in me-
[August.



mory of their friends. They are sometimes very large, with many rooms, in which are placed the sarcophagi or stone chests, containing the remains of their friends. The tomb of the pashas of Egypt is a very splendid one. The outer gate is fastened by a huge wooden lock. Then follows a long corridor, or passage, leading to a mosque, with two aisles, covered by a dome. Stained glass fills the windows, and green blinds add to the coolness of the place. Rich carpets cover the floor; handsome lamps hang from the ceiling. The tombs are of marble, much gilded, with red and green painting spread over them.

Before sunrise women in muffled forms may be seen hastening to the graves to weep, to converse with the departed, to tell the sorrows of the living, or their soon coming to join them in the world of spirits.

Smyrna.

In the June number of our little Magazine we tried to carry our readers in thought away to Smyrna. And now will they return with us again to the same spot? This time we shall mount the hill which rises behind the city, covered here and there with fragments of buildings, and crowned with the ruins of a castle. We will sit down on the walls of the old castle, which has seen many a fierce contest, and has stood many a bloody siege, and we will turn over our testaments and see what was prophesied or promised to the church of Jesus Christ which once flourished here.

You know that when the apostle John was banished to the Isle of Patmos, and condemned to work in the mines, Jesus appeared to him, and told him to send a letter to each of the seven churches of Asia. One of these was the church Smyrna. We have the letter in the second chapter of Revelations.

tion, the eighth verse. Jesus describes the church as poor and troubled, but rich in faith and good works; exhorts them to fear not; and promises continued persecution here, but future glory hereafter. Christ's prophecies and promises are altogether true. We have only to look around and we shall see.

A little way beyond this hill is a range of broken arches. What are these? They formed part of the vaults where wild beasts were kept, with which the christians were forced to fight, while the people sat on the slopes of the hills, which form a natural amphitheatre, and there feasted their eyes on these inhuman spectacles. There the christians were brought to be tried and tortured,—“torn with whips till the frame and structure of their bodies were laid open, even to their veins and arteries,” says a letter written by this very church: but with such fortitude, that not a sigh nor a groan was uttered.

It was here Germanicus fought with wild beasts. He was not daunted by their fury, but even provoked the wild beasts to tear him away from a world of wickedness. It was here, too, that Polycarp was martyred. John, who leaned on Jesus' bosom, and who wrote the Revelation, taught him the love of Jesus. For seventy-four years he in his turn had taught the church at Smyrna. But the ten days' persecution (verse 10) came. He was seized. “The will of the Lord be done,” he exclaimed; and only begged one hour for prayer. And for whom did he pray? For all he had ever known—small and great, rich and poor. As they drove him along they tempted him.

“What harm is it to say, ‘Lord Cæsar!’ and to sacrifice to the idols and be safe?”

He refused. They ill-treated him; they thrust him from his chariot; he fell and was bruised. He was brought to the tribunal.

“Repent,” says the judge. “Swear, and I will release thee, —reproach Christ.”

"Reproach Christ! Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me, and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?"

"*I have wild beasts,*" said the judge, "repent."

"Call them," replied the martyr.

"I will tame your spirit by fire."

"You threaten me with fire which burns for a *moment*; there is a fire that burneth *eternally*. Why do you delay? Do what you please."

There was a pause. The herald proclaimed, "*Polycarp declares himself a christian.*" The multitude rent the air with shouts of rage: "This is the father of christians, who hath taught men not to sacrifice, nor to adore the gods; let loose a lion upon him." But this could not be allowed. They shouted more and more that he should be burnt alive. The fire was soon ready. The victim was ready too. He stripped off his clothes himself, but begged they would not nail him to the stake. They bound him only. Oh, could we have seen that silvery-haired old man, calm, peaceful, hopeful, in the midst of that infuriated multitude! What consolation must those words have given him, which were addressed to him many years before: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (verse 10). The noise of the furious people was hushed, and through the calm morning air arose his last prayer on earth to his Father in heaven. "O Father of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, I bless thee that thou hast counted me worthy of this day,—to receive my portion in the number of martyrs, and to attain unto the resurrection of eternal life. Through Jesus Christ." With the AMEN, the flames burst forth, yet touched him not. They were as a chariot around him, to bear his soul to heaven. But a soldier sprang forward and pierced him, and he died. He went to receive the crown.

Yonder we see a tall cypress casting its dark shadow over a grave. It is the grave of Polycarp, where his bones were laid by his disciples. We have sketched this interesting story; but in the June number of "The Church" our readers will find it more fully narrated than our limits will allow.

And now do you ask, Why did not the Almighty destroy these persecutors and their city? Christ gives us the reason in Matt. v. 13. The city was spared for the sake of the righteous (as Sodom would have been, had there been but a few such). Many of the churches to whom the letters were addressed were accused and threatened; but there was no fault found, no judgment denounced, against the church at Smyrna. This is the reason of the city being spared. Ephesus, for instance, which lies forty miles north, is in utter ruin. The great theatre, into which the whole city rushed with Paul's companions in travel (Acts xix. 29), has the stork now for its only visitor; and the great goddess Diana, whom all Asia and the world worshiped, has now neither shrine nor worshiper. The christians, although warned by Jesus, did not return to their first love; therefore the candlestick has been removed: not one christian is to be found where John the beloved disciple lived, and taught, and died, and where Timothy was martyred. But Smyrna, on the contrary, is still a rich and flourishing city, with upwards of 100,000 inhabitants. Its candlestick has not been removed. There are many professing christians in the city, although their knowledge is small, and the light which they hold forth very dim indeed. But several missionaries labour among them, and make the city the centre of their efforts; so that Smyrna promises to be the first city of Asia, whose candlestick will burn bright and illumine the country around. The missionaries labour chiefly among the Jews, Greeks, and Armenians. It is very difficult to reach the minds of the Mahommedans. Few, if any, of these (who, indeed, worship

God, but do not believe Jesus to be the *first* and the *last*,—they believe Mahommed to be the last) have been converted during the forty years that missionaries have been labouring here. Ought we not to pray God to pour forth his Holy Spirit upon them, and upon the labours of his servants, so that this country, so beautiful, and affording *us* so many rich fruits, may once more abound in spiritual fruits, to the praise of our dear Redeemer?

The Value of a Penny.

A little thing to write about, you may say; but trifles light as air make and mar our fortune. Suppose a child were starving in the streets, a penny would buy him bread enough to recruit his dying energies! Depend upon it, a penny properly disposed of, may, at certain times, do more good than a million at others.

A friend was returning once through a busy thoroughfare to her home. It was not her intention to purchase anything, and she happened to have in her purse but one penny. Passing by a little stand, she saw some very large, rich looking oranges for sale at a penny a piece. She spoke for one, took the penny from her pocket, when suddenly a thought arrested her. She could not help it, but involuntarily it stayed her hand; it was this: "I have just left a luxurious table; I have had all I wanted; how foolish in me to spend even this penny, when I may come across some poor beggar child, to whom it may be a treasure." She replaced the penny, and went on her way. A long distance was before her; but as she came to the head of a narrow alley, she paused for a moment; something seemed to draw her irresistibly towards the place; she knew a poor widow who lived there,—a lady-like woman, who supported her children by her own industry; and she thought she might

just look in upon her for a moment, to ascertain if she was comfortable.

The widow was sitting by a small fire, her children ranged around the hearth, as she entered; the former made her welcome, but in subdued tones; and our friend saw that she had been weeping. With great delicacy she enquired the cause.

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. M.," said the widow, while her cheek crimsoned, "I have to day spent my last farthing for bread for these children; and though I have work, yet my money was advanced, and I cannot get more till it is finished to-morrow. My oldest boy came running home a few moments ago from the upper part of the city, saying that a letter was in the post, with my name upon it, and the postmark of my native town. It may be of the greatest importance, but I am a stranger in this neighbourhood; I don't like to expose my poverty by borrowing, and yet I haven't one penny."

"And I am sorry to tell you that one penny is all I have at present," said our friend, "but that will enable you to get what you wish, and I hope you will find good news in it."

The letter was sent for; it was written by her father's sister, a good and pious woman, and a dependent. She begged her to come to her early home, from which her father had long ago expelled her, for marrying a poor man; the old gentleman was dangerously ill; might die at any moment; he had spoken of her; he seemed to feel kindly towards her; and if she could hasten there, his forgiveness might be obtained, and she and her five children made comfortable.

There was no time to be lost, and on foot and alone the widow set out, traveling, secure in her poverty, six weary miles.

By midnight, her feet, for the first time in twelve years, pressed upon the threshold of her father's princely mansion; the good aunt met her with tears. Tired and travel-worn as

she was, she yearned to behold her old father before he died; she hurried to his chamber, glided to his bedside, and, without speaking, fell upon her knees, beseeching only his forgiveness, his blessing. How could the demon of vindictiveness longer rule in that dying man's heart? He looked upon the hollow, grief-worn cheek of his surviving child, and forgot the past; he held forth his feeble arms, and she fell upon his bosom.

The old father died with the dawn; but not before he had affixed a codicil to his will, making his child and her children heirs to most of his large estate; and to-day the poor shirt-sewer, who was stitching herself into the grave, lives beloved and respected by rich and poor; her children, well educated, promise to become blessings and honours to her. Upon her mantel, in the best room, is a gilded and transparent vase, containing one penny; and she often reminds her friends, that through the instrumentality of so trifling a sum, she became enabled to do all the good for which hundreds of hearts bless her daily.

So you see, little reader, that a penny is sometimes of great value. When you have a penny in your pocket, and are tempted to spend it foolishly, think how much good may be done with a penny.

Haste! Haste!

"The king's business requireth haste."—1 Sam. xxi. 8."

These words were uttered by one who, at the time, spoke deceitfully. Nevertheless, they contain a most important truth when applied to the cause of christian missions. The great business of the King of kings in this fallen world—the saving of immortal souls—is indeed a business that requireth haste.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth, a gentleman of the name of Norton was condemned to die, with his nine sons, for rebel-

lion. They were all in York Castle, awaiting the execution of the sad sentence. His only daughter resolved to make an attempt to save them, and went to London to beg for the lives of her kindred. The journey in those days was difficult. She performed it on horseback; riding from the northern parts of Yorkshire to Queen Elizabeth in London. She succeeded in obtaining an interview with the queen, and so successfully pleaded for her father's house, that the royal pardon for all the prisoners was written out, and immediately signed by the queen's own hand. The warrant for their death had been signed and sent off to York a short time before. The queen committed the royal pardon into the hands of a messenger, and said, "As you wish either to obey me, or expect future favours from me, make all speed with this to York, that the prisoners may be spared and set at liberty." He made as much haste as he could, galloping all the way to York; but before he reached the city, Norton himself had been beheaded, and the fatal axe had fallen upon eight of his sons. There was only time to save one. The executioner had lifted up the axe to sever his head also from the body, when the messenger appeared, and produced the royal pardon, which arrested the last dreadful blow.

Dear children, don't you wish there had been a railroad from London to York in those days? If there had been an electric telegraph, Norton and all his sons would have been spared. The queen's business required haste, more haste than it was possible for the messenger to make. By making what haste he could, he saved the life of one, although he could not save the rest. If you had been the messenger, and you knew that the lives of these men depended upon the speed you made, would you not have run with the pardon as fast as ever you could? I am quite sure you would.

Now, I wonder if you could tell what use I am going to make

of this story. Listen to me. All the kindreds of the earth, who are sitting in heathen darkness, and bowing down to dumb idols, are, like the family of the Nortons, condemned to die. But our Lord Jesus Christ came down from heaven to plead their cause. He has made satisfaction for all their sins. He has obtained a full pardon for the whole family of Adam. The pardon is written out in the gospel, and signed with his own hand. He has commanded this message of mercy to be sent to every creature, and throughout all the world. Ministers and missionaries are his chief messengers to whom he has intrusted it. And he bids us, every one, both great and small, as we would obey his voice or do his pleasure, to make all the speed we can in sending the word of life to perishing sinners. We have no time to spare. While we are tarrying, immortal souls are perishing. Numbers have already gone to the tombs of their fathers without ever seeing the light. Death is standing with his uplifted axe, and removing thousands every day from the land of hope.

"There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardon offered to the dead."

Oh, let us all be active. Let us pray and labour, that the message of mercy may fly swiftly to every land,—that condemned sinners may live, and not die. If we cannot save them all, we may peradventure save some of them. How great the privilege of saving a soul from death, and hiding a multitude of sins!

News from Afar.

CHITOURA.

My dear young friends,

I wish you a happy new year in the best sense, for happiness is only to be had in Christ Jesus; if, therefore, you love him, I know you will be happy,—happy in this world

of changes and sorrow, and happy in eternity. I am thankful for the interest you are taking in the Saviour's cause in India, and hope it arises from love to him, and love for the souls of the poor perishing heathen; for it is true that here millions are perishing for lack of knowledge. We can travel hundreds of miles without meeting with one missionary, or perhaps one individual, who has heard even the Saviour's name. When compared with blessed England, this is a land of darkness; here ignorance and superstition reign predominant, and only here and there a bright spot is visible, like a few shining stars in the midst of a dark night, which only more distinctly shew the surrounding gloom.

I cannot write anything very cheering about our schools, for they are just now contending with that opposition which we expect at the commencement of all such undertakings. Satan and his servants love anything better than light, and when any attempt is made to disperse their beloved element—darkness—they rave, and rage, and plan, if by any means they may prevent the threatened destruction of their reign and kingdom.

In Shamshabād I have built a neat school, which serves also for a preaching station, as it is in the centre of the market-place; at first it went on well; we soon got twenty-five scholars collected together, and were rejoicing in the success which our labours had met with; but, alas, we were soon obliged to change our minds! There are a number of Pundits or Priests in the neighbourhood, who write almanacks and deceive the people, by pretending to a supernatural knowledge of future events; they profess to foretell rain; and when there is to be a wedding, or when a journey is to be undertaken, these people tell the fortunate moment for a commencement; hence they have great power with the people, and can frighten them into anything. Well, these men soon found their craft in danger,

and commenced to plan and plot for the destruction of our school,—nor were they long in obtaining temporary success. The first report circulated was, that every boy whose name was entered on the school list, was to be seized and taken to Calcutta. The next was, that we should make the children eat our food, and thus spoil their caste: thus, in one day, the school was emptied. We, however, went on as though nothing had occurred, and in a few days the scholars began to return; we have again got twelve, and shall soon get back the whole. I have no doubt but my next letter will contain cheering information of the increase of the scholars, and permanent usefulness of the school.

It is now the time appointed by the Pundits for marriages, and this is another reason why the attendance just now is small. You have probably heard that the natives of India marry their children at the age of five or six years, and many are the amusing incidents that take place on such occasions. The parents of the children seldom know each other, all is arranged by a class of people who are known as match-makers, and the amount of pay they receive is proportioned to the bargain they succeed in making; they get most money for marrying girls who are deformed, blind, lame, dumb, or deaf, for they keep all this a secret until the marriage is over, and the dupes have no remedy but quiet submission to their fate, as they call it. I came to a village one morning when out preaching, where a wedding party had arrived the day previous, and I found all in a state of great confusion in consequence of a secret that had just crept out, and that was, the girl had but one eye, which they consider a great detriment, as one-eyed people are unlucky, and they have a saying that three such are enough to destroy a town by their evil influence. In our christian village is a young man who was married before he became a christian, to a girl who turns out to be deaf and

dumb ; and as the girl is not usually seen uncovered before marriage, they knew not a word about it until too late, and you may easily conceive the consternation of the young man when he made the discovery. But enough about marriages in India, as they are only edifying and useful in making us appreciate christian institutions.

Our Sabbath school, in connexion with the christian village, is becoming more and more interesting. Scholars and teachers amount to near fifty. A number of old men are trying to learn to read, you would be delighted to see them sitting among the children labouring hard to master the Hindi alphabet, for you must know that the task is not easy to those who have never been accustomed to such employment. One young man, educated entirely by us, has begun to assist in preaching in the villages ; he is a weaver by trade, and earns his living besides doing something in the cause of Christ. We hope in time many more such will grow up around us, and be the honoured instruments in God's hand of advancing his cause and kingdom in the surrounding villages. My dear young friends, pray for us,—for me,—for the native teachers and readers,—and for our schools ; and always remember that your money and our labours will be alike in vain unless watered by divine influence.

Believe me, in the bonds of christian affection, your friend
and well wisher,

JAMES SMITH,

Nistarpur, Chitoura, near Agra.

Jan. 3rd, 1852.

All may do Something.

Amongst the list of contributions to the Bible Society in May, 1836, appeared the following:—"By a little boy at Belfast, who died at the age of six years, 10s. 4d."

This sum was collected by a child of six years old, to send the Bible to the heathen. When about five years of age, the family were sitting round the fire on a winter evening, whilst the storm was beating against the windows. The child, who was playing on the hearth-rug, suddenly looked up in his mother's face, and said, "Mamma, this is a bad night for the poor." She assented to the remark. "But, mamma, this is a bad night for the rich also." "Why so, my dear?" He replied, "If they are like that rich man of whom we were reading to-day, who pulled down his barns to build greater ones, and that night his soul was required of him." After a pause, he again said, "This is a worse night for the poor heathen." "What makes you say so?" asked his mother. "Oh, mamma, they have nobody to tell them about Jesus, and no Bibles to read about Jesus!" And, running to his father, he said, "Papa, will you give me a half-penny?" "What for?" answered he. "To help to buy Bibles for the poor heathen, who have none of their own."

The next day he procured a little box, for the purpose of obtaining contributions; and during a year of suffering he kept his object constantly in view. Able to go out but seldom, he pleaded with the friends who came to the house, for *something*, *anything*, to help to buy Bibles for poor heathens, who had nobody to tell them about Jesus. In about a year his little collection amounted to 10s. 4½d. At that age it pleased the Lord to remove him from this world of sin and suffering. When near the close of his short life, he one day said to his mother, "Mamma, I love you very much, but I love Jesus Christ a great deal more. You have been kind to me, but Jesus has been much more so. I like to be with you, mamma, but I had rather be with Jesus."

Into the presence of that Lord whom he loved he was early removed; and almost his last request was, that his little store

should be given to buy Bibles for the poor heathen, who had no books to read about Jesus.

The Little Shovel.

A poor woman had a supply of coal laid at her door by a charitable neighbour. A very little girl came out with a small fire-shovel, and began to take up a shovelful at a time, and carry it to a sort of bin in the cellar. I said to the child,—

“Do you expect to get all that coal in with that little shovel?” She was quite confused at my question; but her answer was very striking:—

“Yes, Sir, if I *work long enough*.”

There is no labour, children, too great for industry and perseverance to accomplish; and it is not so much the tools we have to work with, as the spirit with which we use them; that gives us success.

Is that True, Mamma?

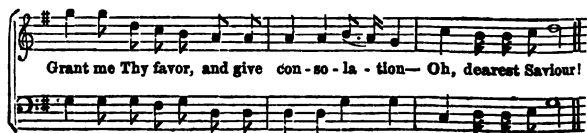
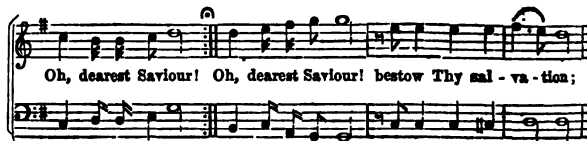
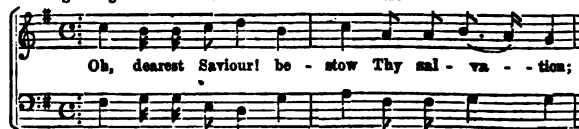
Shortly after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta, on her return home, she found herself almost overcome by a sense of her loneliness, and the recollection of those painful trials through which she had passed. On one occasion, while in her cabin weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and a very sweet voice said, “Mamma, ‘though I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.’ Is that true, mamma?” The bearer of this timely and precious word of hope was her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept into the cabin unobserved. What a comfort, in all our distresses, if we can feel that God is “holding us!”

A Hindi Hymn.

Hé méré Prabhu ! mo pápi udháriyo !

Words—a translation by the Rev. J. L. Scott.

Beginning at 1st Verse and Chorus for all the rest.



- 1st V. Oh, dearest Saviour! bestow Thy salvation,
Grant me Thy favour, and give consolation.
- 2nd. Sorrowful, lowly, I come to Thee weeping,
Weak and unholy, I ask for Thy keeping.
- 3rd. Sins and temptations are daily abounding,
Deep tribulations how often surrounding!
- 4th. Nothing here pleases—Earth's ties quickly sever,
My hope is in Jesus, who liveth for ever.
- 5th. Keep me while living—be Thou my protection,
Jesus forgiving, oh, grant me direction.
- 6th. And when I am dying, bestow consolation,
On Thee I relying, would hope for salvation.



Barisal.

PABAN THE DISCIPLE.

Will our little readers take a trip with us to India, into the district of Barisal? It is a very flat country. There are very few roads, for the land is pierced in every direction by rivers, brooks, canals, ditches, and drains. At some seasons of the year the country is all under water. Then the people cross it in every direction in boats. At other times the rivers and streams are their roads, their lanes, and their pathways. The boats are called dingys, and are usually made of the trunk of a tree hollowed out.

The missionaries travel as the people do, and have often much difficulty, from the shallowness of the waterways, in reaching the little villages. The villages are generally built on raised mounds or platforms of earth, just high enough to

[September.

preserve them from being carried away during the heavy rains, and the floods that usually follow. In years past the people have frequently suffered want and famine. The floods have injured, or borne away on their waters, the crops and stores of rice. In many places the people have therefore built, encouraged to do so by the missionaries, round granaries, elevated from the ground, in which to secure their food against these seasons of danger.

Mr. Page and Mr. Sale are the missionaries who live among these heathen people. By God's blessing many hundreds of them have cast away their idols. Men and women are learning to read, while, from time to time, some are baptized and united to the church of Christ.

A little while ago Mr. Page visited a place called Dhámshar. He was there four days. A year before, two brothers with their wives gave up caste, and joined the band of christians that had been formed in their village. They were very much opposed. The zemindar, or landlord, threatened to take away their land. Some abused them with many bitter and angry words, while their mother, with a broom, drove them away from her presence. They have been watched for at markets. Their house-doors have been surrounded by spies. Sometimes threats would be uttered to kill them: at other times they were tempted by bribes to forsake the way of life. But all was in vain. They remained steadfast, and on the evening of Sabbath day, January 25th, the eldest brother, Paban, was baptized.

The Friday before his baptism, Paban, with his eldest son, an interesting little fellow, took some vegetables for sale to the neighbouring bazaar. He was here met by the piadá's, or constables, apprehended, and marched off like a prisoner to the magistrate's house.

"We have caught you at last," cried they. "So you have become a christian, have you?"

"I am a christian," said Paban.

Then they upbraided him, railed at him, threatened him, as once the Saviour, his Lord, was mocked and reproached. But the good man, sustained by his love to Jesus, minded it not. He bore it all with calmness. He told his enemies that although he was in their power, and they might perhaps kill his body, he did not fear; for, said he, and twice he repeated it, "My soul will go to my Father in heaven. That you cannot touch."

"You are fined twenty-five rupees," cried out one of the great men. Paban only smiled.

"Pull his ears," cried another; but this was gently done. Paban was neither angry nor disconcerted.

"Take him off," was the next order. That meant, take him to the place of punishment or torture, where riyots and wicked men are punished.

"Take me," said Paban; "but it is late in the day, so let my boy go home, for he must be hungry." No; father and son must go together. They were removed. In five minutes a message came to let the christian go; and home he came that night, telling Mr. Page how the devil had excited his followers to injure him, but that Jesus had been his protector, and had turned the hearts of his enemies to let him go. All this persecution did not deter Paban from confessing Christ.

On reaching Gházar, Mr. Page found that one of the native preachers had been shamefully beaten, because he preached Christ to the poor heathen around him. When Mr. Page saw him, his back was covered with the marks of the stripes, and he could scarcely walk. A few days before, Adam, for that is the native preacher's name, was going into the village of Madra to collect the children and others who attend school, when he was set upon by six men. They seized him by the hair, knocked him down, beat him as much as they would, and

then dragged him into a ditch, where they left him senseless and helpless. There was no reason for this, except that these wicked men disliked to hear the truth; they loved darkness rather than light.

A day or two after, Mr. Page proceeded to Digalya. The people met him, and dragged him and his luggage in several little dingys through mud and water, a distance of three good miles. The heat and stench of the mud, with the motion of the boat, made him quite ill. But he soon found relief and comfort in the neat, clean, and tidy chapel.

Near the chapel the people had built a new gola, or granary, and had filled it with paddy, or rice, for the relief of the sick and helpless, as well as to assist the very poor by loans of seed, in time of want. Here, on the Lord's day, the chapel was filled with attentive hearers; and on the day following, seven men and eight women, fifteen persons in all, were baptized. It was sunset when the company of christians went out to the large tank in which the new converts were baptized, after which the whole body of Christ's disciples communed together in the supper of the Lord. One of those baptized was a very old man. Yet he seemed the happiest of all. He said, when told that the church received him as a disciple of Jesus, "I have no other wish, but to obtain a *little* refuge at the feet of Jesus Christ: to lie at his feet is all my desire." After his baptism, he was asked how he felt? "Full of joy in Jesus Christ," he replied.

In this village there are twenty-eight women, ten men, and nineteen boys attending school. Of these, thirty-one can read well. So great is the christian love of these poor people, that when any are sick or distressed, the rest will dig and sow the land for them. Their hearts love Jesus very much, and also one another.

At the next village, so anxious were the people to see the

missionary, that as he could not be dragged through the mud in the boat, they filled up the hollow places with stones and earth, and made a dry path for nearly three miles, in order that they might receive instruction from him in the fear of God; and more than two hundred heathen men and women, beside the little band of native christians, came together to hear the word of God.

Thus the hearts of the missionaries are cheered, and we rejoice with them to see so many heathen giving up their foolish idol-worship, and seeking after God. Great numbers, too, of grown up people and children attend the schools, and God is turning many of them to himself. Let us pray that soon all India may become the kingdom of our Lord.

The Little Girl and the Parasol;

OR,

GOD HEARS AND ANSWERS PRAYER.

Caroline was a little German girl, of a giddy and wayward character, but very good-natured. Her mother was often obliged to punish her; and of this punishment she was greatly afraid. She liked very much to go to school; for she had a good old schoolmaster, who often talked to her about Jesus. One day he read about the woman of Canaan, and the wonderful manner in which her prayers were answered, and Caroline and all her schoolfellows were advised to go to Christ in all their little troubles.

"But do you think, Sir, that he will fulfil our desires as readily as he did those of this poor woman?"

"Certainly," said the good old man; "if you pray from your heart, and according to his will, he will hear you, and you will soon see that you have not prayed in vain."

Oh, how glad was Caroline when she knew she might go to

Jesus with all her little troubles! She thought she should not be punished any more, for she would always pray to him to help her when she had mislaid her book, or lost her money, or torn her things.

Now, Caroline had a friend who was very fond of her, and made her little presents, which Caroline was proud to shew to her schoolfellows; but through her carelessness they were very often spoiled. Just about this time she received a very pretty parasol, and she wanted to take it to school to shew it to the girls; but her mother thought she had better wait till she was older and more careful. Caroline, however, was so pressing, that her mother allowed her to take a short walk with it, in company with one of her little friends, telling her at the same time that she should punish her if any accident befel it.

Away went Caroline with her friend. At first she was very cautious how she handled it; but soon she became as careless as usual. By the edge of the road was a small snake, and to get out of the way she ran up a bank and fell down; she did not hurt herself, but the pretty parasol with the ivory handle was broken, to the great terror of the little girl. At first she thought of her poor mother, and then of the punishment she would certainly have; but like a sunbeam the idea came into her mind that God would help her if she prayed very earnestly. The only way in which she expected this help was to have her parasol mended; so Caroline said to herself, "I will kneel down in a corner of the garden, and tell God all my trouble."

She prayed from her heart many times, and then went to the spot where she had left the parasol, to see if it was mended; but, ah, there it was, broken as before! She thought she could not have prayed long enough, and so she returned a second and a third time; but still the parasol was not mended, and she was obliged, with a sad and heavy heart, to go home.

Once more, however, in a corner of the passage, before she

entered the sitting-room, where she could not be seen, she stood still, and said, "O Lord, do help me!" Her mother soon saw, by her swollen eyes and sorrowful countenance, that something was wrong.

"Has anything happened to you?" asked her mother.

"Yes, dear mother," the poor girl replied, "my parasol is broken. Oh, do not punish me very, very much, for I have been praying to God to mend it, as my schoolmaster said; but though he has not mended it yet, I think he will do it by and bye."

To the little girl's great surprise, and for the first time in her life on such an occasion, her mother was not at all angry. She said not a word about punishment; but, on the contrary, she took the sobbing child in her arms, kissed her, and gave her her supper.

Now little Caroline saw how simple she was to think that God could only remove her trouble by mending the parasol, and she felt in her heart that the good old man was quite right when he said, that though our Saviour no longer lives amongst us and speaks to us, yet he never ceases to watch over those who put their trust in his power and grace. If he does not answer our prayers just in the way we wish, he will do it in a much better way. Caroline has now grown up; but from that time she has always prayed to God in her perplexities, and has never been disappointed.

Women of Ceylon.

BY MRS. DAVIES.

The pictures on the next page represent two high-caste women of Ceylon,—the one a Kandian or mountaineer, the other a Singhalese or inhabitant of the low country. Their dress bespeaks them to be ladies; for the lower classes wear very

little clothing, except, indeed, on a holiday, but especially for a wedding, on which occasion the poorest bride will dress in rich satins and valuable jewels, even though the mere *hiring* of them for the three days' festival should involve them in debt which many years' savings will but just suffice to cancel.

But these we have before us are ladies,—one, the wife of an aratchy,—the other, the wife of a modeliar. Both classes like



a rather secluded life, and, according to English ideas, a useless one. They have so many servants in attendance that they scarcely exert themselves, even to minister to their own comfort. The writer of this notice was much struck with this on her first visit to a modeliar's family. She had been invited to breakfast at the house, on her way to a village school. The

ladies of the family, received her most courteously, but when the breakfast was a little delayed, and it was necessary for the servants to be hastened, one of the *gentlemen* left the room to attend to this domestic duty, and the visitor could see him, through an open door, examining and re-arranging each tray, as the servants stood ready to follow each other into the breakfast-room; the ladies meanwhile exhibiting no concern whatever in the matter.

Generally, both these classes of women are uneducated, or are just taught to read by a Buddhist priest; but as there are very few books in their language, and those few very expensive, the art, when gained, is little exercised. Some, however, of the children of these headmen, or chiefs, are sent to schools superintended by English ladies, where they learn the English language, writing, arithmetic, geography, and plain and fancy needlework; and some of them make great proficiency in their studies. The greater part, however, are deterred from sending their girls to school, because they must mix with those of inferior caste, and thus they leave to those whom they despise the enjoyment of one of the greatest earthly blessings. The south country women are in advance of the Kandians in this respect, and for this reason christianity has made much more progress among them; and though it is to be feared that few of these headmen are christians indeed, yet they nearly all are called by its name, and pay an outward respect to it. The Kandians, on the contrary, are strict Buddhists, and look with suspicion on schools where the bible is read and explained, for in all the Government schools of Ceylon this exercise forms a part of the duty of each day, as well as in those connected with the various missions. Surely if they knew as we do, that

"This is a precious book indeed;
Happy the child who loves to read;"

they would not deprive their children of so great a privilege.

An account of the cruel treatment of the wife of a Kandian headman by the last king of Kandy, will make you wish that all, both men and women, had learned to read the bible; for then, on the one hand, the king might have governed in the fear of God, and, on the other, the poor woman might have had, in the midst of her overwhelming sorrows, a source of consolation which that tyrant king could neither give nor take away. The prime minister, Eheylapola, had given some offence to the king, and, fearing his wrath, which he knew would be pacified only by his death, he made his escape. His wife, and family of young children, remained at his house, not anticipating any danger to themselves, especially as the cause of offence was a trivial one. The king ordered search to be made for Eheylapola, but he could not be found; and then, in his rage and fury, he commanded his wife and children to appear before him. He was reclining in a small pleasure-house, in the midst of a lake. Calm and unruffled it lay before him, but he learned no lesson of wisdom from its calmness; the "everlasting hills," clothed in rich verdure to their summit, surrounded him on all sides, and might have told him of God's goodness to man, but his hardened heart listened not to the soft voices of nature; his own gorgeous temple stood before him,—a heathen temple, it is true, but the religion taught even there was one of *mercy*, for it forbade the putting to death of so much as the meanest insect,—but he set at nought all counsel, and would listen to no reproof. He sent for the mother and the children, and, with them, for an executioner. They came, and, at his command, the head of one was severed from the body, and then the wretched mother was made to take a heavy pestle in her hands and beat that head in a mortar,—and so one after the other was torn from her, and put to a violent death. See, too, among the number, an infant at her breast, and as the rude hand of the executioner falls upon

its head, the milk, of which it has just partaken, to sooth it when frightened at the strange stern faces, flows from its mouth. But no "milk of human kindness" flows in that tyrant's breast, though he was once a babe, and shared in a mother's love.

The children are now all sacrificed, and the miserable mother has seen them flung carelessly into a watery grave. No hope has she of heaven to sooth her bursting heart, and all her joy on earth is swept away; but life still throbs in her veins, and this the tyrant will not spare. How should he have pity on her,—he who has thus ruthlessly made her childless? A fiendish malevolence possesses him, or, perhaps, a horror-stricken conscience prompts him to extinguish, as far as possible, everything that can remind him of this deed of blood. He gives one more command, and the heart-broken mother is plunged headlong into the lake, which has already closed over the lifeless forms of her babes, and there together they repose. Does not their blood cry for vengeance? Shall not He who sitteth in the heavens require it at the hand of the tyrant? As solemn a question reverts upon us. May we not anticipate that that tyrant will, in his turn, rise up in judgment against those who pitied not his lost condition, who never pointed him to a Saviour?

This event occurred less than a hundred years ago, and the dark places of the earth are *still* full of the habitations of cruelty. Let us not sleep as did others.

"Shall *we*, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall *we*, to men benighted,
The lamp of life *deny*?

Salvation! oh, *salvation*!
The joyful truth proclaim;
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

"Little Children, Love One Another."

My dear children:—Do you remember the beloved disciple of Jesus; the one who leaned on his bosom at supper, and he who, through all his epistles, writes so much of love one to another?

It was John. John must have been very *lovely*, for he is called "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

You all know what it is to love. You love your parents; they who watch over you in your infancy, who provide a home for you, and surround you with ten thousand blessings. You love your brothers and sisters, and your playmates, also, when you do right. But, do you always love them? Supposing they get cross, or angry with you, do you love them then, and treat them gently and kindly? or, do you, too, grow passionate and quarrelsome with them?

Oh, how sad, to see children angry with each other; to hear them fret, and scold, and call names, and even strike each other.

When I see children behave in this manner, I think they do not always remember to "*love one another*." What a beautiful place earth might be, did all love each other. I have been in some families, where father, mother, brothers and sisters, all loved one another, and they might truly be called happy families. The children were kind and obedient,—no grumbling and fretting there. Was one told to do a thing? he went and did it with a willing heart and ready hand. Was one sick? all noise was hushed, and every countenance was sad. Was one joyous and happy? the merry laugh rang through the group, and all were glad. Was one in trouble? every heart sympathized. Had an elder brother or sister a plaything that the younger wished? it was shared with them. They all remembered to "*love one another*," and so not only made themselves happy, but every one around them.

How different this from a family where discord reigns. There the elder children are cross and unkind to the younger, whilst the younger do all they can do to disturb the elder. Angry words are often heard, and even blows are sometimes given. Oh, this is dreadful, to think of children quarreling! If they cannot love each other now, they need not expect, when they grow up to be men and women, that they will love those with whom they associate, and this will be continually a world of trouble to them.

Then again I say to you, "Little children, love one another." If you would be gentle and generous, "love one another;" if you would gain the esteem and approbation of the world, "love one another;" if you would be happy here, "love one another;" and, oh, if you would be happy hereafter, "love one another."

Mohima and Jenny.

In his interesting narrative of his journey to visit the mission stations in India, Mr. Russell says, that the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson to train the children in the fear of God have been much blessed at Soory.

One named Mohima died about nine years old. One Lord's-day evening Mrs. W. had been speaking to her about prayer. The child afterwards asked an elder girl to tell her more about it. She continued in prayer all the way home. She used to take her copy of the gospels with her, and as the convicts passed from the prison to their work, would read a short portion to them, and would say to the heathen, "Why do you worship idols? You should serve the true God." One morning she was seized with cholera. Her brother had been undutiful to their mother. She said to him, "I am going, and you will be the only child mother will have, therefore I entreat you to be reconciled to her." She expressed her love to the

Lord Jesus, and prayed that God, if he pleased, would take her to himself. In the evening she fell asleep in Jesus.

Another, an orphan, whom they named Jenny, was brought to the village by her mother, when just beginning to speak. The mother fell ill, and was sent with the child to the hospital. One morning Jenny awoke and said, "Mother, mother;" but there was no answer. She then put her little hands on her mother's face, and it felt cold. It was the coldness of death. The child began to sob and cry. The chokedar heard her, and came. When he saw how it was, he took the little one to the magistrate's lady, who sent her to Mrs. Williamson, with a request, that if she would kindly take her under her care, she would pay for her. She did so for some time, but then she herself fell ill and died. However, it made no difference to the child, as Mrs. Williamson provided for her, and had her instructed as before.

She was quick and docile, and in character became a perfect contrast to the heathen children, who are trained up in falsehood and theft. Jenny was remarkable for a strict adherence to truth, was grateful to her mistress, and fond of her school-fellows. She delighted in reading the Scriptures, in prayer, and in talking about the love of Jesus. Another of the little girls, named Sophy, died, and Jenny said, "This is a vain world, for Sophy was here playing with us a few days ago, and now she is in heaven." Jenny soon followed her; she was taken ill, and died almost immediately.

The Ragged Missionary.

"A little boy, who attended a ragged school in London, there learned to read the bible. One day he went home to his family, who lived in a miserable garret. Before going to bed, he knelt down to say his prayers; when his father jumped out of bed, and, beating him unmercifully, commanded him to

desist. Next morning his mother brought him to school, and requested that her boy should not be taught 'such Methodist ways;' for she did not wish him to be a Methodist preacher. In the evening the boy again knelt down to say his prayers; and his father again punished him. The little fellow went to bed; and, when he thought his father and mother were asleep, he prayed God to bless his father, to turn him from drunkenness, and bring him to a knowledge of Jesus. The mother was awake, and heard his prayers, which had a great effect upon her.

There was another little boy in the same school, a very mischievous little fellow; but who, notwithstanding, had learned a good deal of the Scriptures. One day he went home, and took up an image of the Virgin Mary, which belonged to his mother, who was a Roman Catholic. After looking at it several ways, and tossing it about in the gentlest manner, his mother asked him what he was doing? 'I'm thinking,' said he, 'that I should like to knock off its nose.' 'Why? what do you mean?' asked the mother. 'I'm thinking,' rejoined the boy, 'that, if I knocked the nose off, I'd make it so ugly that you wouldn't pray to it any more.' 'But,' said his mother, 'whom should I have to pray to in the hour of need, if not the Virgin?' 'I'll tell you,' he replied, 'the bible tells us that, if we look to Jesus, he will help us. I hear of him in the school, and he will help you.'

Little reader, if these ragged boys could thus be missionaries, could not you be one too?

The Happy Christian.

A Hindoo woman, who had been called by the grace of God, applied to the Rev. Dr. Sutton, for baptism. He faithfully set before her the sufferings which must follow,—the loss of caste, the wrath of her husband, and the disgrace. "I know all this," she replied; "I considered about that before I came to you; I

am ready and willing to bear it all. I am ready to go to my Lord. Surely, Sir, I cannot endure anything like the parison to what he suffered for me." Blessed woman that all were like thee!

The Missionary's Parting.

LINES WRITTEN BY MR. DANIEL, OF LUTON, ON LEAVING HIS MISSIONARY TO CEYLON.

Not feel! at rending all the ties
Which bind me to my native shore;
To part with friends more dear than life,
Nor hope in life to meet them more.

Not feel! to leave the sacred spot,
Where my lov'd infants' ashes lie;
Nor hope that it will be my lot,
With them to mingle when I die.

Not feel! to leave Britannia's isle,
Where Jesus' precious name is known;
To mingle with a savage race,
Who senseless bow to gods of stone.

Yes, I *do* feel, and keenly feel,
These various ties asunder torn;
But think not, though the pang's severe,
I always grieve, I always mourn.

Oh, no! by faith I sometimes view
The wondrous Saviour's mighty love;
Who came to this benighted world
To raise my soul to realms above.

And then my bounding wishes fly
Across the ocean's briny wave;
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing to be
An instrument one soul to save.

'Twas this impell'd the warm desire,
To cross o'er ocean's briny wave;
I hope, transporting thought! to be
An instrument one soul to save.



Hindoo Worship.

The worship the Hindoos pay their gods is very simple. Their prayers are very short, and, for the most part, consist of many repetitions, "vain repetitions," Jesus says, of the names of their god. Besides this they make offerings of rice, of flowers, of pigeons, and of kids, which being prepared are laid before the idol, and then carried away by the priests for their own use. They persuade the silly people that their wooden

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and stone gods sometimes eat their gifts. The n often meet the people with their wives and chi youngest who cannot walk seated astride on the shoulder, or on their mothers' hip, going to the i with their offerings. One day, Mr. Smith, of Chi quite a crowd wending their way to the place of off one group there were thirty persons. He stop "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To the lord of the world," they said; that is, nath.

"Why," said Mr. Smith, "does not the sun shi country?"

"Yes."

"Does he not shine here?"

"Yes."

"Well, as the sun shines as much here as in Ori is present everywhere; and you should seek him, your feet, but with your minds."

A Brahmin was standing by, and, turning to him, said, "Why has Juggernath no arms?" for the blac idol is without arms.

"Because," said the Brahmin, "when he was at I he stole and did other bad things, and his arms were

"There," said the missionary, "you see what s you are going to worship; you will do better to tr Lord Jesus Christ."

"Well," they replied, "you see our forefathers di we must do the same."

Thus the foolish people continue to make pilgrir to offer their fruit and flowers at the feet of this hel

It was while going with his mother to Juggernat native preacher Nainsukh met with some native who told him he was going to worship only a log

When he arrived and saw the god, he said to himself, "What the christians said is true; this is nothing but wood." He gave no offering, and took no part in the service; but his mother made offerings. On their way home they met the christians again. Nainsukh became a disciple of Christ, and a few years afterwards his mother too. It was a very touching sight to see Nainsukh then often lead his blind mother to her seat in the house of the true and living God.

We hope our little readers will be able to see the book, written by the Rev. J. Russell, from which these interesting facts are taken. Its title is a "Journal of a Tour in Ceylon and India."

The Broken Rose; or, a Lie of Fear.

Many years ago, when I was a little girl, I was visiting my aunt Mary. I was named after her, and as she took a great interest in me, I was anxious to do all I could to please her; for she was very, very kind, and a great favourite among the children.

One day, Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlour, and we had a great frolic with her. By and bye, I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which aunt Mary thought a great deal of. "Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then"— But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and snapped the stem of the beautiful rose. "What will your aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. "Oh, dear!" We raised it up and tried to make it stand, but it kept toppling down; at last, we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself. "Tell her, certainly," said a voice within; "when an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it; why not?" But I was afraid, and kept delaying, and went off to grandmother's room; then she told me how to fix my patch-work, and so the time passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlour also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long, when the flowers were talked about, and aunt Mary got up to shew them her tea-rose. "Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know anything about it?" I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No, ma'am." No sooner were the words out, than I began to feel bad indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? why *didn't* I tell the truth about it?" Now, I knew perfectly well that aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not *mean* to do it. I had not been as careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was, that I had told the lie. Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Pussy could not tell, and I was afraid to, and now doubly afraid lest she should *ever* find it out. The idea of being caught in an untruth, and by aunt Mary too, who was so truthful herself, and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What *shall* I do?" I cried; "where shall I go? I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!" I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said, in her sweet way, "Good night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third, I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me. "She 'll tell! she 'll tell!" What a tumult was I in! Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and, without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered. After a while, there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother were here. Will not God help me?" Somebody came into my room and walked straight to the closet door; the door opened, and there stood aunt Mary herself.

"My dear child," she said anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears. What a relief it was! She placed me on the bed and sat down beside me, and talked to me kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could, I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked! After a while she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say, '*The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.*'" I shall never forget aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful. I shall never, never forget the verse. Let every child who has had a bitter experience of the first part, see how true and how precious is the last: "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

African Climbers.

The engraving on the next page represents the manner in which the natives of the Island of Fernando Po, Western Africa, ascend the palm trees. If any of our young friends were standing by one of these tall trees which grow so abun-

dantly in Africa, and were to long to have some of which they would see in clusters at the top, just as leaves spring, it would puzzle them to think how they got at. In full growth the trees are from seventy to eighty feet above the ground, and no side-branches would be seen

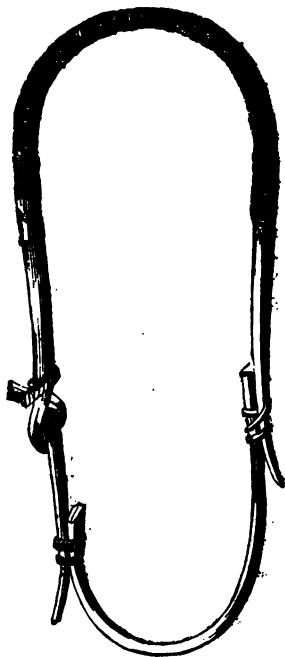


others, by which they could be ascended. And yet they not only continually climb these trees for the nuts, but use the vessels, in which they can catch the rich juice that flows from any incision.

How, then, do they manage? First, understand that the tall, straight trunks of the palms are not quite smooth, and this is owing to the manner in which the trees grow. They are of that class which are called *endogens*; that is, which increase or grow from the inside. When a young palm begins to grow up from the ground, it shoots forth its long feather-formed leaves. These, after growing to their full size, begin to decay and fall off, leaving the stump of the central stem of the leaves behind. The same process continues as the tree grows on, and soon you begin to see that a trunk is appearing above the ground composed outwardly of these various stumps.* This roughness removes some difficulty in the way of ascending. Still, neither with hands nor feet, could any one gain a sufficiently firm hold; a support is still needed for the body. Well, this they obtain by forming an oblong hoop of the tough and supple branches of another tree, just as represented on the next page. It is generally made of two or three pieces as there represented, which, whilst they are firmly bound together, allows of more elasticity, and enables them to open it, so as to adjust it to the length which may be most convenient. You will see that one end is neatly bound round with fibre stripped from the centre stem of the palm leaves, which makes that part somewhat smoother, and adds strength to the hoop. When a native wishes to climb up the tree, he opens one side of the hoop, by untwisting the withes which tie it, and puts it round the tree, then fastening it again round his body he lays hold of the tree with his hands, plants one of his feet on a leaf-stump, the other on a higher one, jerks up the hoop on which he leans back, and continually repeating the same motion with hands, feet, and hoop, rapidly ascends the tree. His knife and calabash are fixed in one of his grass-plaited bands, either round his waist or his arm. If he wishes to obtain

* These are made too angular in the engraving.

some *topay*, as it is called, he ties his calabash round the top of the tree, makes an opening in the tree with his knife, and leaves the vessel there some hours, till it is quite full of the flowing juice.



This *topay* is a most cool and refreshing drink, and is of a milky colour, and a pleasant, sweet taste. It seems to be a nu-

tritious, natural liquor, graciously afforded by God, for the benefit of the inhabitants of these regions. If kept any time, it ferments, loses its first, cool, pleasant flavour, and becomes alightly intoxicating; thus, while in its natural state beneficial, it becomes then, like the hoarded manna of the Israelites, injurious.

Let us see from this account an illustration of God's way of bestowing his gifts: "He gives us all things richly to enjoy," freely and abundantly; "The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord;" but yet nothing is to be obtained without labour of head and hands. Thus, even amongst uncivilized tribes proverbial for their indolence, appetite and taste and other necessities force them to exercise some ingenuity and labour, and place a check in the way of an utter degradation to the level of the beasts.

May not our young friends make an useful application of these remarks to themselves? Let them also pray and strive to help, that these poor lost creatures may be taught how to obtain, rightly use, and enjoy yet more of God's gifts; and, above all, that they may know and value the unspeakable gift of his Son Jesus Christ.

Women in Africa.

Would the little girls among our readers like to know how girls and women are treated in Africa? Here is a sad account from Mrs. Saker, which she has written to a friend in England. She says:—

"Women here do not enjoy the freedom they do in highly-favoured England,—they are considered property, to be bought and sold at the pleasure of the owner. When a girl is grown to eight or nine years, the mother, as well as the father, can have no rest until they have sold her. Perhaps the man who

purchases her has previously six or seven wives, which he has procured in the same way. *She* is added to their number. For the least offence he will treat her in the most brutal manner, beyond anything you can imagine: perhaps take her far away into the country and sell her; or if he is in debt, he can give his wife in payment. If a woman dies leaving a young infant, the poor little innocent is thrown alive into the grave with the deceased parent. The Cameroons women all think if they take another person's child to nurse their own will die.

"About eighteen months since, a woman died in a town near us, leaving an infant a few days old; they were about to bury it, when a brother of the child by another wife, who had once lived with us, and was able to read, heard of it, and took the child from them. He begged some of the women to nurse it, but all refused, and the poor little thing must soon have died with hunger. The boy at length sent to our worthy friend and assistant, Thomas Horton Johnson; he immediately went, and took the child in his arms to carry it home; on his way he saw a poor woman, named Inteppi, sitting at her door; she had attended our meetings very regularly for some time previously; Mr. J. asked her if she would take the child and nurse it. She replied, 'Yes! I have long wanted to do something for God. I will take this child and nurse it for Him.' And she quite rejoiced at the thought that she was privileged to do something for Him who had done so much for her. The dear child lived, and is now a fine girl; we have named her Ruth Johnson. Inteppi's child too has lived, notwithstanding all said it would die; whilst, strange to say, very many of the children of the town, whose mothers refused to nurse it, have died. Inteppi has since become decided, and joined the church. The man with whom she lived has given up his six other wives and married her. *He*, too, has followed the Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, and we hope both are savingly converted to God.

"The Sabbath before last I heard of another infant left by its mother, only three days old. I sent for it immediately, determining, if I could not get assistance, to try and nurse it myself; but the wife of one of our members has taken it; it is very small; I hope it will live.

"I hope, dear friend, you will not think this long tale tedious; it may interest some of your little girls, and shew how truly the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty; perhaps it may lead some of them to pray more for Africa, or give them a desire to come over and teach them a better way. How often do I wish that some of the dear christian people in England could see the deplorable state in which so many thousands of our fellow-creatures are living. Temporarily, their case is sad in the extreme, and they live in constant fear of all around them. If one is sick, it is all attributed to witchcraft, and perhaps some one is accused and poisoned. And, spiritually, they are infinitely more wretched. They do not know anything about their souls, or the preciousness of a Saviour. God's word they have never heard. And in such a state many of them are dying daily."

The Important Question.

Two young school girls were walking one sunny summer day in a pretty garden, during the hours of recreation; the perfume of the flowers which filled the gay parterres, and the murmuring of the gently flowing river meandering near them, soothed and sobered their youthful spirits; they walked in sweet and loving converse. After some moments of reflection, Jane abruptly addressed her companion. "Do you know, dear Sophy, I have been thinking,—forgive me if I tell you my thoughts,—I fear you do not love Jesus!"

"Why do you think so, Jane?"

"Because when we are reading the Scriptures and the beautiful sayings of Jesus, you do not seem to pay any attention, or to love to hear about him."

Sophy was silent for a while; at length, with a countenance betraying mingled shame and pride, she said, "I have never owned it before; but I do not believe in him."

"Oh, dear Sophy," responded Jane, with alarm and anxiety, "not believe in Jesus! How miserable you must be, not to love the blessed Jesus, who died for sinners! Oh, do ask to love him?"

On their return to school, Jane, with a glowing face, and a voice full of tender emotion, repeated a hymn of praise to redeeming love. Sophy listened with the deepening conviction that Jane must be happy in her simple, confiding trust in Jesus, though the Bible should be, as she believed, untrue.

Years rolled on; the two girls separated when they left the school; they never met again; but in a distant clime, far from home, from friends, and the land of Bibles, the words of Jane returned with thrilling power to the mind of Sophy,—the Holy Spirit sealed that simple testimony on her heart,—she paused, pondered, then doubted the soundness of her views,—God in tender love sent his once despised word to her,—and she read, believed, and rejoiced in Jesus as her Saviour. In the bright and better land where Jesus reigns, how will these two young pilgrims rejoice together, as they trace all the way by which the Lord led them through the wilderness to the promised rest!

My young christian friend, may you learn to sow beside all waters, to speak tenderly, kindly, faithfully of Jesus, to glory in the banner you bear, and carry it lifted up steadily, firmly, "not proudly," so that all may see you are not ashamed of Jesus and his cross,—thus shall his kingdom be greatly ex-

tended, even by your feeble instrumentality, whilst all the praise and all the glory shall be rendered to Him who is the Lord of all.

A Scene in Benares.

Mr. Russell says,* "In going to the great temple of Benares we met several elephants. The friend who was driving me, ordered the elephant drivers to get out of the way, and they immediately led the huge animals into the nearest open space while we passed. The temple glitters in the sun with its golden turrets, which are covered with gold leaf, and has most rich and elaborate carved work; but the general effect is gaudy and inelegant. There is the sanctuary in the middle, and a court round, with narrow porches and several figures of bulls. But the principal idol is an emblem of Seeb. Most of the people (the temple was full of worshipers, men and women) cast on one or some of the idols a little water; some threw rice or flowers. This is the only act of worship on ordinary days, except prayer, which is little more than a repetition of the name of the god. The crowd of people all about the place was very great. It was altogether a most painful scene.

"Just beyond is a holy well, one of the dirtiest places I ever saw. Round this were standing fakirs and devotees, men worse in appearance than merry andrews, their countenances hideously marked with ashes made from cowdung. Some of them asked us for rupees, saying, 'We also are padres.' We met several of them afterwards in the streets, almost in a state of nudity, and thoroughly disgusting.

"The bazaars and stalls were numerous and busy. One was full of vegetables and curry stuffs in large flat baskets; then came one of chatties or earthenware; another of toys, and then

* "Journal of a Tour in Ceylon and India."

one of brass articles ; then a worker in silver. Here was a money changer, with heaps of cowries; there a cloth merchant now a pipe seller (hubble-bubbles); and there a seller of idols. Often two or three of a kind were together, most of them very dirty, and some of the houses tottering through want of repair. There are the extremes of magnificence in temples, palaces or rajahs, and mansions of baboos and bankers, and of meanness in the huts of the poor; but with abundance of carving and painting in all except the poorest. The English have caused all offensive paintings to be removed, so that you see now only native ladies and gentlemen with elephants, or fancy designs."

Heaven Come to Us.

"Heaven is far off, I am afraid I shall never get there," said a little boy, looking wistfully up to the sky.

"Heaven must first come to you," said his mother. The child wondered much at his mother's words. "It is the society and the presence of our heavenly Father, and of his dear Son our Saviour, which makes heaven," spoke the mother. "As these holy visitors can come and dwell in our hearts while we are in this-world; for what did the Lord Jesus say? 'If man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will send him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' So that heaven must come to us before we can get heaven."

If we were told that some famous person would visit us, we heard that a mighty king would undertake a long journey for the purpose of coming to see us, how anxious should we be what preparations should we make! It does not say that an angel will come and abide with us—though some people think they should be very safe with guardian angels to attend

but a greater than angels promises and offers to come, even our God and Saviour: "*We* will come and take up our abode with him." How kind, how condescending is this! How privileged are we, poor, weak, and sinful as we are! What more can we ask? Whom else can we desire? In such society is love and peace, and joy and safety. No discord, no sin is there. This surely is heaven. Oh, yes; it is heaven begun below. It is heaven come to us.

Will not children receive these heavenly visitors? for they will come to *you*, the smallest and feeblest of the household. Only mark how to receive them, that is all; and Jesus tells you the way when he says, "If any one *love* me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." Oh, let us, above all things, see to it that we love Jesus, and that we mind his words.

A Word to Little Girls.

Who is lovely? It is the girl who drops sweet words, kind remarks, and pleasant smiles as she passes along; who has a kind word for every boy or girl she meets in trouble, and a kind hand to help her companions out of difficulty; she never scolds, never contends, never teases her mother, nor seeks in any way to diminish, but always to increase, her happiness. Would it not please you to pick up a string of pearls, drops of gold, diamonds, or precious stones, as you pass along the street? But these are the precious stones that can never be lost. Extend a friendly hand to the friendless. Smile on the sad and dejected. Sympathize with those in trouble. Strive everywhere to diffuse around you sunshine and joy. If you do this, you will be sure to be beloved. Oh, you will be so "lovely."

The Land Bird at Sea.

BY ELIZABETH H., ON HER WAY TO HAITI.

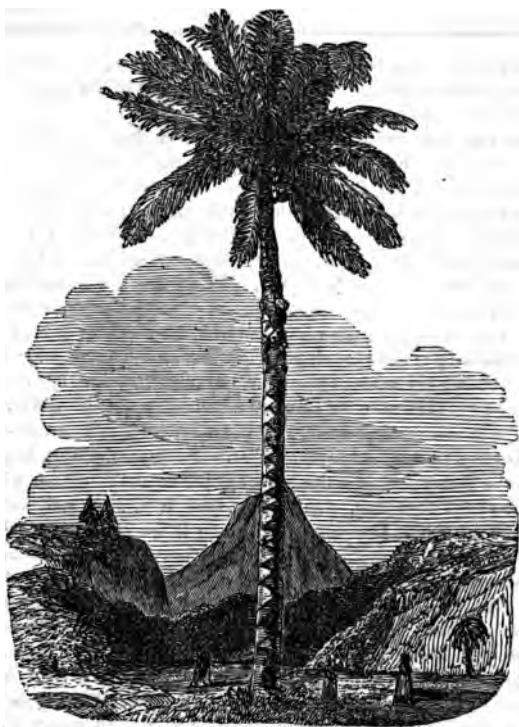
Tiny fledged wanderer,
Art thou Time's squanderer?
Why hast thou fled from thy home on the shore?
Perch, rest thy weary wing;
Then let thy warbling
Tell of the distance thou hast flown o'er.

Far from the glowing west,
Over thy golden breast,
Evening has shadowed her last rosy ray:—
Tell of our native shore,
Sing thy sweet song once more;
Cheer those lone wanderers thus far away.

We are a pilgrim band,
Seeking a foreign land,
Christ and his kingdom to offer to men:
Hast thou a doubt or care?
Canst thou have need of prayer?
Wast thou e'er bound by sin's galling chain?

Or, is thy dwelling-place
Yonder bright paradise?
Camest thou not as a messenger here?
Hail! with thy warbling,—
Then speed thy angel-wing,—
Speed o'er the billows, the lonely to cheer.

Though transient be thy stay,
When thou art far away,
Memory will love o'er this moment to dwell:
Life may be dark and drear;
Yet a bright home is there,—
Heavenly visitant, go! Fare thee well!



The Palm Tree.

Perhaps our little readers have been wanting to know something about this strange tree of which we have here given to them a picture. It is certainly a very different tree from any

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that grow in England or Europe, though it is well known, and grows in large numbers, in the warmer parts of the world, and especially in tropical countries.

In our last number we told the clever way in which the natives climb these trees for the nuts and fruit which grow upon them. They are very tall, are they not? growing sometimes eighty or ninety feet above the ground; and their only foliage is at the top, where they have a magnificent tuft of leaves, many of them fourteen or sixteen feet long, and growing out like an immense feather. There are few more beautiful sights than immense plantations of these trees, with the sun glancing upon their tops, and the deep shadows beneath, and the long trunks waving in the breeze. The regular foliage arching the summit over the vistas below, has been compared by travelers in its effect to a boundless gothic edifice.

There are several species of palm tree, all of them serving peculiar and very important uses. Perhaps the best known are the date palm, and the cocoa nut; from the former of which is obtained that fine, rich fruit which is now so well known in England, and from the latter those large round nuts which are imported in such numbers. All our readers have heard one way of getting these nuts, namely, throwing stones at the monkeys which inhabit the trees, and thus enraging them so that they throw the nuts upon their attackers in revenge. It may easily be imagined, though, that this is a dangerous game sometimes. Many curious mats and other articles are now made from the cocoa nut fibre. The cocoa nut palm also furnishes a delicious juice or milk. In many of the coral islands of the South Seas there are neither springs nor streams, and but for this milk the people must perish. Is not this another proof that "the earth," in all parts of it, is "full of the goodness of the Lord?"

A Child's Evening Talk.

"Mother, I don't think I shall say my prayers to night," said Laura Olford, a little girl just eight years old, to her mother, when she came into her room to say the good night words to her.

"Why not, dear?" said her mother.

"Why, mother, you have always told me, that if I do not feel what I say, my prayers will not go to God, and I have nothing that I want to pray for to-night, and will not say them until to-morrow."

"Well, dear," said her mother, "let us talk over what you have done to-day. Have you had a happy day?"

"Oh, yes, mother, very happy, *almost all* happy. Let me see. I went out this morning, right after breakfast, to feed the hens. I found two eggs in the nest that were left yesterday, then I called all the hens around me and fed them, and I had a chase after the ugly black hen, that always quarrels with the others because she wants everything herself. Then I went down into the garden; the sun shone so bright and warm, that the walks were quite wet, but, oh, it was so pleasant; and the birds sung most sweetly, and I found some dear little snow-drops. I brought some in, you know, to you, mother, and the crocuses were budded, and something red just coming up, that I know must be my rose peony. I had a beautiful time down in the garden, mother!"

"I saw you, dear, from the parlour window, and I thought that you and the birds and the flowers were all happy together."

"I stayed out until you called me, mother, to get ready to go to school, and to look over the lesson I learned last evening. I said all my lessons well at school, but something happened that

I ought to have told you; I did wrong once, mother; yes, twice. I had forgotten to tell you."

"Well, tell me now, dear, you know I always want to know all."

"I am sorry now to think of it, dear mother, but I whispered to Hattie Hill, and Miss Allen thought Hattie whispered, and called her out, and made her sit alone all the morning. I wish I had said that it was I, not Hattie; I wonder why I did not, mother."

"You were weak and ungenerous, Laura, at that moment; you were not willing to be reproved; you preferred that your friend should be blamed unjustly. Was it not so?"

"Yes, mother, but I do not feel so now."

"Ah, dear, but there is the difficulty, to feel rightly, at the right time; we must be brave when the danger is near; we must be strong at the moment we feel the temptation to do wrong: but finish your story, dear."

"Well, nothing happened that I remember after that, until recess; and then Annie Blake (she is a great stupid girl, ever so much older than I) wanted me to hear her say her spelling lesson, and I wouldn't hear her, because I wanted to play; and I spoke impatiently to her, and she cried."

"Too much like your black hen, dear, that always wants her own way, without caring for the comfort of her companions."

Laura laughed a little, though she did not feel much like laughing.

"In the afternoon I was very good at school, and spoke kindly to all, but I didn't tell Annie or Hattie that I was sorry. I was sorry, but I didn't want to say so. After I came home you know what I did, mother, I went out with father, and played with the baby, and studied my lesson for to-morrow. I was pretty good, wasn't I?"

"Yes, dear, very good, but do you not find that you have

something to pray for, now that you have thought over the day more? I will pray with you."

Mrs. Olford took Laura's hand in hers, and knelt by her bed-side. The words she uttered were simple; it was a review of the day, carried up like incense to God. She expressed thankfulness for his love in making the birds sing, and the spring flowers grow; for his goodness in putting warm feelings into our hearts, and giving us friends to cling to and be kind to. She asked forgiveness for all that had been wrong, and prayed for strength to overcome selfishness, and all temptation to do wrong; and then, in trustful confidence, she commended her child to Him who watches when the mother sleeps. She felt that with each word she uttered, Laura joined in the petition; and when her mother pressed her cheek, it was wet with tears.

"Oh, thank you, mother," said she; "how could I say that I had nothing to pray for to-night? I hope I shall not feel so again. Before you go, mother, will you repeat those little verses to me you said the other night, 'Angels are near'?" Mrs. Olford kissed her again, repeated the verses, and then left her.

"Angels are near,
What dost thou fear?
Gently they bear thee
O'er life's wide sea,
Gently—safely.

"Angels are near,
Dost thou not hear
A seraph tone,
To thee unknown,
Warbling softly?

"Angels are near
To thy soul, dear,
They call thee away,
To a clearer day,
Call thee fondly.

"Angels, in sleep,
Watch o'er thee keep,
They whisper in dream
Of things that seem
Strange but lovely.

"Wilt thou not follow
Whither they go?
They'll lead thee to light,
Through death's dark night,
Go trustingly."

The People of Ceylon.

BY MRS. DAVIES.

The head servant of a family in Ceylon is a person of considerable importance, as he performs the office of a steward, and thus not only purchases all the provisions for the house, but superintends the other servants. The title, appoo, answers to our English word general, or commander of forces, which is rather a high-sounding term for a servant; but it is used by all Singhalese men of a certain caste, whether they are servants or masters. Still, in English families, the title is reserved for the servant who takes the head, while the others are called either by their offices, as cokie for cook, or by their names, as Princkley, Velloom, &c.

You may imagine the man in the picture to be on his way to bazaar or market, whither he repairs every morning to purchase such food as cannot be kept for any length of time—meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, &c. The great heat of the climate prevents any housekeeper, however thrifty, from laying in any stock of these provisions. Even dry food, such as rice, requires the greatest care in storing, or it will soon be filled with a very minute beetle, which wastes it rapidly. The appoo makes his purchases carefully, as he is a good judge of the native supplies. Generally, however, he is said not to be a faithful steward; for

it is a universal rule with them to charge more to their masters than they pay for the articles. In some instances, a head servant has been known to make a fortune by thus defrauding his master, and none but those who have been taught from the bible can be trusted to do what is perfectly upright. A want of honesty thus manifested is one of their chief defects; but they



will never allow another to rob you, so that when they are made responsible for property, it is very faithfully guarded. They are, in other respects, excellent servants, being very quiet and attentive.

Their dress is stiff and inelegant, but very neat. A long piece of calico, either white or printed, and of sufficient width

to reach the ancles, is passed three or four times around the waist, forming a kind of petticoat. A jacket is also worn, beneath which may often be seen a neatly made shirt. Their hair is allowed to grow long like a woman's, and is fastened in a knot at the back of the head, and then surmounted by a very large tortoise shell comb of native manufacture. When they go out of doors, they generally put on a pair of sandals, and take with them an umbrella. Some of these are English cotton umbrellas, and red is a very favourite colour among them; some are Chinese, and these are made of thick paper, painted black or a dark green; and occasionally a real native umbrella is to be seen, made of the magnificent leaf of the talipot palm.

One custom they have which, though very simple, reminds a christian of one of the descriptions given of our Saviour. Isaiah says of Him, "the government shall be upon his shoulder," and biblical expounders tell us that this refers to the eastern custom of carrying the key of the house, or of the treasures, slung across the shoulder. The Singhalese appoo may usually be seen with a handkerchief thrown over his shoulder, with a key, or a bunch of keys, suspended from one corner of it. But there is no class in the island whose habits more frequently carry the mind to the description of manners in the bible than the vellales, or cultivators. The picture shews you one of this caste with his plough. You need not be told it is not an English plough, for who ever saw one of them carried on a man's shoulder? This is a very light implement; but it does its work well, being fitted to the soil it has to break up. How many might perform their work better, if the means adopted were better suited to the desired result.

Rice and a kind of millet are almost the only sorts of grain cultivated in Ceylon, and neither of these needs great depth of earth. So this plough turns up the surface, and then the seed

is sown. The season chosen for this is before the heavy rains, for rice requires a great deal of moisture; and afterward, as the waters gradually subside from the field, buffaloes are sent in to tread down the grain. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, and send forth thither the feet of the ox and ass."



In about six months (for there are two harvests in a year in Ceylon) the grain has ripened, and the threshing floor is prepared for its reception. This is in one corner of the field, and is a mound of earth raised, sometimes naturally and sometimes artificially, above the field, and protected from the wind by a hedge almost surrounding it. Here the ripened corn is laid, and then a bullock is attached by a cord to a central post, and

riven round to tread it out, and that bullock is never muzzled. 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' Next comes the winnowing, which is also done on the threshing floor. An open basket, shaped something like a fan, but turned up at the point, is half filled with the trodden grain; and the winnower, standing with his back to the wind, shakes, or rather tosses gently into the air, the contents of his basket. The chaff is thus carried off by the wind, and the valuable grain falls safely into the basket. "He shall thoroughly purge his floor, and gather the wheat into his garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire."

The large Lump of Gold.

"Mother," exclaimed James, "I've seen something worth seeing to-day."

"What, brother?" said poor sick Willy, raising his little aching head from his mother's shoulder.

"Such a large lump of gold."

"Indeed, my boy, where did you see it?"

"I'll tell you all about it, mother. Tom Smith's uncle is come home from California. He has been to the diggings, and has brought home such a lot of gold. Don't I wish I'd got as much? I went to see Tom, and he asked his uncle to let me look at a lump, and he did. I held it in my own hands. Oh, how heavy it was. He had a great deal of trouble to get it though."

"Had he? Why, James?" said Lizzy.

"Oh, he had to work very hard in the hot sun in the day-time, and at night sometimes he had no shelter, and was shivering with cold. And often he could not get enough to eat, and all this made him very ill; and then the other people stole his gold, so that when he got well, he had all the trouble of getting it over again."

"Ah, that was very wicked."

"Yes; he says they were a bad set, out there, and he was always afraid of being murdered."

"How large is the lump, Jemmy? as big as this room?"

"Lizzy! only hear her, mother. Why, it is not larger than your two hands clasped together."

"Only as big as that?"

"That's because you don't know anything about its value."

"Well, I don't think it was worth while to suffer all that, for a few lumps of gold, no bigger than my hands."

"Gold is worth what it will get," said the mother. "Mr. Smith has perhaps brought home enough to make him a rich man for the rest of his life."

"Yes; it is worth I don't know how many hundred pounds."

"But I dare say, James, that when he was in California, and starving, as you say, he would have given a great deal of it for a loaf of bread. He could not live upon gold, you know. And when he was ill he would gladly have exchanged it for a doctor and medicine."

"Ah, I would give all if I had it to be well and able to run about like James and Lizzy," sighed Willy.

"He is ill now, and says he is come home to die. People had better stay in old England after all. Don't you think so, mother?"

"It depends on what they leave it for, James. There are some who have gone abroad, and suffered as much as Mr. Smith, and like him have come home to die, and I think they did right to go."

"Who?"

"Those who go to do good to others instead of getting riches for themselves."

"Like the missionaries?" said Willy.

"Yes, Willy; I knew a good man, and there have been

many like him, who left his native land to go to Africa. He went where no missionaries had been before, and though he only lived there six years, no one can tell all the good he did. He learned the language, so that he could preach in it to the people; made a grammar and dictionary of it, and translated and printed parts of the bible. He taught the people to wear clothes, for many of them were naked savages before, and some became real christians through his labours."

"It was better to go to do such things, than to get a large lump of gold," said Lizzy.

"Yes, but he had to suffer too. He lost two dear little children, and himself and his wife were often very ill with fever. The people were unkind to him, and sometimes stole his property and food. At last his health so broke down, that he could not stay any longer, and set out to come to England, but he did not live to reach the end of his voyage. He died in the ship, and they buried him in the sea. His poor wife and little girl had to come home alone!"

"But I had rather be him than Mr. Smith, dear mother," said Willy, "because how happy he is now!"

"Well, I thought I should like to go to California," said James; "but I don't want to now, and I think Mr. Smith had better give some of his gold to help the missionaries, don't you, Willy?"

The Indian Mother.

One extremely cold, wintry day, as I was huddled with my little ones over the stove, the door softly unclosed, and the moccasined foot of an Indian crossed the floor. I raised my head, for I was too much accustomed to their sudden appearance at any hour to feel alarmed, and perceived a tall woman *standing silently and respectfully before me, wrapped in a large*

blanket. The moment she caught my eye she dropped the folds of her covering from around her, and laid at my feet the attenuated figure of a boy, about twelve years of age, who was in the last stage of consumption.

"Pappoose die," she said, mournfully, clasping her hands against her breast, and looking down upon the suffering lad with the most heartfelt expression of maternal love, while large tears trickled down her dark face. "Moodie's squaw save pappoose—poor Indian woman much glad."

Her child was beyond all human aid. I looked anxiously upon him, and knew, by the pinched-up features and purple hue of his wasted cheek, that he had not many hours to live. I could only answer with tears her agonizing appeal to my skill.

"Try and save him! All die but him." (She held up five of her fingers). "Brought him all the way from Mutta Lake upon my back, for white squaw to cure."

"I cannot cure him, my poor friend. He is in God's care; in a few hours he will be with Him."

The child was seized with a dreadful fit of coughing, which I expected every moment would terminate his frail existence. I gave him a teaspoonful of currant jelly, which he took with avidity, but could not retain a moment on his stomach.

"Pappoose die," murmured the poor woman; "alone—alone! No pappoose; the mother all alone."

She began re-adjusting the poor sufferer in her blanket. I got her some food, and begged her to stay and rest herself; but she was too distressed to eat, and too restless to remain. She said little, but her face expressed the keenest anguish; she took up her mournful load, pressed for a moment his wasted, burning hand in hers, and left the room.

My heart followed her a long way on her melancholy journey. Think what this woman's love must have been for that dying

son, when she had carried a lad of his age six miles, through the deep snow, upon her back, on such a day, in the hope of my being able to do him some good. Poor heart-broken mother! I learned from Joe Muskrat's squaw some days after, that the boy died a few minutes after Elizabeth Iron, the mother, got home.—*Mrs. Moodie's Roughing it in the Bush.*

“What God do they worship?”

A Hindoo youth, in conversation with a missionary lady not long since, expressed great surprise when told that her friends at home were not all *christians*. Looking her in the face, he exclaimed, “What gods *do* they worship there?”

The heathen all have some object of worship, and they know not what to think of those who have *no* god. Reader, were this christian Hindoo youth to come into *your* home and spend a week with you, what impressions would you leave on his mind? The Hindoo is a shrewd and close observer: would he decide that *self* was *your* supreme object of affection, or that the *world* was your idol? Perhaps he might be near you, by night and by day, without dreaming you had a god, until he should see you on Sabbath taking your seat in the Lord's house. Alas! in how few families of professing christians even, would he be made to feel that the living and true God was the supreme object of affection. How few, very few, would he find in christian England, of whom he could say, they do *all they do* for the glory of God.

“You haven't blessed it.”

Thirty years ago, a little boy, the son of pious parents, was invited to spend a few days at the house of a friendly family.

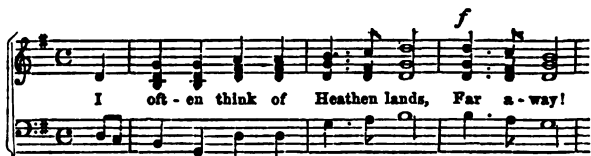
When dinner came on the table, Philip, though very hungry after his journey, could not be persuaded to touch a morsel of food. Again and again did they urge him to eat, and as often did he look wistfully at the contents of the table, but resolutely declined. At length the lady kindly enquired, if there was any reason why he did not eat his dinner? Bursting into tears, and sobbing so that he could scarcely speak, he exclaimed, "You haven't blessed it!" That family ever afterwards asked the blessing of God on their food, and that little boy is now a Baptist missionary in Jamaica.

Far Away!

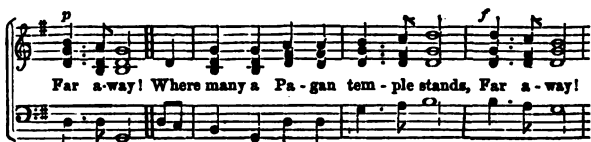
CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

(With Music.)

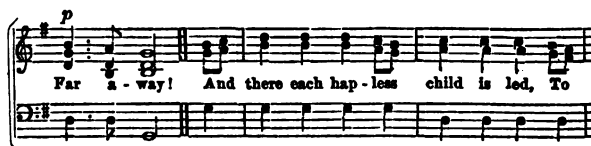
I often think of Heathen lands,—far away!
Where many a Pagan temple stands,—far away!
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods its head,
Whilst many a muttering charm is said,—far away!
Oh, how I pity children there,—far away!
Although the clime be passing fair,—far away!
I would not leave my humble home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no Gospel sound should come,—far away!
But I will pray that God would send,—far away!
Glad tidings of my Saviour friend,—far away!
And every little I can spare,
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear,—far away!
And when the silver trumpet swells,—far away!
And all the love of Jesus tells,—far away!
Then idols shall, like Dagon, fall,
And many a child on God shall call,
And own my Jesus—Lord of all,—far away!



f
I oft-en think of Heathen lands, Far a-way!



p Far a-way! Where many a Pa-gan tem-ple stands, *f* Far a-way!



p Far a-way! And there each hap-less child is led, To



bow to i-dol gods its head, Whilst many a muttering



f charm is said, *p* Far a-way! Far a-way!



The Sacred Bo-Tree.

Let our little readers just fancy themselves in the island of Ceylon, and standing on the stone platform or steps beneath the spreading branches of the tree above. You will see over your head boughs very large; and the knotty roots extend in every direction beneath the heavy stones that rest upon them. The leaves are like the leaves of the poplar tree, and the fruit is a fig. The tree is very high, and very strong, perhaps a hundred feet high or more. The Buddhists of Ceylon hold it very sacred. To pluck a single twig is forbidden; and the fallen leaves are not suffered to blow about by the wind, but are collected with great reverence as relics of the holy place. An altar is set up before the tree. Beautiful flowers adorn the altar—the gifts of the people who come to pay their accustomed devotions to the idol whose temple is nigh at hand.

[December.]

The sacred bo-tree is always planted near to a temple. This is called a Dagoba. It is a large round stone building, in the shape of a bell, forty or fifty feet high. A brick wall surrounds it. At a little distance, the temple looks like the glass globe of some huge lamp, and it is just as smooth. Very few new temples are built now in Ceylon. The temple near the bo-tree in our picture is a very old one. It is grey with age. But in the plaster, that covers it in patches, you may see the marking of curious figures. Once the top of it was covered with gold which shone dazzling bright in the sun. There is not a door nor a window in any part of it. You can find no opening into it but an underground one, by which the Buddhist priest enters; and when you get inside, there is nothing but a cold stone floor and a bone, which the priests say once belonged to Buddha.

Close by this strange building there is found another, called "Wihare;" it is an idol temple. It is whitewashed, and surrounded by a verandah; the roof is supported by some elegant pillars. Within these holy walls is placed a frightful image of a sleeping Buddha. How strange an idea—a god asleep! Before it are ranged tables, covered with sweet-scented flowers, many bronze cups and bowls, and a great number of coconut oil lamps. Copper drums and tambourines hang round the verandah, which on festive days are taken down and beaten by the dirty priests who shew the place.

Here it is the people of Ceylon worship, ignorant of the true God and of Jesus Christ whom He has sent. Yet some have heard the gospel, and now meet in their little village chapels, to sing to his praise, and to offer the sacrifice of prayer. Our God always heareth prayer, and never sleeps. His eye rests on them that love Him. He watches over them in peril and bestows unceasingly the blessings of his love.

The Serampore Girl.

Herani was born in the year 1836, at Serampore, in India. She was very early sent to the Preceptory, a native Female Asylum there, where she gained all her instruction, and where she lately died. Her parents died while she was very young, so that she was brought up under the influence of kind christian friends, who were anxious to secure her eternal welfare, and watched over her best interests. She was always a quiet, good-natured, obedient child, but there was no manifestation of a deep sense of sin, or of her need of a Saviour, till about the year 1848. She then spoke to me very seriously and sensibly, but being yet very young, I was anxious she should wait a little. In 1849, I had several opportunities of conversation with her. Her views of the Gospel plan of salvation were very clear, her sense of sin deep, and a crucified and risen Redeemer was her only hope. Her conduct, also, was very consistent, and we felt it our duty to admit her into the communion and fellowship of the church. She was baptized, along with several others, on the 1st of July, 1849.

Her conduct continued, ever after that, to be in every respect what a christian's should be. She was always set forward as an example to her school-fellows for consistency of conduct, diligence, and piety. In conversation with her grandmother, who is an aged member of the church, she said, "I feel I have not long to live, nor am I unwilling to die; I only wish to go to Jesus. The only thing that gives me sorrow when I think of my departure is, that I shall not be permitted the last satisfaction of closing your eyes and committing your body to the silent grave." A few days after this, when the school reopened, as she was about to leave her grandmother, she said, "Perhaps, when I am gone, you will look at my box and my desk, and say these are Herani's, but where is she?" These

simple statements shew what a strong presentiment she had of her approaching end.

On the 10th of February, a few days after, while engaged in preparing some food for her schoolmates, her nose suddenly bled, and she experienced a giddiness in the head. Measures were used to check the bleeding, but all to no purpose. It continued all night. On Wednesday morning, very early, the matron of the Asylum said she would come over and ask me to call and see her. Herani said she wished to see me, and added, "I have had such a lovely dream; Jesus Christ came and stood by me and said, Come, Herani, come away." The matron said, "Are you afraid?" She replied, "No, I have no fears, I am ready and quite willing to go." I was with her in a very short time, and at first anticipated no danger. She asked me to pray with her: having done so, I asked her how she felt, she said she was very happy, and wished to depart and be with Christ. I asked her if she had no fears. "None whatever," was her reply. "Would you not prefer still living?"—she was still very young, and had life before her; "would you be willing so early to leave this world?" "Yes," she said, "for while I remain in this world I have to struggle so much against the sins and corruptions of my heart; when I go to Jesus I shall be free from sin, and be for ever happy." She continued in this same happy state of mind all day, but her body was fast sinking under loss of blood, which nothing that the affection of her friends, and the skill of the physicians did, could check. While her grandmother was weeping, she said, "Why do you weep? my mind is quite calm and happy, and I wish to go." About six in the evening, it was very apparent she could not be much longer with us; I found her speech was gone, but she was still sensible. I asked her if she had any fears; she signified by a motion of the head she had none. I asked her if her mind was still calm; she said, Yes. If she

experienced the presence of Jesus with her soul; she said, Yea. This was the last question she answered on earth. Shortly after this her spirit passed quietly away. Such a lovely death! Here was that heavenly calmness, that delightful comfort, which none but the true believer can know.

If any further statements are necessary to shew in what estimation she was held, I need only add, that she was attended, on the day of her death, from morning till evening, by Mrs. Marshman, Miss Venn, and Miss Mannington, and when she died the whole of the native christian community lamented it. One of our sisters, on hearing of her death, said, "What a delightful prayer she offered at a meeting a few days ago." Another said, weeping, "No one could have been better prepared for death than she." She was loved and esteemed by all who knew her. She was sixteen years of age.

The little Boy that was Drowned on the Sabbath.

My dear Children,—I wish to write a few words to you on the importance of obedience to parents. The Bible, you know, enjoins upon children to obey their parents. It forbids disobedience. If you disobey your parents, you disobey God, and he will surely punish those who are disobedient, either in this life or in that which is to come.

I once lived in a town where there was a widow lady who had an only son. Like all other mothers, she loved her little boy very dearly, and was always ready to satisfy his desires, whenever she considered them proper. He was a very cheerful boy, about ten or eleven years of age. His mother kept a dairy, and her son used to drive a milk-cart about the town, and serve his customers with milk. This business afforded them a decent support. The mother looked to her son for assistance when old age should come upon her. Many were

her hopes, and many her prayers, in behalf of her only son. Often did she give him good advice, and direct his mind to that Saviour who suffers little children to come unto him.

One Saturday afternoon, in the month of July, a steamboat, for the first time, came up the creek, and harboured not far from where the mother and her son lived. Of course, all the little boys and girls in the town desired to see this surprising object.

Little Johnny asked his mother if he could go and see the new steamboat. She readily consented, telling him to return very soon. He did so, and told her what a great boat he had seen. After he had described the pipe and various machinery to her, she told him to-morrow would be the Sabbath, and no doubt a great many little boys would go down to the landing and see the boat; "But, my son, you must not go there on the Sabbath, for it is God's holy day; and he commands you to remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy." Johnny retired that night, and thought little of what his mother had told him until the next Sabbath afternoon, when some of his playmates came, and invited him to go with them to see the new boat. He told them that it was the Sabbath, and that his mother had charged him not to visit the landing on God's holy day. They replied that his mother would know nothing about his going, for they would soon be back. At last he yielded to their entreaties, and accompanied them.

When he reached the boat, he saw that it did not come up to the landing, but a plank was laid, with one end on the boat, and the other upon the landing, so that any one might go on board.

Johnny trembled as he placed his foot upon the plank. He felt that a guilty conscience was at work within; but he stepped forward until he had reached nearly the middle of the plank, when a sudden motion of the boat threw him into the water,

and he was drowned. A crowd of men soon gathered round, and in a few hours succeeded in finding his body; but it was cold and lifeless. The spirit had taken its flight to God who gave it. Little did Johnny's mother think that he was there, as she saw the gathered crowd. The men carried the lifeless body to his mother; and who can describe the feelings of that mother, when the body of her only son was laid at her feet in the cold embrace of death! She stood amazed—she could not weep—her fount of tears was dry. She could not speak; for all that had made earthly happiness for her had fled beyond her reach. She was alone.

The next day Johnny was buried, and nearly all the children in the village followed him to the grave. For many days a cloud of sorrow hung over the little village; and not until their dying day will Johnny's playmates forget the Sabbath afternoon they went to see the steamboat.

The First of August in Nassau.

Very happy days do the little black children of the West-Indies have on the first of August. It is the anniversary of the day when all the slaves were made free: when the children could no longer be sold away from their parents, and, as they grow up, enjoy the fruits of their own labours. So, as every year runs on, they make this day a holiday. This year, 1852, the anniversary day fell upon a Sunday; it was, therefore, determined to keep it on the next, the Monday. I will tell you how it was kept at Nassau, the chief town of the Bahama Islands.

At half-past three in the afternoon, the children and teachers of the Baptist Sunday schools assembled in the mission grounds in Shirley-street. "Right merrily" they played for an hour

or two—and black children are very merry indeed; and then four hundred of them took their seats at eight long tables. Up and down the tables were many dishes of cakes and tea. The hungry children soon feasted on the good things before them, and finished their repast by singing “God save the Queen,” and with three loud, ringing huzzas. Then they began to cheer the Governor, then Mr. Capern, their excellent missionary and pastor, then the cake makers, and, last of all, wound up their shouts with three groans for slavery, and three for drunkards. Many little necks were adorned with green ribbon—all these had taken the temperance pledge.

The grounds were very pretty where they met. Evergreens and flowers adorned the paths and greensward. Flags and banners, with “Baptist Sunday Schools” and “Temperance and Freedom” on them, fluttered in the breeze. Very neatly were the children dressed, and parents and teachers looked on with loving eyes and joyful hearts.

After a very nice address from Mr. Capern, the children sang this beautiful hymn,—

We celebrate, in joyful strains,
The bright auspicious morn,
Which dawned to break the captive's chains,
Freed those in slavery born.

Long had our sires in bondage sighed
Beneath the oppressors' sway;
And oft to Israel's God they cried
To break their bonds away.

That cry was wafted through the air
Till Britons caught the strain,
And sought, by earnest, powerful prayer,
To end the monster's reign.

Heaven granted aid; and quickly came,
Across the Atlantic wave,
A mandate in Victoria's name
To free the fettered slave.

'Twas August's morn when Sol's bright rays
 Illumed each Western Isle
 O'er which Britannia's sceptre sways,
 Awakening freedom's smile.

Then the grim tyrant SLAVERY fell,
 His cruel reign was o'er;
 Hark ! the glad notes the tidings tell,
 Sounding from shore to shore.

Spirit of Freedom ! onward speed,
 Extend thy glorious reign,
 Till all the nations shall be freed
 From every galling chain.

Thanks for the priceless boon we share,
 Great God, to thee we give;
 Make all the freed thy name to fear,
 And to thy glory live.

Thus a happy day was spent. Every one was filled with gladness, that God had blessed them with freedom; while many rejoiced, too, that they had learnt to love Him from the heart, and were become disciples of the Saviour.

Drowning the Squirrel.

When I was about six years old, one morning, going to school, a ground-squirrel ran into its hole in the road before me, as they like to dig holes in some open place, where they can put out their head to see if any danger is near. I thought, now I will have fine fun. As there was a stream of water just at hand, I determined to pour water into the hole till it would be full, and force the little animal up, so that I might kill it. I got a trough from beside a sugar-maple used for catching the sweet sap, and was soon pouring the water in on the poor squirrel. I could hear it struggling to get up, and said, "Ah, my fellow, I will soon have you out now."

Just then I heard a voice behind me, "Well, my boy, what

have you got in there?" I turned, and saw one of my neighbours, a good old man with long white locks, that had seen sixty winters. "Why," said I, "I have a ground-squirrel in here, and I am going to drown him out."

Said he, "Jonathan, when I was a little boy, more than fifty years ago, I was engaged one day just as you are, drowning a ground-squirrel; and an old man like me came along, and said to me, 'You are a little boy; now, if you were down in a narrow hole like that, and I should come along and pour water down on you to drown you, would not you think I was cruel? God made that little squirrel, and life is as sweet to it as to you; and why will you torture to death a little innocent creature that God has made?'" Said he, "I have never forgotten that, and never shall; I never have killed any harmless creature for fun since. Now, my dear boy, I want you to remember this while you live, and when tempted to kill any poor little innocent animal or bird, think of this; and mind, God don't allow us to kill his pretty little creatures for fun."

More than forty years have since passed, and I never forgot what the good man said, nor have I ever killed the least animal for fun since. Now you see it is ninety years since this advice was first given, and it has not lost its influence yet. How many little creatures it has saved from being tortured to death I cannot tell, but I have no doubt a great number, and I believe my whole life has been influenced by it.

Now, I want all the dear little boys, when they read this, to keep it in mind; and, when they see pretty birds or harmless animals playing or hunting their food, not to hurt them. Your heavenly Father made them, and he never intended them to be killed for fun. I don't think, when the blessed Jesus was a little boy, he would have killed such innocent creatures for fun, and every little boy should try to be as much like Jesus as he can. The Bible says, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

The Indian Boy and the Bible.

A little Indian boy, named Jack, in the Indian school established on the Red river by the Revs. Messrs. West and Cockran, missionaries of the English Church Missionary Society, was taken very ill. In this condition one of the missionaries visited him, and observing a bible laying under the corner of his blanket, he said,—

“Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find good from it.”

Weak, and almost dying as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the bible in his emaciated hand, and, while a smile played on his countenance, he said,—

“This, Sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me when we all went down to live at Mr. Cockran’s. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last winter I went to see my sister across Lake Winnepeg,” about two hundred miles off, “where I remained two months. When I was half way back over the lake, I remembered that I had left my bible behind me. I directly turned around, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro in my canoe, before I could reach the place; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again: and ever since that time it has ever been near my breast. And I have been thinking that I should have the blessed book buried with me; but I have thought since, that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good.”

While speaking thus he was often interrupted by his cough; and when he had finished, he sank down upon his pillow entirely exhausted; and soon after he died, and went to his reward,—another trophy of the grace of God, through the instrumentality of his Word, which is able to make wise unto salvation.

"Come!"

The sighing of the gentle breeze,
Through branches of the towering trees,
Which wave above the tomb
Of him who preached the gospel free
To heathen sunk in misery,
Is whispering softly, "Come."

Nor only from the mission grave
Hear we the cry, "Oh, come and save,"—
But from the savage home,
Where many a child is born to die
By mother's hand, in agony,
A thrilling voice cries, "Come."

Oh, christian, having wealth to give,
And time, remember, while you live,
And wheresoe'er you roam,
You have a duty great and high,
You have to listen to the cry—
"Come to the rescue, Come."

And you, my child, with saddened heart,
You, too, may act a christian part,
Though poor and mean your home:
You may do much, oh, do not wait,
One prayer may change the eternal state
Of him who crieth, "Come."

Your pence, your pounds, give, give with joy;
At home, abroad, your hands employ;
Try to do good to some:
We've few who *work*, oh, help the weak,
The harvest groans,—we lab'ers seek,
And thousands still cry, "Come."

Stoke-Devonport.

CAROLINE.

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